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THE
LAND WE LOVE.

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE

DEVOTED TO

Literature, Military History and Agriculture.

VOLUME II.

NOVEMBER---APRIL, 1866-'67.

CHARLOTTE, N. C.

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INDEX TO VOLUME II.

A		H	
Address, farewell of General		Haversack, the.....	
Hoke to his division.....	56	57, 145, 214, 295, 366,	463
Agriculture, principles of.....	245	Hayne, Arthur P., sketch of..	391
Animals, nutrition of.....	45	Hill, Lieut. General A. P.,	
		sketch of.....	287
		Home on furlough.....	26
B		L	
Barnwells of South Carolina.	53	Lee, Lieut. Gen. Stephen D.,	
Battery Wagner, life in.....	351	sketch of.....	324, 407
Battle of Manassas, General			
Johnston's report of.....	155		
Battle of Manassas, suppres-			
sed part of Gen. Beaure-			
gard's report of.....	259		
Battle of Monocacy, General			
Gordon's report of.....	311		
Book Notices.....			
74, 229, 307, 387,	475		
Brown, John.....	289		
C		M	
Cavalry, Gen. Hampton's re-		Maximilian and his empire...	253
port of operations of.....	1	Mecklenburg County, sketch	
Cleburne, Maj. General P. R.,		of	129
sketch of.....	460	Milton, John.....	445
Clover, red.....	51	Morgan Raid into Indiana and	
College Hospital in Gettys-		Ohio, humors of the.....	403
burg.....	290		
Correspondence, New York...	67		
Cowper, William.....	123, 206		
Crusaders, the last of the....			
197, 266, 358,	402		
E		N	
Editorial.....		Northern prison life, 35, 102,	172
68, 150, 224, 304, 378	473		
Elise Beausoleil.....	414		
G		P	
✓ Guano.....	261	Perfect through suffering.....	
		254, 332,	396
		Philanthropy, the crimes of...	81
		Polk, Bishop, sketches and	
		anecdotes of.....	12
		R	
		Revolution, anecdote of the...	365
		Richmond, Gen. Beauregard	
		on the situation at.....	389
		Road-side Stories.....	115, 187
		Roanoke Valley.....	107, 180
		S	
		Sappony Church, General	
		Hampton's report of en-	
		gagement at.....	77

Soldier, the Texas.....	343	Spain, twelve months in.....	
Sorrowful Son, the.....	338		100, 282, 314, 425
South Carolina, the low country of.....	5	V	
South, enterprise and energy of the.....	272	Vine, culture of the.....	355
South, the Female Writers of the.....	331	Virginia, mineral wealth of..	94, 167
Southern Homesteads.....	17, 431	W	
		Work.....	435

POETRY.

A		M	
All's Well.....	330	Mary.....	179
Andenken.....	341	O	
C		Oak Leaves.....	414
Cæsar and Cleopatra.....	93	Our Dead.....	459
Confederate Dead.....	18	P	
Confederate Grey.....	37	Page-Brook.....	281
Count Hugo.....	164	Prometheus Vincitus.....	171
Cross, the.....	114	R	
F		Rimmer.....	99
Faded.....	313	Rosalie, the Little.....	323
Faith, the victory of.....	253	S	
First Love.....	195	Sages, Search of the.....	270
G		Shakspeare at Hilton Head..	260
Grief.....	337	"Sic Semper Tyrannis.".....	401
H		"Sic Transit.".....	16
Holly and Cypress.....	80	South, Song of the.....	243
I		South, the sunny.....	12
"In Dura Catena.".....	4	T	
L		Too Proud to Work.....	443
Lizette's Lesson.....	350	Two Years Ago.....	423
		W	
		Wine on the lees.....	393

THE LAND WE LOVE.

NO. I.

NOVEMBER, 1866.

VOL. II.

GEN. HAMPTON'S REPORT

*Of Operations of 1st and 2d Divisions of Cavalry, from the 8th to the 26th June, 1864.**

H'D. QRS. 1st Div. Cavalry,
July 9th, 1864.

COLONEL:

Having notified the General Commanding, on the morning of the 8th June, that Sheridan with a heavy force of cavalry and artillery, had crossed the Pamunkey, I was ordered to take one division, in addition to my own, and follow him. Supposing that he would strike at Gordonsville, and Charlottesville, I moved rapidly with my division, so as to interpose my command between him and the places named above, at the same time directing Major General Fitz Lee to follow, as speedily as possible. In two days march, I accomplished the object I had in view,—that of placing myself in front of the enemy,—and I camped on the night of the 10th in Green Spring Valley, three miles beyond Trevillian's Station on the Central Rail Road, whilst General Fitz Lee camped the same night near Louisa C. H. Hearing during the night that the enemy had crossed the North Anna at Carpenter's Ford, I determined to attack him at daylight. General Lee was ordered to attack

on the road leading from Louisa C. H. to Clayton's Store, whilst my division would attack on the road from Trevillian's Station to the same point. By this disposition of my troops, I hoped to cover Lee's left and my right flank—to drive the enemy back if he attempted to reach Gordonsville by passing to my left, and to conceal my real design, which was to strike him at Clayton's Store, after uniting the two divisions. At daylight my division was ready to attack at Trevillians, Butler's and Young's brigades being held for that purpose, whilst Rosser was sent to cover a road on my left.—Soon after these dispositions were made, General Lee sent to inform me that he was moving out to attack. Butler was immediately advanced and soon met the enemy whom he drove handsomely until he was heavily reinforced and took position behind works. Young's brigade was sent to reinforce Butler and these two brigades pushed the enemy steadily back, and I hoped to effect a junction with Lee's division at Clayton's Store, in a short time. But whilst we were driving the enemy in front, it was reported to me that a force had appeared in my rear. Upon

* Never before published.

investigation, I found this report correct, the brigade which had been engaging General Lee having withdrawn from his front, passed his left and got into my rear. This forced me to withdraw in front and to take up a new line. This was soon done, and the brigade which had attacked me in rear—Custer's—was severely punished, for I recalled Rosser's brigade, which charged them in front, driving them back against General Lee—who was moving up to Trevillian's—and capturing many prisoners. In this sudden attack on my rear, the enemy captured some of my led horses, a few ambulances and wagons and three caissons. These were all recaptured by General Rosser and General Lee; the latter taking in addition four caissons and the H'd. Qrs. wagon of Brigadier General Custer. My new line being established, I directed General Lee to join me with his command as soon as possible.—The enemy tried to dislodge me from my new position, but failed, and the relative positions of the opposing forces remained the same during the night. The next day at 12 m. General Lee reported to me, and his division was placed so as to support mine in case the enemy attacked. At 3 30 p. m. a heavy attack was made on my left, where Butler's brigade was posted. Being repulsed, the enemy made a succession of determined assaults, which were all handsomely repulsed. In the meantime, General Lee had by my directions, reinforced Butler's left with Wickham's brigade, whilst he took Lomax's brigade across to the Gordonsville road so as to strike the enemy on his right flank. This movement was successful, and the enemy who had been heavily punished in front, when attacked on his flank, fell back in confusion, leaving his dead and a portion of his wounded on the field. I immediately gave

orders to follow him up, but it was daylight before these orders could be carried out, the fight not having ended until 10 p. m. In this interval, the enemy had withdrawn entirely, leaving his dead scattered over the whole field, with about 125 wounded on the ground and in temporary hospitals. We captured, in addition to the wounded, in the fight and the pursuit 570 prisoners. My loss in my own division, was 59 killed, 258 wounded and 295 missing. Total 612. Amongst the former I have to regret the loss of Lieutenant Colonel McAllister, 7th Georgia, who behaved with great gallantry, and Captain Russel, of the same regiment, who was acting as Major. In the list of wounded were Brigadier General Rosser, who received a painful wound in the first day's fight whilst charging the enemy at the head of his brigade, and whose absence from the field was a great loss to me;—Colonel Aiken, 6th So. Ca., who had borne himself with marked good conduct during the fight;—Lieutenant Colonel King, Cobb Legion, who was wounded in a charge—and Major Anderson, 7th Georgia. The enemy in his retreat crossed the river at Carpenter's Ford and kept down on the north bank of the stream. As he had a pontoon train with him, which enabled him to cross the river at any point, I was forced to keep on the south of the rivers, so as to interpose my command between him and Grant's army, which he was seeking to rejoin.—During several days, whilst we marched on parallel lines, I constantly offered battle, which he studiously declined and he followed the northern bank of the Mattaponi and the Pamunkey until he gained the shelter of his gunboats on the latter at the White House, where he crossed during the night. Here he met a strong reinforcement, with ample supplies and after resting a day,

he moved down the river, thence across the country to the Forge Bridges, where he crossed the Chickahominy. Chambliss' brigade, which had joined me two days previous, attacked him at this point and drove him some distance. Fearing that he might pass up the James River, through Charles city C. H. and Westover, I took position that night so as to cover the roads from Long Bridge to the latter place. The next morning, the 24th June—he drove in my pickets at Samaria Church and advanced beyond Nance's Shop. I determined to attack him and to this end I ordered Brigadier General Gary, who had joined me that morning, to move from Salem Church around to Smith's Store and to attack on the flank, as soon as the attack in front commenced. General Lee left Lomax to hold the river road and brought Wickham to join in the attack.—The necessary arrangements having been made, General Gary advanced from Smith's Store and took position near Nance's Shop. The enemy had in the meantime thrown up strong works along his whole line and his position was a strong one. As soon as Gary had engaged the enemy, Chambliss was thrown forward, and by a movement handsomely executed, connected with him, and the two brigades were thrown on the flank of the enemy. At the same moment, the whole line under the immediate command of Major General Fitz Lee charged the works of the enemy, who after fighting stubbornly for a short time, gave way, leaving his dead and wounded on the field. This advance of our troops was made in the face of a very heavy fire of artillery and musketry and it was most handsomely accomplished. As soon as the enemy gave way, I brought up the Phillips' and the Jeff. Davis Legions mounted, ordering them to charge. This they did most gallantly, driving the

enemy for three miles in confusion. Robbins' battalion and the 12th Virginia cavalry were mounted and participated in a part of this charge, in which Lieutenant Colonel Massie, commanding the latter, was wounded whilst gallantly leading his men over the works of the enemy. The enemy were completely routed and were pursued to within $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles of Charles city C. H.,—the pursuit lasting till 10 o'clock at night.—We captured 157 prisoners, including 1 colonel and 12 commissioned officers and the enemy left their wounded, amounting to quite a large number, scattered over the ground upon which we had fought. My loss was 6 killed and 59 wounded in my own division.—The reports of losses from the other commands have not been sent to me. Sheridan retreated to Wynoke Neck in order to cross the James River under protection of the gunboats, and I, in accordance with instructions from the General commanding, moved on the 26th June to the Pontoon Bridge, with a view to cross and join the army on the south side of the James River. This closed my operations, which had for their object the defeat of Sheridan's movement in our rear.

The recent publications of the enemy, together with some of their orders which have been captured, show that Sheridan's object was to destroy Gordonsville and Charlottesville, with the Rail Road near those places—to unite with Hunter in his attack on Lynchburg, and after the capture of that place to move their joint forces to the White House on the Pamunkey, from which point they could join Grant, or threaten Richmond. Sheridan was defeated at Trevilian's—was punished in the skirmishes at the White House and Forge Bridges, and was routed at Samaria Church. We captured 852 prisoners, whilst his loss in killed and wounded was very

heavy. I beg to express my entire satisfaction at the conduct of officers and men in my command. Major General Fitz Lee co-operated with me heartily and rendered valuable assistance. Brigadier General Butler, who commanded my division a part of the time; General Rosser and Col. Wright in my own command, all discharged their duties admirably. The same may be said of Colonel Dulaney, who succeeded to the command of Rosser's brigade, after General Rosser was wounded.

Brig. General Chambliss with his brigade rendered most efficient service, as did Brigadier General Gary, both of these commands contributing largely to the success at Samaria Church. The subordinate officers have sustained their superiors well, and the men could not have behaved better than they

did. The artillery under Maj. Chew was admirably handled and did good service. I am under obligations to my staff for the very able assistance they gave me, and I take pleasure in expressing not only my obligations, but my thanks to them. When the Gen. commanding takes into consideration the disparity in numbers of the troops engaged, the many disadvantages under which my men labored, their hard marches, their want of supplies, their numerous privations, and the cheerfulness with which these were borne, he will, I trust be satisfied with the results accomplished.

I have the honor to be,

Very Respectfully,

WADE HAMPTON,

Maj. Gen.

To Lt. Col. Taylor,

A. A. Gen.

"IN DURA CATENA."

Chain the Eagle and veil his eyes !
Torture him dumb and dim !
For how were the foul and the base of soul
Free, till they fetter'd him !

Bind him ! Blind him ! Blacken him : yea,
Blight him forevermore !
Brothers ! doubt, if the bird ye cage—
Was ever so free, before.

Never a flight so near the stars,
Never a gaze so clear,
To meet the flush of a lovelier dawn
In a loftier atmosphere !

Brothers ; judge if your dungeon's depth
Grow bright in his cloudless fame ;
Brothers, doubt if the shadow of death
Be dark to your midnight shame !

Ah ! my Brothers ! the world has lost
Its grace and worth ! 'Tis time
Ye planted a cross for love to clasp,
For loyalty to climb.

THE LOW COUNTRY OF SOUTH CAROLINA.*

The agricultural community was composed of two classes of planters. The first consisted of the rice planters, among whom were found the oldest families, and who almost universally adhered to the Episcopal Church; for this branch of agriculture and many of the families interested in it dated back from the early days of the colony. Their landed property covered the fresh water alluvions of this region, and their mansions were seated chiefly on the banks of the numerous rivers which intersect this coast. This interest embraced half the wealth of the lower country. The second class consisted of planters engaged in growing that variety of cotton so remarkable for the fineness and length of its staple, requiring the most careful cultivation and thriving only on a narrow strip of country. It was much cultivated in some localities on the main land, but more successfully on the chain of islands lying between Charleston harbor and the mouth of the Savannah river. Many parts of these were, six years ago, among the most highly cultivated regions of America. A peculiar and skillful system of tillage applied to the production and improvement of this agricultural staple had gradually grown up there, and had covered these islands with valuable estates and luxurious homes. These island planters did not so many of them make Charleston their summer home, but more generally sought, on some point on the sea shore a healthy and agreeable residence not far from their plantations. They were generally men of education, and most of them attached to the Episcopal Church, but yet had stamped upon them

more local peculiarities of manner, language and opinions than those who lived more in the city. Before steam boats had become so common a means of transportation—and indeed long since then, the island planter's equipage was peculiar and expensive. He seldom came to town in his carriage across one or more fields by a circuitous route, but generally in his barge, a canoe of monstrous size, of beautiful model and handsomely finished, rowed by eight or ten negroes, and gliding through the troubled waters at from 7 to 8 miles an hour—the negroes pulling the more lustily, as each of them had on board some small store of produce which he was eager to sell in town. As the island planter's crop was highly valuable in proportion to its weight, being worth from 30 to 100 cts per pound—the same vehicle in the course of the season brought his crop to market, 10 or 15 bales at a time.

Charleston early became more than a mere commercial city. A number of families, the largest proprietors, in the lower country, had for several generations town residences there. And this frequently became the chief home of the family. With the addition of the families of the better class of professional men—these made up an attractive society. Inter-course with a large and varied circle of acquaintance, public amusements, and the bustle and the animation of a seaport—made the quiet country home and neighborhood dull by comparison—and gradually many of the richer families belonged fully as much to the town as to their country homes. The residences of the planters made up a large part of the city, embracing many of the finest mansions; their families and needlessly

* Continued from last number.

numerous servants formed a large portion of the population. There were not many very handsome houses, and unlike most other cities, it seemed composed of large villas, comfortable rather than showy, built in a style suited to a hot climate, every house having one or more piazzas, and a garden of some size adjacent to it. The chief indication of wealth Charleston afforded, was the very large number of private carriages and saddle-horses seen in the streets. Every planter kept his carriage; the heat of the climate rendered it desirable in town, and journeys to and from the plantation rendered it necessary to his family—so that in summer especially there were many hundred private carriages kept in Charleston, and every young man of any means kept his saddle-horse. In fact the people of Charleston had more of the tastes and habits of rural life than is usually compatible with life in a city, and from some peculiar features of the lower country, which rendered it difficult to clear and improve many of the swamps and other low lands—game was abundant and deer were still hunted and killed within six or seven miles of the city.

The business and prosperity of Charleston was based almost exclusively on the highly cultivated country within seventy or eighty miles of it, not so much on the fact that the produce of that region came to market there, as on the far more important fact that the owners of that produce spent the greater part of their incomes there. Not only the planters who lived much in Charleston, but the far more numerous class, who only occasionally visited it, made their expenditures chiefly at that point. It was the supplying of the wants of this region of country that made up the retail trade—the chief source of the profits of the community. The city derived but a small profit from the sale of the

planter's crop, but a large profit from the expenditure of his income.

There were thus many rich and well educated families, whose time for some generations had been habitually divided between town and country life. The winter and spring was given to plantation life, to overseers, negroes and crops, not inimical with field sports and hospitable intercourse with country neighbors. The long summer was a period of comparative leisure passed in a city, where chiefly the planter had been educated, where he had access to much good society, and opportunity and inducements to intellectual improvement, and with an educated man leisure itself tends to further the intellectual development. The tendency of this mode of life was to make the planter at once, the man of business and the man of society; to make him energetic and active, for he had to crowd his business into little more than half the year; to make him cultivated and polished, for a period of leisure was passed in the midst of an educated and refined society under circumstances that stimulated him rather to mental than bodily activity. Accordingly many acquired a taste for books, not a few took an active and prominent part in political life. Most of them had travelled much in this country, and not a few in Europe, and some in early life had served in the army and navy.—The families of this agricultural interest constituted the body of the best society in Charleston.—But there would be something narrow in any society that did not embrace men of a variety of professions and pursuits, and this was supplied by the most respectable professional men, and their families, and those of some merchants, more particularly those who were natives.

Although Charleston was resorted to by many as a summer

residence, yet the gayest season there, the period when a stranger was most likely to visit it, was during the latter part of January and the month of February. During this time the annual races for several days came off over the Washington Course in the suburbs of the city. This brought down the country gentlemen from far and near. When the town was full of their acquaintances, those who were disposed to entertain company on a large scale chose this time, more especially, for exercising their hospitality. Besides many large and set dinner parties given at great expense, a succession of balls, sometimes more than one on the same night, and for which several hundred invitations were sent out, followed each other until March or the beginning of Lent. As a large majority of the gay and fashionable were, or called themselves, members of the Episcopal Church, and professed respect for the observances enjoined by it—the arrival of this season put a stop to these festivities, and most families hastened back to their country homes. For many years the annual convention of the Episcopal Church of the diocese of South Carolina met in Charleston about the period of the races; and many a country gentleman came to town to represent his parish as a lay delegate in the Convention, and at the same time to partake of the fashionable diversion of horse racing. The more considerate and devout portion of the church, however, struck with the incongruity of these two objects in coming to town, had the meetings of the Convention put off to a later season.

It must be understood however that gaming was less a characteristic of the Charleston races than of any other in the U. S. As the course was close to the city—the races were attended, especially in former days, by a great number of ladies, in handsome

equipages, and stylish horsemen hung about them. Latterly on reaching the course the carriages were abandoned, and fashionable company assembled in the spacious stand, a large building, from which they could see the races to advantage, and what was yet more their object could conveniently meet and converse with a large circle of acquaintances. Nothing was seen of the gaming, unless you chose to hunt up the gamblers.

At other seasons, especially in summer, the entertainments given, were on a smaller scale; dinner parties embracing a small number of guests, and evening parties, now no longer crowded to a painful excess.

The tone of gay society however had been declining in Charleston for many years past from two causes. Few married people and others of mature age went as formerly to large evening parties, thus withdrawing an element that advantageously tempered and elevated the tone of society, which has latterly been composed too exclusively of very young and unmarried persons. And of late years there have appeared in society too many specimens of the fast man and woman, characteristics caught we believe by too much intercourse with Northern society and little tolerated in Charleston in former days.

Although Charleston was not a large city, for its commerce was artificially depressed by political causes, it possessed many characteristics of a true capital, all the interest and social ties of the surrounding country being represented there. It was a centre of thought and opinion to the whole State, and justly so—for there was much mental culture, varied attainment and true refinement assembled within hearing of the chimes of St. Michael's bells.

Except Charleston, there was no considerable town in the lower

country; but many villages much resorted to in summer, and at that season affording agreeable and well informed society, had sprung up in the gloomy and monotonous pine forests, and at far more attractive points on the sea shore.—Conspicuous among these was the town of Beaufort made up almost exclusively of the families of planters, most of which had held considerable properties in that neighborhood for some generations.—No where else would you find among the same number so many persons of education and breeding, and no where but in Scotland almost a whole community embracing so few names—and so much connected by the ties of blood, chiefly through their descent from one family, the Barnwells, settled there from the early days of the colony. Beaufort, delightfully situated on the waters of Port Royal, in close vicinity to that noble harbor, had water communication in every direction with the plantations around it and the inhabitants were much given to aquatic as well as field sports.—The tone of society in Beaufort, unlike Charleston, was checked and tamed by the very rigid notions prevalent there as to the frivolity and sinfulness of many amusements highly attractive to the young and gay, although most families there were members of the Episcopal Church, usually considered lax on this point.

Nothing can indicate more strongly the tenacity with which families in the lower country have clung to the community and the homes in which they were planted several generations ago, than the fact that we can name several families in different parts of it, who by taking a little pains can enumerate more than a thousand persons akin to them—and nearly all of these, persons in a somewhat similar social position with themselves. One family can enumerate sixty kinsmen who have fallen in

the Confederate service. There are also many instances of gangs of negroes numbering two or three hundred, which have remained on the same plantation, or in the possession of the same family, for several generations—and every individual negro was related to almost all of the others.

Similar instances are rare elsewhere among the restless and migratory population of the U. S., and this permanence in the homes of the population would seem, yet is not, incompatible with the facts which appear from the census of 1850, which shows that of all the States, the people of South Carolina have been latterly most given to emigration, and that for every hundred whites born in South Carolina and then living there, there were fifty nine natives of the State living beyond its borders.—This applies to the whites. Something like this was also true of the negroes. The population of South Carolina has always been increasing rapidly, but kept down by emigration, first in the middle of the last century to Georgia, and latterly also to all the States west and south of it. In several of them whole neighborhoods can be found peopled from South Carolina. Besides many negroes sold out of the State, many emigrants carried negroes with them, and some removed large gangs at once from some worn out plantation to the virgin soil of the west.

Among the early settlers of the colony were many of a better class of people, and some families prospered and continued to prosper perhaps through a combination of fortuitous circumstances, perhaps through some personal qualities which were inherited. Superior abilities or energy often continue to show themselves, in some individuals at least of the same family, for several generations. But we believe that a constitutional temperance in many cases chiefly enabled the colonist and his descend-

ants to adapt themselves to conditions of life so trying to the white race, and that many families became extinct through the retention of some of the gross appetites characteristic of the people of northern climates.

In no part of the Southern States had there been more permanence in the relations between the negroes and their masters; grandfathers, fathers, and sons of each race often holding successively the same relations respectively to each other. This tended greatly to soften the harsher features of slavery.

One of the changes in the lower country, within the recollection of the writer of this article, was an increased sense of obligation to provide for the religious instruction and spiritual wants of the slave. He has seen much zealous labor, and much liberal expenditure directed to this end, often with little judgment. In this matter it was chiefly individuals and congregations of the Episcopal, Presbyterian and Methodist Churches that have fallen under his observation. In many cases much apparent success was the result. Yet it is his conviction that the negroes can only become and continue a christian people, while in close connection with and under the control of a superior race. Docile as they are, they cannot be trained to any high and permanent religious life. Left to themselves, christianity would sink soon into a wretched superstition, and die out rapidly. The conscientious laborer in this field will not lose his final reward. Yet we cannot but sympathize with a devout and learned clergyman, a native of England, who had devoted himself to the instruction of a multitude of negroes on several large plantations in the richest portion of the State. He witnessed the utter contempt they suddenly showed for all that he had taught them to hold most sacred, and was forced to admit

that he had seen perish in half an hour the labor of thirty years.

Of the families of most note in colonial times, many are extinct—but not a few remain and continue to hold high social positions. Most of them are of English origin, but several derive their names at least from Huguenot colonists. Inter-marriages for several generations has very much connected these old families with each other. It is not our purpose to give an account of particular families, yet it may indicate what the condition of society in the lower country has been, to mention a few facts as to some of them.

The Middletons, sprung from a good English family, a branch of which holds the rank of Baronet in England, have long been prominent in society in the lower country.—From the time of Arthur Middleton who took the lead in the overthrow of the government of the Lords Proprietors in 1719, and who was soon after made Governor under the Royal government—this family has seldom been without some member conspicuous in public life. Not having come out destitute from England they early acquired large property in the colony—and have retained no little wealth in several branches of the family. Many of them have been distinguished for cultivated minds, refined tastes and devotion to the fine arts. There are moreover more persons among the better class in the lower country, descended from the female branches of this family than from any other in South Carolina.

Middleton Place, on the west bank of Ashley River, the country house of the chief branch of this family for several generations, was perhaps the best known country residence in the State. It was remarkable for the extent and solidity though not the beauty of the mansion, the extensive terraces and shrubbery around it, and the treasures of literature, art and

antiquity it contained, and for its liberal and elegant hospitality from former times down to a late day, when the northern invaders sacked and fired it with more than Gothic barbarity. Among the property there, was a valuable service of plate carried to Russia by the late Henry Middleton, when U. S. Minister at St. Petersburg, and brought back on his return to this country. An old negro servant had buried it not long before the fall of Charleston in a spot known only to himself and his master. The Yankees had heard of this plate, and not finding it in the house, concluded that no one was more likely to know where it was hid than he who habitually kept it. On his refusal to tell them where it was hid they threatened to hang him, and put their threat into execution by hanging him up for a few minutes, more than once—but on his persistently refusing to betray the trust they repeated the torture once too often, and he died with the secret undivulged.

In the immediate neighborhood stood Drayton Hall, built by the father of that William Henry Drayton, so conspicuous in Carolina and in the Continental Congress early in the revolutionary contest. Though somewhat dilapidated, the mansion was in size, solidity and architectural beauty a rare example of a gentleman's country seat. The torch was about to be applied to it, when learning the name of the family that owned it, the enemy spared it for the sake of a certain commander in the U. S. Navy of the same name and family who having moved to the North was then busy, not in defending his own native State, but in the conquest and devastation of it.

The family of Pinckney appeared early in the history of the colony, but became important through the abilities of Chief Justice Pinckney, of his elder son, General

Charles Cotesworth Pinckney, a man of the most solid capacity as a soldier, lawyer and statesman, Minister to France at a most critical period of our history; of his younger son, Gen. Thomas Pinckney, a gallant soldier and an accomplished gentleman, who is said to have been the best scholar of his day at Westminster school in England, where, according to Colonial custom, he was sent—and by the brilliant abilities and political success of Charles Pinckney nephew to the Chief Justice. He claimed the most important share in framing the constitution of 1789, and was long Minister to Spain, but was a man of far less elevated character than his cousins. The family have retained an elevated social position, and until the war great wealth in more than one branch. The town residence of Chief Justice Pinckney, a striking building from its antique style and spacious apartments, continued until 1861 one of the mansions most distinguished for its hospitality and the excellent society met with there. Its last possessor was a maiden daughter of General C. C. Pinckney, who attained a very great age employing a large fortune chiefly in perhaps too indiscriminate a charity. This building was destroyed by the fire which in Dec. 1861, swept a path through Charleston a furlong wide and more than a mile long. The owner, driven from place to place before the invading enemy, survived several years, witnessing the dilapidation of her own fortunes and regretting more the ruin of her country. Part of her large property consisted of Pinckney Island, on Port Royal harbor, with near 400 negroes on it—from this she had long derived no income, the product of the plantation being expended on the negroes. It was characteristic of her that when she heard that this part of the country had fallen into the hands of the enemy she congratulated

herself that she had already issued to her negroes there, their winter clothes, and learning afterwards the great mortality among them from disease and want, she lamented their condition more than her own loss.

We might add some reminiscences as to the Rutledges, who were closely connected with the Middletons and Pinckneys, and of several other families equally worthy of note, but we distrust our memory and also the interest which the general reader might take in family memories.

Although there was ample room for improvement, the lower country of South Carolina had already attained a high phase of civilization and prosperity, unattainable in such a region but through the association of the two different races under some such social organization as lately existed there. Among the white population there, as elsewhere throughout the world, too many who had enjoyed the advantages of education, of good society, and the opportunities of moral and religious improvement, were

neither well informed, well bred, nor virtuous. Yet no where could you more easily find cultivated intellects, refined manners, pure morals, elevated sentiments, a fervent piety and a strong sense of duty, among either sex. And the condition of the negroes there as to their physical and moral well-being would compare advantageously with that of any large body of negroes in a state of freedom in any part of the world.

But a ruined civilization has yielded place to a growing barbarism; wealth and abundance has given way to poverty and want; the garden is fast returning to the wilderness from which it had been won by the skillful labor of generations, and the homes of the enlightened and refined will become the dens of brutalized humanity and of the beast of the forest.—“The wild beast of the desert shall cry in their desolate houses, and dragons in their pleasant places—the owls shall dwell there and the satyrs dance there.” Will this destiny be limited to the lower country of South Carolina?

SCRAPS.

SACONI, the papal nuncio, who is as much a man of the world as a churchman, entered a *salon* lately while the company were playing “comparisons,” and a charming woman was being “put to the question” on the culprit’s stool. “Ah! monseigneur,” she cried out to the nuncio, “pray relieve me from my penance. I cannot tell how to answer the question they have asked me,” “What is it, then?” “They asked why friendship was like my crinoline.” “I see nothing very embarrassing in that, madame. Tell them that in friendship, as in crinoline, appearances are deceitful.”

At the last meeting of the French Academy of Sciences, Doctor Jules Cloquet produced a pair of boots made of the tanned skin of a boa constrictor. This material is remarkably strong and supple; the scales have preserved their natural imbrication and color after the process of tanning, and the inside of the scales in alternate reliefs and depressions. Doctor Cloquet observed that it would be desirable to make further attempts to introduce the skins of the inferior vertebrata into trade, seeing that, as to thickness and durability, they decidedly offer greater advantages than those of the superior classes.

THE SUNNY SOUTH.

Mens invicta manet.

The sunny South ! the sunny South !
 The land that gave us birth ;
 Where brightest hopes have cheered our youth—
 The land of *generous* worth.

The sunny South ! though cast in gloom,
 Still land of beauteous flowers,
 Exhaling fragrance o'er our *doom*
 With sweet, refreshing powers.

The sunny South ! now almost *mute*,
 Still land of precious store,
 Where nature yields her choicest fruit,
 With sweetness crimson'd o'er

The sunny South ! awake ! awake !
 Rise, like your mountains, rise !
 The birds sing sweetly for your sake,
 Beneath bright, genial skies.

The sunny South ! be high your aim—
 Adorn your golden prime ;—
Unconquered minds you still can claim,
 And make your lives sublime.

The sunny South ! heroic, grand !
 Where *high-souled men* did dare
 To bleed and die !—a noble band—
 For home, and for the Fair.

The sunny South ! let virtues blend
 In thee, all lands above ;
 Then God propitious smiles will lend,
 And bless the land we love.

C. L. H.

SKETCHES AND ANECDOTES OF BISHOP POLK.

Leonidas Polk was born in Raleigh, N. C., April 10th, 1806, the fourth son of Col. Wm. Polk.

His boyhood was full of fun and frolic, but never mingled with cruelty or unkindness ;—with the quickest sensibilities he felt and resented the least injustice to others. His character for truthfulness was early established and he has been heard to say, that the highest compliment he ever received and the most valued, was once, when at school a dispute occurred between teachers and pupils, and it being considered needful to have a statement of facts, he was selected as the one who would tell the truth, even if he inculpated himself in so doing. His sole aim at first was to do what was becoming a gentleman,

and when a higher standard was formed, duty was always paramount, everything yielded to that; comfort, fortune, family, weighed as nothing in the scale with this.

He entered West Point in 1823. What he was there will be best told by those who were his companions; all liked him and admired his character, which was free from everything low and bad. At the end of two years he was much interested in the subject of religion. After he became a soldier of Christ, his great desire was to bring no stain upon his character as a christian, and rather than fail in what he thought duty, he exerted himself when suffering from illness, refusing to yield to it; the consequence was an aggravated attack of pneumonia, from which for years he did not recover, an adhesion having taken place in the left lobe of the lungs; previous to this illness, he could "out-run, out-wrestle and out-jump" every one at West Point. He always esteemed it one of his blessings that he became the roommate of Albert Sidney Johnston, who watched over him at first as if he had been an elder brother, and finding him worthy, though somewhat his junior, made him his friend: for the three years during which they occupied the same room, nothing marred their friendly relations, which indeed were kept up until severed by death. He graduated in 1827.—Was ordained Deacon in 1830, becoming assistant to Bishop Moore in the Monumental Church in Richmond, Va. His health already weakened by hard study, gave way under the duties of a large parish, and the following year after having received priest's orders, he by the advice of physicians, took a sea-voyage and went to Europe, where he remained for more than a twelve-month.

The following anecdote will illustrate his determination not to submit to unlawful exercise of au-

thority. He was traveling from Rome to Naples and at the Neapolitan frontier his baggage was searched and his Bible, Prayer-Book and a copy of Shakspeare detained, with a promise to restore them to him on his return. On his remonstrating, he was told it was useless, as they must be kept by the officials, unless he chose to have his effects sealed and go under guard, at considerable expense, to Naples. To this he agreed and the guard was accordingly mounted on the carriage box and thus escorted he set out for the Capital. At the inn where he stopped for the night he found two elderly English ladies, traveling under each other's protection, who entering into conversation with him asked how he had passed through the custom-house; he informed them that he was then under the escort of a *gens d'arme* with all his baggage sealed—they then remarked that they had also been detained at the frontier, and worse still, had been robbed of their tea and teapot, a grievance upon which they dwelt most eloquently. He immediately interested himself in their case, drew up a statement of the impertinence to which they had been exposed, which they signed, and the next day on reaching Naples he was driven at once to the custom-house, where he laid the whole affair before the proper authorities, and the result was the immediate restoration of books, tea and teapot, and the dismissal of the officers for exceeding their orders. The gratitude of the old ladies procured him many pleasant acquaintances both in Italy and England.

On his return to the United States with renewed health, he removed to Tennessee, and resumed the exercise of his profession, as Rector of the Church in Columbia. He was consecrated Missionary Bishop of the South-West in 1838, and entered upon his du-

ties with all the energy which characterized him.

Upon one occasion descending one of the Southwestern rivers in a small steamer the boat struck a snag and sank, the passengers got ashore with part of their baggage, when it was proposed to walk some seventy miles to the nearest port, the chances for another boat overtaking them speedily, being very slight. The Bishop, an excellent mechanic, thought the boat could be raised and submitted a plan to the captain who begged him to undertake it; with the aid of the crew and some deck passengers this was accomplished, when a boat passing, the Bishop with the others went to the next town below: here on asking the inn-keeper if there was a place for holding church services, he was told that there never had been any preaching in the town and that they did not want it, and that he would be mobbed if he attempted it, however if Mr. —, the principal merchant in the place would agree, they would not object. On being applied to, Mr. —'s exclamation was, "I left New England to get rid of preaching and don't want it here." His consent having been obtained, arrangements were being made for service on the following Sunday. Flat-boat men, always a lawless set, being in strong force in the town, declared there should be no preaching and if it was attempted they would break it up. In the mean time the steamer which the Bishop had assisted in raising came down, and the hands hearing of this, said "this was not a common preacher, he knew how to work, and if he chose to preach, he should preach, and they would like to see the flat-boat men who would hinder it." A row between the parties was apprehended, but the steamboat hands being most numerous, the boatmen were quiet, and the services passed off without disturbance, a very large and

attentive congregation being present. Four years after, the Bishop made another visit to this town and was told there had been no preaching there since his last visit.

An incident is often related which occurred at the mouth of White River. The Bishop from constant living in the open air, a great deal of exercise and very temperate habits, had acquired an appearance of robust health; he always wore, even in the days of thin boots, soles as thick as the present Balmoral, and had an overcoat of Pilot-cloth capable of resisting all weathers. Landing at the mouth of White River to take a boat for Little Rock, he found the regular packet did not leave until an early hour in the morning, and that no one was allowed to sleep on board; he was therefore compelled to go to the tavern, which at that time enjoyed a most unenviable reputation, as the resort of robbers, gamblers and cut-throats, the former members of Murrell's gang. There was no one in the miserable place but himself, he sat with the landlord by the fire until some time after dark, when the inn-keeper advised him if he wished a place to sleep, to secure it before the boys came in, as they were now drinking and gambling on board the flat boats at the wharf and would be up before long. He was accordingly shown into a long room with more than a dozen beds—none of the cleanest in the world—where his host left him to go to bed by the light of a candle stuck in a bottle. Everything was so exceedingly filthy that protecting his head with a silk handkerchief, he turned up the collar of his coat, took off his boots which he placed by the side of his bed, which by the way, he had chosen near the door, and composed himself to sleep. About midnight he was aroused by the rush of feet up the stairs, and in a few moments the room was filled with men, who began to undress

as soon as they entered, and appropriated the various beds: one man was left out and coming to the side of the bed, he said addressing himself to the Bishop "well stranger! I am going to turn in with you." The Bishop merely looked up and said "you cannot come here, sir." "Oh! there's two to that, I'm coming." "You cannot come here, sir." "You do not mean it, I am coming," accompanied by a volley of oaths. "You cannot come here, sir," was still the quiet answer to this. The man began to falter, evidently not liking the appearance of determination; the others called out not to quarrel with the fellow, they would settle with him in the morning, and they would make room for him in one of the other beds.

Early in the morning, while they were in their drunken slumbers, he was up and away steaming up the river. On reaching Little Rock he met some old friends, and on chancing to mention this, they told him men had been killed in that house for much less and they considered it a wonderful escape. One asked "did the fellow see those boots?" "Yes! they were at the side of the bed." "Ah! that accounts for it; he concluded any man who wore such boots, and such a coat, and was so quiet, must be armed to the teeth, and was certain if he had touched the bed he would have been shot."—The Bishop's ignorance of the risk run saved him, but his constitutional bravery never allowed him to hesitate a moment for fear of consequences.

The following occurrence shows his readiness in danger. He was riding on the borders of the Indian Territory (where at that time it was almost as much as a man's life was worth, to ride a fine horse, so numerous were the horse-thieves and murderers) when on a solitary part of the road he saw two men coming towards him; from their manner he knew even from a dis-

tance what they were. He took his resolution, kept the inside of the road, and looked firmly at them as they approached, taking no other notice of them, they passed quietly, nodding as they did so, which salutation he of course returned. Had he shown the slightest apprehension or timidity, his life would have been worthless, but they could not imagine that any one who held his own so securely, was not armed and prepared to defend his own.

He was always genial and agreeable in conversation; as a friend and companion he had not his equal—his manner had an indescribable charm, while at the same time it was commanding; the secret seemed to be that he made others realize that he did not think of himself. Several anecdotes are related of the effect of his manner upon others.

A short time since, a friend met Mr. McMacken, of Mississippi, who was speaking to some gentlemen, and affirming to them the truth of a story often repeated at the South-West, that at least twenty years ago, upon McMacken's addressing him at his table as General, and being corrected and told it was *Bishop Polk*, replied "I knew he was a commanding officer in the department to which he belonged."

As an instance of his readiness in conversation. He was once at church where he heard a brother Bishop preach, the subject of the discourse being principally the travels of the writer in Europe.—

As they were coming out of the building a friend remarked to the Bishop of Louisiana. "Do you call that the Gospel?" To which Bishop Polk replied "Oh! no! that is the Acts of the Apostles."

While stationed at Columbus, Ky., he met the Federal General Buford under flag of truce, the rendezvous taking place on board a steamer in the river. General Buford said he had a toast to pro-

pose which all could drink, and then gave "the memory of George Washington." Gen. Polk drank it adding "the first Rebel."

As an illustration of the piety and earnestness of his character, as well as the charm of his manner, after having in the course of his travels stayed at the house of a gentleman, previously unknown to him, as the Bishop drove from the gate his host remarked "I now realize what the apostle meant when he said "some have entertained angels unawares."

Only the Sunday previous to his death stopping at a poor cabin, he sat drying himself by the fire. Children all loved him instinctively; a little girl of two, far from clean, approached him; he took her on his knee and began singing to her some nursery song—she smiled up in his face and he said to one of his aids "I wonder if the mother would be offended if I washed this child's face, I do so love to kiss the innocents."

"He being dead, yet speaketh." The memory of his single-minded devotion to God and to his duty will never be forgotten by those who knew him. He impressed himself in the most remarkable manner on the people with whom he was brought into actual contact; while under his immediate influence he carried them along with him, and many remarks unheeded at the time, have since his departure been recalled with delight, and are treasured as an incentive to the performance of the duties of life. The writer has frequently been told within the past year, that his bright, living example while connected with the army, had far more effect upon the men by whom he was surrounded, than many sermons which they had heard from him in days of peace, and the wonderful growth of the Church in Louisiana, since the close of the war, proves conclusively that he neither lived nor died in vain.

"SIC TRANSIT."

"I never will marry a Yank.," she said,
And I believe she really meant it,
But alas! when her "rebel" lover was dead,
Why— then, she began to repent it.

For "rebs." were scarce in her town, you know,
While Yankee officers were plenty,
And who likes to be without ever a beau,
When far on the "shady side" of twenty?

So she shed a tear for her lover's loss,
And heaved a sigh for her country's glory,
But she gave her head a coquettish toss,
While she heard the Yankee Colonel's story.

Ah! ever thus since the world began,
Though woman was fair, she oft was frail,
And even that "lord of creation"—a man—
May still be won by a flatterer's tale.

So— a mighty change of feeling came o'er her,
Yet blame her not, nor with harshness chide,
For had she the choice of the world before her,
I doubt if she'd been a Yankee's bride.

SOUTHERN HOMESTEADS.

BELMEAD.

This elegant mansion, the residence of the late General Philip St. George Cocke, C. S. A., is in Powhatan county, Virginia, on James River, about thirty miles above Richmond.

It is built of brick stuccoed, but the foundations are of stone quarried on the plantation. The pointed style of architecture in vogue in the English Tudor age, is employed in its construction. Some of the upper apartments are fashioned with narrow lancet-shaped windows with small diamond panes, carrying the fancy back to long ago,—while some of those below are gorgeously stained, and emblazoned with here a luxuriant stalk of wheat, bowed down by rich golden ears,—here a sheaf of the same,—or perhaps of oats,—here a green stalk of the broad-leaved staple, tobacco,—cotton,—and here—to vary the “still life” pictures, a magnificent specimen of the Merino sheep which Mr. Cocke as President of the then Virginia Agricultural Society, was making an effort to introduce into the State, experimenting and testing upon his own domains.

Notwithstanding that it is, comparatively, of modern structure, Belmead, in its general appearance, impresses one with thoughts of the time when feudal usages, and days of “knightly romance” and “lady-love” had not passed exclusively into song and story, and to fancy’s ear is almost audible the clang of armor and the clash of steel,—the hoarse sentry challenge, the tramp of mailed warder upon the broad terraces or from the massive stone entrance-way or battlemented heights of the towers above. The great

central tower is sixty feet high, and therefrom may be obtained a view which in its blended beauty of hill and river scenery is exceeded by none in that picturesque portion of Virginia.

The writer hereof made one of a party of guests who at the instance of Mr. Cocke,—a most urbane and amiable gentleman—ascended thither one cloudless, midsummer afternoon. In the then condition of the atmosphere, the Blue Ridge was visible, looming up like azure mist against the sun-lit horizon, but between this fair outline and the point we occupied was presented a charming succession of rock, ravine and wood, while through a broad extent of waving corn and tobacco fields, James River, (it is narrow here,) wound like a never-ending serpent, his scales all glittering silver and pearls.

Belmead house occupies a lofty eminence, encircled by hills and copses and brave old forest trees here and there, to some considerable distance, and in the groves and immediately around the dwelling, is displayed a growth of oaks rarely surpassed in majesty of size, I believe, those traditional ones of Old England to the contrary notwithstanding. Doubtless the worthy patriarchs about Stonehenge would have recognized them as compeers. Druid fathers would not have disdained performing mystic rites under their umbrageous boughs, nor Druid priestess here devoutly to warble “Casta Diva” to the midnight moon.

Belmead embraces “the modern improvements,” domestic hydraulics forming no exception.—A tank or reservoir is located at

the top of the house, capable of holding many thousand gallons and supplying abundance of water for bathing and other purposes.

The library is well stored with selections indicating scholarship and fine literary taste.

The village of negro-quarters at Belmead is disposed of with a view to the picturesque. The cottages are built of upright boards, forming each a structure with their overhanging ornamented eaves, &c, harmonizing with the style of the mansion house. They are located in a sort of dell below the hill occupied by the other, while the Overseer's house, another pretty cottage, larger than any one of those appropriated to Cuffy and family, seems to supervise them all.

There are extensive wheat and corn mills, saw mills, all worked by water-power, upon this mammoth plantation. There are blacksmith's shops, carpenter's shops,—and in fact most of the trades have their representatives in one or more of the sable denizens of the negro-cabins. But I speak in the present tense and as though forgetful that reform, ("so cal-

led,")—Social equality, (which is like the Irishman's reciprocity,) have visited the place since the present disciple of the pen has. Perhaps I should ask Cuffy's pardon for quoting antecedents, fresh-fledged gentility is often restive under reminiscences. But this is a joke. Every one acquainted with the character of the Old Virginia negro knows him for the most uncompromising aristocrat in the known world. He will exhibit no such sensitiveness as that pre-supposed, he feels too secure of his position, and though misled, as wiser people have been before him, there's no making him believe, if you bring him to the test, but that he is a much better man than Tom, Dick or Harry, who in their malignity toward a section, have, *en passant*, made of him that much be-hooted and decried animal, among gentlemen's servants, —a *free nigger*.

Belmead, I am informed, stands unmutated, undisturbed in its stateliness,—a riddle in the annals of Yankee warfare yet unsolved.

FANNY FIELDING.

OUR CONFEDERATE DEAD.

BY SARELLA.

Come, my friends, the day is fading,
Slowly sinks the sun to rest;
Come from walks too close and heated,
To the cool of Nature's breast.

Fields in all their summer glory,
Through the twilight's hazy mist,
Glow with blushes that yet linger
Where the day-god left his kiss.

Come, mayhap their quiet beauty,
Our despairing hearts may cheer,
For they ache with too much bending,
And our homes are dark and bare.

Turn we from the pale sad faces,
That here greet us everywhere,
Telling of a people growing
Patient from a great despair.

Turn we from the black-robed women,
They who glide so silent by,
Mourning veils but half concealing
Pallid lips and tear-dimmed eyes.

Weak their hearts from too much sorrow,
Weak their frames from want and toil,
Toiling where the earth is reeking,
With the blood that soaked its soil.

Toiling where the bones lie bleaching,
Toiling where the ashes lie,
Where proud mansions once have pointed
To a more benignant sky.

Toiling with an aching heart,
Toiling with an aching brain,
Toiling where to toil seems useless,
Where all labor seems in vain.

In that quiet peaceful glen,
With its sparkling, murmuring rill,
That seems ever softly whispering
To the tried heart, 'peace, be still,'

Let us sit beside the waters,
Listening to the lullaby,
With whose soothing, Earth—our mother—
Stills the heart's rebellious cry.

Stay ! what mean those rounded boards,
Glistening white and ghastly there ?
Are our dead then strewn so thickly
That they greet us every where ?

Oh my brothers who lie buried
Over hill and glen and field !
Ye who thought to die were better
Than to live, and living yield !

We who live are living buried,
Ye will ever live who died,
For ye represent a struggle
That your deaths have glorified.

And the nations that now scorn us,
Yet will stand with rev'rend head
By the graves, blood-stained and humble,
Of our brave and honored dead.

O my brothers, oft we envy
 You your place of holy rest ;
 We who struggle here so vainly,
 We who live but live unblest.

Ye have gone across the river,
 We are wrestling with its waves,
 Ye beneath the trees are resting,
 We yet weep above your graves.

O ye blood-stained fields and forests !
 O my burned and blackened home,
 When can peace within our bosoms
 From your silent ashes come ?

Turn we, friend, our footsteps homeward,
 Lest our long-checked tears should flow,
 And for our poor living brothers,
 We must wear a smile, you know.

Smile—for weeping brings a weakness
 Over heart and hand and head,
 And they need their strength—our brothers—
 Lest the children cry for bread.

HOSPITAL SKETCHES.

NUMBER II.

It was about three weeks after the death of Roberts that I received the following letter from his mother which gave me the first direct information of Harry. Her letter expresses so clearly and forcibly the feelings of a "Southern mother," that I hope my readers will pardon me for imposing it upon them, though it forms no part of Harry's history.

Sept. 19th, 1861.

DEAR MADAM :

Since the receipt of your kind letter informing me of the death of my son—I have been so distressed I could not write and thank you for your kindness. In him I lost a son indeed, one who was ever kind and affectionate to his mother and brothers, and for the last few years a consistent

member of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and I trust in God, a christian. For your attention to him accept a mother's thanks and heartfelt gratitude—I pray that God may reward you. When my son left me, I resigned him to God and our distressed country—he has done for her all he could, and I have an abiding hope that he is at rest in the bosom of his Saviour. His brother Harry is at Manassas or somewhere near that place—he is in the — N. C. regiment—will you enquire about him and write me what you hear ? I have still a younger son who is here in wretched health, or he too would be doing all he could to shield us from the dread doom our enemies have in store for us—subjugation, slavery, dungeons and the gallows. I am a widow,

but rather than see an enemy triumph over us, let my last son die a martyr struggling for freedom. If my child had any clothes or other articles not buried with him, please forward them to me at this place and receive the thanks of a distressed mother—poor though she be, she loves her children, but rather they should die freemen than live slaves.

Yours respectfully,
E. ROBERTS.

After having read this letter I was no longer surprised at finding Roberts so noble a character, with such a mother he could scarcely be otherwise. When we remember that this letter was written at the time when her heart was torn with anguish almost unspeakable—the deepest sorrow ever felt on this earth—it seems wonderful that the feelings of a patriot should be as strong as those of a mother “weeping for her first born.” But it was such women as these that comforted and helped our poor soldiers in the field, and many a brave boy was made all the more brave, when he thought of his mother and sisters at home, thinking of, and praying for him, always bearing every sacrifice and trial without a murmur, so that he might have no additional cause for anxiety, but could devote his whole life and soul to the defence of his native land—but this is not telling how I took care of Harry.

The summer and fall of 1861 passed without my having been able to fulfil my promise. I had seen a great many of the troops from N. C. but none of them could tell me any thing of Harry. My not being able to describe his personal appearance was a great obstacle in the way of my finding him. I heard of several Roberts, but none that I thought could be the one I was in search of. It was nearly a year afterwards, that I was nursing in a hospital in one of

our large cities. The battle of — had just been fought, and the wounded were being brought in. The most severe cases, as is usual, were being attended to first, by both surgeons and nurses, but I could not help noticing many an imploring look given us from those who were not considered in immediate danger. Some of them were suffering intensely and it must have seemed hard that there was no one to care for them, but I never heard a murmur, not a word of complaint, only the longing, anxious suffering look that always went to my very heart.

It was about sunset one evening that the last of the wounded arrived, and among them was an officer. He was not apparently in any danger, having only a slight flesh wound. They brought him in and put him on a bed at the further end of the ward, immediately adjoining the Matron's room, so that I was obliged to pass by him very often. I never looked up that I did not catch his eyes fixed on my face, and always with the same beseeching expression. At last I found a spare moment to speak to him. On approaching his bed, he held out his hand and said “I am glad you have come to me, I have been watching for you to finish with those men. Poor fellows! how they suffer.” I told him he must not think about that now, but tell me what I could do for him. “Oh nothing,” he replied, “I am not suffering much pain only so thirsty.” It was some time before I could get him some water, but at last succeeded in doing so. After tasting it he said, rather fretfully, “mother why dont you give me some water from the old poplar spring. I want some cool water not this warm stuff.” I saw that he was delirious, and sent for the surgeon. While waiting for him I endeavored to soothe my patient, who continued to talk incessantly of home, calling me mother all the

while. At last he became more quiet and taking my hand in his—fell asleep. I then had an opportunity of observing him more closely. He was very young, not more than eighteen or nineteen years old, and I could not help thinking as I gazed on his fair young brow and delicate features, what it must have cost his mother to have given him up—perhaps forever. It had been a most trying day to me, but I found my eyes filling with tears for the first time as I looked at the sleeping boy who lay smiling before me, unconscious of suffering and the struggle for life that would soon be his. I suppose it was the perfect rest of form and feature contrasted with the violent excitement I had been witnessing, that unnerved me. I was glad to see the surgeon approaching, for a few moments more of quiet thought would have completely unfitted me for my duties as a nurse.

On reaching the bedside, the doctor asked why I had sent for him in such haste. I told him I thought the young man seriously wounded, and requiring prompt attention. Dr. A. smiled as if he thought I was unnecessarily alarmed, and taking the officer's hand from mine, said, "well Lieutenant, how do you feel now?" The large blue eyes opened slowly and then remained fixed on the doctor's face with a wondering, puzzled look. The question was repeated. At last the old look of suffering returned and he said "I am better now, I am at home, and mother is with me." While he was speaking, Dr. A. was noticing particularly, and then turning to me said, "the wound must be dressed immediately and he must be nursed with the greatest care—his fever has assumed a typhoid form, and there is the merest chance of his recovery."

My heart sank at hearing these words for I well knew it would be almost impossible for him to have

proper attention, as there were so many to look after that no one could be nursed to the exclusion of others. However I determined to do all I could, and having obtained Dr. A's permission to have the patient removed to my ward, I made up my mind to do my best, as he thought I was his mother, to supply her place. Day after day passed away, and still there was no change for the better.—He would sometimes have a few lucid moments, in which he would seem so grateful for my great kindness, as he called it—but generally his mind was wandering. I tried as much as possible to be near him, but the number of patients in the ward was so large, that for several days after he was brought in I could only be with him for a few moments at a time. After a while however, the number lessened, a great many had died and those who were left did not require so much attention. Dr. A. seemed as much interested in my charge as I was myself—he would often come up to see him without waiting for the regular hour for visiting the patients, and spend some time at his bedside. I knew that I ought not to look for any decided improvement in the sick man, until the fever had run its course, and his being no worse should have satisfied me—but as each day wore away and I found he was becoming weaker and weaker, I despaired of ever seeing him well again. His youthful appearance and the patient manner in which he bore his sufferings when conscious of them, had endeared him to all around him—and often when he was raving in his delirium the convalescent men would come and stand by him—every face expressing the sympathy they felt. I always found ready and willing hands to help me take care of him. It was now sometime since he had been brought to the hospital, and I saw from the doctor's counten-

ance that he thought without there was some change for the better soon, that he would not last much longer. It was my habit to leave the ward at ten o'clock every night, and return at a very early hour in the morning, but one night as I approached the bedside of my patient for the last time before leaving, I found that instead of being asleep as I supposed—he was watching me. I immediately spoke to him and asked if he wanted anything. He replied “yes, I want you to stay with me to night.” I did not know what to say. I was afraid if I refused it might excite him, and if I consented to remain I knew it would prevent my attending to my duties as I should do, the following day; but I could not resist the pleading expression of his face as he again begged me to stay: at any rate I thought I would remain until he slept again, and then I could leave him. His mind was clearer than it had been for some days, and he seemed anxious to talk to me.—After the ward became quiet for the night, he turned to me and he said—“Wont you sing to me?” I replied that I was afraid of disturbing the other men—and I did not think the doctor would allow me to do it. “Oh yes he will, if you tell him you did it to comfort a dying soldier.” It was the first allusion he had ever made to his being in any danger, and for a moment I could make no reply.—I thought of what was probably before me that night—that I was to sit there and watch the dying agonies of “some body’s darling,” and not be able to help or comfort him. He still insisted upon my singing and said, “I want you to sing there is ‘rest for the weary.’ Oh how often I thought of that hymn when we were marching day after day, and wondered when *our* resting time would come. I little thought then that this poor weary soldier would soon be at rest—forever. But I want to

hear that hymn sing it for me, wont you?” Finding his heart was set on hearing it, I sung for him, trying as much as possible not to be heard by the other men. After I had finished I turned to him and said “now you must try and go to sleep, and to-morrow I will sing to you again.” “Not to-morrow,” he replied, “*then* I shall hear the ‘angel song.’” I asked him if he was willing to die. “I hope so” he said, “willing to die for my country, but it is hard, very hard, to leave all I love here. Poor mother! how she will miss me, and there will be no one to tell her how I was cared for, and that all was done for me that could be done.” I told him I would write to his mother the next day, and then he could send her any message he wished. I found he was talking too much, and becoming restless—placing my hand on his forehead I said, “let me rub your head for you while you go to sleep,”—“no sleep for me,” he replied, “except the sleep that ‘knows no waking.’ I know I am going to die, and I only want you to promise not to leave me.—I dont like to have men about me when I am sick—I want a woman, some one who will remind me of my darling mother.” Then raising himself suddenly in the bed he said “ah, there she comes—I knew she would not let me die alone.” He spoke so earnestly that without thinking I looked up expecting to see his mother really there, and before I could turn to him again he had fallen back, completely exhausted. I gave him stimulants and after a while he seemed to rally, but his mind was wandering all the time. He would ask for his shoes, and say he must go with his men—what would they think of their little lieutenant if he did not go into the fight with them. Then he would give the word of command and try and cheer on his men, but this excitement I felt sure, could not last

long. There were two of the male nurses who were standing by the bed watching the sick man with me, and on seeing him become more quiet, one of them said to me—"you had better leave him now madam—there is nothing more you can do, if he rouses up again it will only be when death strikes him, and it will just make you feel bad to see him then." I replied that I had rather stay, he might want me, and I had promised not to leave him, but I must confess it was with a faint heart that I made up my mind to witness the dying struggles of my boy patient.

I remained sitting by the bedside until the day broke, and still he had not moved or spoken. It has always been a melancholy time to me, the breaking of day—but I can never forget that morning, when I thought light would only come to show me that the angel of death was hovering over the poor boy, and would soon bear him away to that "perfect rest" which was so longed for by him, and which has been promised to "the people of God."

It was about eight o'clock in the morning, as I was waiting for the hour to come when Dr. A. would visit the ward, that one of the nurses came for me to go to the Matron's room, as there was a gentleman there who wished to see me, for a few moments. On reaching the room I was introduced to the Rev. Mr. E., chaplain to one of the N. C. brigades.—He said he had been looking for some of his men and among them a young lieutenant in whom he was very much interested, and hearing that I had some men from his State under my charge, he had sent for me, hoping I could give him some tidings of Lt. Harry Roberts. I could not help starting when I heard the name, and thought that perhaps it was "Harry" I had been taking care of all the time. I told

Mr. E. I had then a young lieutenant from N. C. in my ward, whose name I had understood was Robbins, but if he wished he could satisfy himself as to his being the officer he was in search of, by going with me to see him.

On reaching the sick man we found he had changed his position—his hand was under his head, and looked like a tired child taking his rest after his play. As soon as Mr. E. looked at him he turned to me and said, "Here he is at last, and I am afraid I have only come in time to see him die." As we thought best not to disturb him until after the doctor's visit, which would be in a short time, Mr. E. left me, saying he would not quit the building, and if there was the slightest change in Lt. Roberts, I must send for him.

I could scarcely take my eyes from Harry's face, and even though he was so wasted by sickness and disease I thought I could trace a resemblance between his brother and himself. I could not help thinking of his mother—his "darling mother," as he had called her, and prayed that I might not again have to tell her of a noble young life offered up for "our poor, distressed country." When Dr. A. came he looked long and anxiously at the young man—and finding he was sleeping quietly turned to me and said—"this sleep is the best thing for him—if he wakes up conscious, he will get well—but if he should be delirious, I don't think he can stand it much longer."

By this time I was so fatigued that I was obliged to rest, but only went to the Matron's room, telling the nurse I left in charge to call me if Lt. Roberts moved or spoke. I had been away about an hour when I was sent for, the messenger saying that the lieutenant was awake. I told him to find Mr. E. as soon as possible, and ask him to come to me. I tried not to hope and to prepare myself for the worst—but I could not do it. I

felt if I found him dying—that I would not be able to keep my promise to remain with him to the end. His bed was so situated that I could not see his face until I was immediately by him, but as soon as I saw he was quiet I knew he was no worse. When he saw me he smiled, and said in a weak voice—“such a sweet sleep, but I am so tired.” I offered a silent prayer of thankfulness as I saw he was conscious, and having given him something to revive him I determined not to say anything until Mr. E. came. In a few moments he arrived, and going up to the bed, said, “well Harry, my boy, do you feel better?” His whole face lighted up as he said, “oh! Mr. E., I am so glad you have come—now you can tell mother all about me.” “But,” said Mr. E., “you must not send any messages now—you are too weak—you must keep quiet, and the next time I come, I will hear all you have to say; you must try and get well enough to go home on a sick furlough, and then you can carry your own messages.” “I am afraid I shall never see home again,” he replied, “but I will do what you tell me, and try and keep quiet.” Saying this he closed his eyes and in a few moments was asleep again.—I felt great curiosity to know how it happened that Harry was an officer, and on asking Mr. E., he said, that on one occasion volunteers were called for to lead a “forlorn hope,” and among the first to offer was Harry Roberts, then a private, and the youngest man in his regiment. His conduct was so brave that an account of the affair was sent to the War Department, and his commission as lieutenant was forwarded immediately. My patient continued to improve slowly, but surely, and in about four weeks he was granted a sick furlough. His brother who came on for him was much the most delicate looking of the two, and I have since heard that Harry has become a strong robust man, and at the close of the war was a Major. I told him just before he left of the illness and death of his brother, and asked if he really passed through the town of — at that time with Col. R’s regiment. He said he was with that regiment though he did not belong to it, but was on his way to join his own—so that his brother must have seen him.

Soon after Lt. Roberts reached home he wrote me a long letter telling me of his mother, and last but not least, of his sweet-heart—who has since become Mrs. Roberts. I will only say in conclusion that I hope my readers are as well satisfied as *she* is, at the way—“I took care of Harry.” E.

OUR NAMELESS HEROES.

INSCRIBED TO THE AUTHOR OF THE “HAVERSACK.”

Our nameless heroes—glorious band—
That for our dear, dear Southern land,
Exposed their lives—or laid them down,
Regardless of the victor’s crown.

Our banner to the breeze was flung,
And gallant warriors round it hung,
Their high-born purpose to declare,
“Ready are we, to do or dare.”

The invader's foot pollutes our soil—
 "What reck we now, of pain or toil,
 Of hunger, thirst, of heat, or cold?"
 Thus spake those nameless heroes bold.

They rushed to meet the coming foe,
 They dealt them many a crushing blow,
 But many a noble form they gave,
 To fill, alas! a nameless grave.

True to their country's priceless trust,
 Mingled with hers, their precious dust,
 Till countless graves of heroes grand
 Have made the South a sacred land.

And mutilated forms there are—
 Wrecks from the fearful storms of war—
 And pale, calm brows, that scarce reveal
 The anguish, that the vanquish'd feel.

Courage, brave souls! take heart again,
 Your comrades' death, your weary pain,
 The ruined homes, the wasted lives,
 The breast where scarce a hope survives—

The want—the wretchedness—the woe,
 Your native land is suffering now,
 Believe not that this fearful cost,
 We vainly paid, and *all* is lost.

Our nameless heroes—though unsung
 Their worthy names by Poet's tongue—
 The mem'ry of their deeds shall lie
 'Mid treasur'd thoughts that cannot die.

Natchez, Miss.

HOME ON FURLOUGH.

BY A LATE "SO-CALLED."

"Boots and Killikinnick! She had left no visitors at the
 'Who's been here since I've been house when setting forth upon her
 gone?'"—and Sarah Croft's deli- ramble, and evidently did not see
 cate little nose which had natu- me now standing modestly in the
 rally an up-ish turn was impelled shade of the Turkey-red curtain
 by a slight additional inclination, draping our front window. A
 as with the above ejaculation, or hotly burning hickory fire, lighted
 or whatever you may call it, she since her exodus, and savors of
 bounded into our "gentleman's certain innovations upon the femi-
 sitting-room," in search of my nine routine at Bramble Hill, ad-
 mother, with her homespun apron dressed themselves at once to her
 full of young chickens. acute sensibilities.

"Cousin Sarah, I believe," said I, advancing. She colored a little,—her face was already very ruddy from exercise in the fresh autumn air—but stood her ground quite bravely and put out her hand. "John, isn't it?" she asked. "It has been so long since we met I shouldn't have known you anywhere else,—and aunt has been expecting you so long."

She was right about the masculine adjuncts with which she so startlingly ushered herself upon my solitude. There had been four other soldiers there beside myself, either booted or otherwise, and in some sort provided for their "tramp, tramp, tramp!" and for the other staccato, polysyllabic little essential. Willie Jones' tobacco bag had been circulating generously in obedience to my dear mother's injunction to the boys not to mind her, she rather liked it. They couldn't stay longer now, despite the twofold temptation of a young lady's society and supper,—the roads were bad, it was growing towards night, and beside—there were homes and friends expecting them, too, or to be taken by agreeable surprise. They were all neighborhood boys, however, and would come over often, during our furlough.

"I didn't see Aunt Mary in her room," said Sarah, "where is she?" I found the missing hen in the sedge, along the ditch-bank, she had stolen her nest out, and here's the result of the manœuvre," she added, perhaps unconsciously paraphrasing Mr. Weller, and at the same time spreading out her apron.

My mother was having supper made ready as soon as possible, it being a tacitly accepted tradition among Southern matrons that Southern soldiers were always hungry. I told cousin Sarah this, and the result was a wheel and deploy kitchen-wards, to a smothered

sound of "cheap! cheap! cheap!" I bringing up the rear.

What an enraged hen! as we descended the back-door steps; standing in wait, to all appearance, for my adventurous little cousin who had gone forth a self-appointed committee of one to bring in deserters. Nothing daunted, the prettiest little foot in the world kicked, in just the quickest fashion,—responsive to that *four* assault, and we reach the kitchen, where, deep in the mysteries of batter-bread, broiling-beef, biscuits, &c. "Aunt Mary," and her sable adjutant Aunt Bridget, heartily greet the enterprising reclamer of "dat mean ole Dominiker" as Aunt B. says, and black Jim is bid "to put down his foolin' for de lor' sakes, an' go 'long and put de hen under de roof so she can't run off no more." Jim slowly lays his cornstalk fiddle on the three-legged stool from which he arises and obeys, presently hailing to "Miss Sarah" that she "can bring 'long the 'biddies,' now."

But that foot! and it seemed to come so naturally, the resort to that as the weapon readiest to be employed! Was that a veritable country-made leather shoe? It seemed so, but it was only a glimpse, at best. Well, I had heard *some* guns, had seen how bullets operated, I wasn't going to be afraid of a foot, I reckon, though under some circumstances one might be right formidable,—for instance,—if a fellow should ask for a hand, and get this instead.

Of course all who do me the courtesy to be my readers are up for a love-affair. We shall see;—but as I thought then, and as I thought afterwards,—what an incongruity, the association of anything akin to sentimentality with that *wiriest* of little dames! *Wiry*, yes, that's the very word,—no other expresses the spring, the vigor, the metallic properties, (I

don't speak pecuniarily) the adherence to its especial *bent* of this little Virginia refugee.

How genial when she would be so, and how natural in adapting her cosmopolite manners to our quiet country mode of living! Sarah was only seventeen, but a home in Hampton and the summer society of that place and Old Point and a visit of at least once a year to her mother's relations in New York City, had given her no mean opportunities of seeing the world and its people, and, in the former connection, at least, to say nothing of the refined resident society, numbering, among others, such people as Judge Clopton, Professor C., and their families, and half the year Hon. John Tyler and his accomplished wife, the best men and manners of South and North congregated, in "the season" about "the Hygeia" and "Burcher's" and "Banks!" How fell Sarah so tamely into the leather shoes and homespun dress and the fashion of hunting up recreant hens? She had been with my mother two or three months. I had learned through letters of the latter. Her jewelry had all been sold soon after the exodus of the family from the burnt town, and the proceeds placed in proper hands "to be disposed of to best advantage for *our cause*," and now, that the war waxed two or three years old, a balloon was wanted for surveying the "situation" in certain quarters, and off went all Sarah Crofts' rich silk dresses. Mamma and sisters scolded and remonstrated. Papa did neither, but slyly "winked" at the sacrifice, and it was consummated.

"You will not be presentable at Jones' or Shocco," the feminines persist,—they were to summer between the two places.

"I can dress without finery, as every Southern woman ought to," said little Confed, and so she did;—soon after the instalment

of the family at Shocco. However, she had courage to accept on her own part, my mother's invitation to an unlimited sojourn at Bramble Hill, returning with her in the carriage, that evening, and henceforth limiting her intercourse with the watering-places to afternoon drives thither, or sojourns of a day or night at a time.

"What a heroic, enthusiastic girl!" I thought, as perusing these details of the home letters, "and what a hero I shall be at home, beyond my mother's partial conception of her soldier-boy!" I was not entirely green, friend;—the legitimate term at Chapel Hill had taught me a few other things beside logarithms and Horace and Græca Majora. Indeed, had I not written my name in Kate Battle's Autograph-Book, with "*Philomachist*" appended, and hadn't all the world said it was so—that I was, at least, a lover of *one* Battle, and moreover, that the little flirt had engaged herself to me? Well, all that talk was before the cry "to arms" became so alarming a matter, but truly, Miss Kate had never so honored me as to jilt me,—nor engage herself to me.—I'll tell the whole truth.

But I wander. Imagine that I felt rather compromised at my fair cousin's half-pre-occupied, half-cordial reception of me,—just because it was a little at variance with my pre-conceived notions of her enthusiasm regarding Confederate soldiers—anything strictly Confederate,—and not, truly, because I was just fresh from my third pitched battle—and didn't run. No praise if you please, for standing my ground, it would have required more courage than I had, to desert.

It didn't take me long,—I'll out with it—to love Sarah, either despite her perversity or in consequence of it, I have never decided which. Mind, by perversity I don't mean that trait in her char-

acter which prevented her making a hero of me. I did, I repeat, expect from a girl of her ardent temperament some slight recognition of slight service,—I did, more, as time wore on, desire some faint acquiescence in the fact that I was a laborer in the cause she loved. Not a bit of it! her very actions seemed to say—"having done all you can you are an unprofitable servant."

Why didn't she put on those airs to Willie Jones, Bob Williams, and the other boys, who, according to promise were at Briar Hill almost every day, now? Well, she didn't treat them much better, if the truth must be told, but I considered her, about this time, as particularly sharp on me. She laughed at my weakly moustache, she hid my pipe—this latter after making me a beautiful tobaccobag,—she helped "Aunt Mary," my mother, to knit socks and yarn shirts for me, and then when I thanked her, avowed that she worked for nobody but soldiers, so then it was not "John," but a "C. S. A." for whom her labors were enlisted.

"It's a fool of a woman who can't fool a man!" so Sarah said, and so she acted.

The boys, some fine days, took "partners" with whom to fish along the creeks running up into the woods,—the ditches as that low-country cousin of mine persisted in irreverently terming them, and somehow, though now the furlough began to draw toward its close, I had never been in time to secure the place I coveted and fish with Sarah. But no matter, there was a buggy-drive to Jones' where several refugee families from Virginia, and other States, were quietly sojourning in cottages, though the "season," proper, had of course, passed away. I was fortunate this time. Helen Davis, Bettie Williams, Lucy Alston, all the neighborhood girls were disposed of to the bug-

gy-beaux and cousin Sarah sat at my side in my vehicle.

That must be my opportunity for saying what I must say to Sarah. It wouldn't do to be sentimental, I knew that very well,—former monitions had warned me against any such course, for I should feel very "cheap" as the young chickens oracularly had it, to have Sarah insist upon getting out of my buggy and exchanging places with my sister-cousin, Bettie Williams. Suffice it to say then, I told my story,—as I flattered myself, in a tolerably manly and lucid style, though, as might be expected, I did not forbear some allusion to the glories of the occasion when, through inspiration derived from her encouragement, I might perform some deed of high prowess, coupling my name with the glory of the new republic. Sarah didn't laugh at me, as I half feared she would. Reader, if you are not a young man, or have never been one, you have no conception what terrible animals these fun-making girls are to us.—I frankly own it, the dread of their laugh has been more formidable to me than "an army with banners." Sarah didn't laugh, I say, but she gave me a very composed "no."

Fool! why hadn't I waited until we were on the way home instead of compounding for that dreary drive back? I could not, nor did I desire to, follow the example of one of the beaux in this very neighborhood several years before. It was on this very road that he found himself circumstanced like unto myself at this juncture, when he stopped and put the young lady of his affections into the road, himself driving off several hundred yards. Pity stirred his breast, soon he retraced his way to find Miss ——, nonplussed by the novelty of her situation, slowly approaching him, by the sandy road, holding in her hands the most beautiful Cinderella slip-

pers in the world, while her delicate silk stockings were scraping acquaintance with the yellow dust. What compromise this original mode of tactics elicited you must go to W. Co., N. C., and ascertain.

We were driving up to the Hotel,—(Sarah wasn't going to be dreary if I was, I should premise,) and a lovely lady, followed by two children, crossed the lawn in the direction of one of the cottages.

"Why should that lady be one of the most miserable of mortals?" quickly asked Sarah of me.

I could not answer, only that, she did not, to all appearances fulfil her destiny if it was so dark an one,—looking bright and content as she did.

"Because she is wedded to a Barron Hope," Sarah answered, and if you spell it differently that's what I should be in marrying you."

"I believe the Poet wouldn't thank you for so torturing his name to your perverse purposes," I answered, resolved, in my turn, to affect at least, the indifferent. Our party alighted, and presently Sarah was, with some other girls, enjoying a laugh at a sable acquaintance, of the former, some lady's-maid from Norfolk, who, after very joyous greeting, inquired of "Miss Sarah" what she "reckon all dese Callina folks calls us '*Roughgees*' for?" and indignantly adding "Lor" knows dey looks *rougher* nor we all does!"

We rode home "by the light of the moon," that night, present deponent not merely singing any tune, though the woods and lanes through which we passed rang, indeed, with "All quiet along the Potomac,"—(the Potomac was very far from me,) "My Maryland" adapted to "Here's your Mule!"—(I began to think he was,) and "Rock me to Sleep."—"If somebody only would do me the service!" I thought, "with one of these boulders so convenient." But no matter.

We meet a horseman riding at rapid rate,—Col. G., it is, despite this dusky light.

"You are the boys I want!" he says, reining in, suddenly.—"Do you want to go soldiering, again, or got enough of it till your leave expires!" "The Yankees have reached Kinston and I am getting up a volunteer force to meet them, speak quick!" "I'm your man!" I answered first, knowing how prompt the other boys would be, and determined Sarah should see I wasn't going to hang 'round after her. She beyond all others was the last to be convinced of the error of her ways, (had I any such purpose in view,) by this species of self-abnegation, but women are, as a class, naturally ungrateful, thought I, and given to ignoring or perverting our sacrifices for them.

We deposited our several charges safely in their respective places of sojourn and set out on the march, forthwith, cousin Sarah bidding God speed the mission, as coolly as though nothing had happened, and my precious mother looking as though she thought I'd as well make the most of my furlough at home, but dared not trust herself to say a word thereto relating.—To continue, however, we went on our way, uniting at certain given points with here a handful or so of militia, and there a few improvised troops like ourselves, to meet, as report told us, a portion each of the —th Pennsylvania and —th Connecticut regiments who for purposes of plunder, &c, were making a raid from their standpoint at Newbern, which, however, I may as well here premise, was, for the most part suppressed ere our peculiar forces reached there, but of particulars "more anonymous," as Bill Arp hath it.

Young Stith, of Virginia, (I don't like to give his real name, he's a bashful man and might not like to see it in print,—though he did not scruple to make me feel

very much ashamed of myself on this occasion as shall appear hereafter,) was one of the auxiliaries to our ranks in manner before mentioned. He, too, if not "*home on furlough*," was visiting his refugee family, then temporarily residing in the adjacent town of W.

Journeying for safety toward the neighborhood of the above locality we found the roads by which we passed literally lined with farm vehicles,—wagons, wains, small carts, laden with chattels of almost every portable description, and bearing and driven and followed by dusky throngs upon throngs of negroes. The moonlit night was made vocal with their melodies, as, journeying along in characteristic leisure, one caught now some mournful Methodist hymn, now a strain of "Dixie," and now, whether with designed significance or not, in strong and plaintive chorus:

"I miss every charm of the old river farm,—
I miss the old trees with their gold-waving grain,
The small patch of soil made so dear by my toil,—
All the old things I loved I shall ne'er see again."

swelled forth. Oh, for some appreciative Yankee ear, thought I, to witness this perversion of their Christy's Minstrelsies! This mournful refrain—not because the Nero-tastes of a Southern "slave-driver" have decreed banishment to the negro from his cabin, his patch, his pig-pen, his fowl-house and his homely yet comfort-bringing associations, but because a hoard of plunder-loving, law-defying, thievish North-men assail alike master and servant, where there is pelf to be gathered and pilfering and lawlessness are practicable.

"Whose property?" ask one and another of our corps, as meeting and passing on,—

"Miss so-an'-so," or "Mas' so-an'-so, sir," the answer, with

a courteous touch of the plantation-made straw hat. "And whose this?"

"Mas' A—'s, sir. Lor' bless my soul! aint dat Mas' Al' Davis?"

"Yes, how d'ye do Jim."—Which being a more passive turn of civility than a bona fide interrogation, Jim and Mas' Al' respectively go upon their ways.

"Stith, there's a chance for you," says Al,— "Miss Annie A.,—her father has the square miles and population, sure's you're born!"

Mr. Stith rode up closer and we were introduced. "An F. F. V?" I asked, with the faintest *soupgon* of something in my meaning which the tone, perhaps, did not effectually conceal.

"According to the construction of the N. C. 1st when we found ourselves in their good company on retreat from ———?" pleasantly asked Stith, adding—"I had the honor of being with my regiment at that time, though, for the term—"Fleet-footed-Virginians," the Virginia army at large possessing average velocity in pursuit, there is little danger of its being so significant of anything as *toes to the enemy*."

I challenged him again in some matter touching his state pride, averring finally, as I lost the best of my argument, that it amounted to arrogance, and that the Virginians thought no other people as good as themselves. It was very unnecessary, to say this, I know, but some few incidents elicited of this kind of clashing,—foolish jealousy, were still rankling, and,—remember, friend, it wasn't to be expected that I should be in my most amiable humor, that night, or particularly to affect Virginians.

"I acknowledge," said Mr. Stith, "that when younger than I am now, North Carolina did not impress me very favorably through the specimens which she sent to

my native city for trading purposes, &c., but"—

"It was very unfair," I interrupted, "to judge of a whole State by a few individuals.—I was at College with a Virginian and did not form my opinion of his fellow-citizens of the State from him."

"What sort of person was he?" Mr. Stith inquired in his good-humored, affable fashion.

"He was a very nice fellow," I replied, irresistibly unduly accenting the personal pronoun.—He showed no sign that my pains had not been entirely lost upon him,—perhaps it was appreciated.

"I was going on to say," he resumed, having politely heard me out, that while enlarged intercourse with the world has the effect of making one appreciate home more highly it requires a very limited amount of travel and acquaintance abroad, (provided a man has an average amount of common sense) to take the conceit out of him, and convince him that his own State, City or community, is not the only one worthy the name. Beside sir," he added, "if, as you in common with many of the citizens of your State seem erroneously to hold, there ever existed on our part any arrogant assumption of superiority to you, you will soon be forced to acknowledge that, beyond the hooks of steel grappling each Confederate State to each and all the rest, an especial bond binds Virginia hearts to kindred hearts in the Old North State.

Our altar fires, gone out,—turned to ashes upon the hearthstones in the Old Dominion have been re-lighted here. Our scattered household bonds have been reunited here. We left weeping friends in our "occupied" cities,—we have made friends here who, smiling, bid us be of good cheer. Virginia and North Carolina soldiers fight side by side on the thrice-hallowed soil of my blessed Old

State, and what more do we want to cement a union between us!

Rest assured, sir, the memory of that asylum which our refugees have found within your borders,—the gentle amenities, the sweet charities, the substantial benefits with which they have been literally overwhelmed will form within Virginia hearts a lofty and enduring monument,—a monument the sheen of whose heaven-crowned summit shall glance upon the shade of ages yet to come, tracing in letters of light such sentiments as this,—*'The greatest of these is charity.'* *'Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these, ye have done it unto me.'* *'I was a stranger and ye took me in.'*"

"Now there's a story I may tell you," he added in a more playful mood, "better than the 'F. F. V.' episode, though I enjoyed that too. Where my regiment is stationed, near Fredericksburg, our pickets and those of the enemy have frequent colloquies across a little stream which separates us. The —th, from your State are at present with us, and on the enemy's post, among others are some of the Bull Run boys as we call them. A few nights ago, at relief guard, I joined a party of friends and we heard in faint but very audible tones,—

"Who are you, anyhow?"

"Part of the —th North Carolina."

"Oh yes! you've got tar on your heels, have you?"

"Ha!" broke forth contemptuously, "'twould a' been a d-d sight better if you'd a' had tar on your heels at Bull Run,—may be 'twould a' made ye stick a little better!"

No rejoinder, I assure you."

Our little band had separated ere this, we having comparatively neared the beleagured region, but from our investigations, severally, we had reason to believe that the enemy in force had retreated upon Newbern after their raid, yet we

discovered enough among the plundered occupants of farm-houses here and there to induce the suspicion of bushwhackers in the neighborhood.

"Feeling our way along," as the phrase is, our party of eight turned an angle of a road leading by a light thicket of young pines. I am not certain now, if we discovered any unusual movement among the shrubbery—the night was perfectly calm,—or whether it was by the instinct which almost never fails to apprise us of the presence of kindred life, but I for one, felt they were there. Simultaneous with this conviction came "bang!" across our bows, and in another moment a sharp crack as of rifles,—hither, thither, a sprightly little fire-rain;—lightning, withal, yes it must be lightning, that electric stream running athwart my right arm from shoulder to finger-tips,—or vice versa, I could scarce tell which, or what its course, clearly, save that the whole charge, whatever it might be, seemed to have established for itself a "local habitation"—where?—in one of my lungs, I think. "Rattle, rattle, rattle! Bang! bang! bang!" were the only circumstances, or conditions, or impressions of which I was subsequently susceptible. How it might be with the rest, heaven only knew,—oblivion swept over my mental sky, but when a dim sense of revivification came, Stith was chafing my temples and wetting with fresh water the bandages which seemed to hedge me about, and the surroundings were those of a plain, comfortable farm house.

"The rest of our squad got off pretty well," I heard voices say, "Sol. Williams' hurt turns out to be a mere flesh-wound, as he insisted, and but for poor Hilliard, here, it would have been a right pretty little affair.

"We must try to save that arm," I heard Dr. Howard say, though if amputation must be re-

sorted to, pity it should be after his mother comes,—but, after all, this was ended in a sort of whisper,—perhaps he saw returning consciousness in my face.

I was better, was fast regaining consciousness of thought and feeling, however: but that tortured limb—it must surely lie on a bed of live coals!

That afternoon came my mother,—Sarah Crofts with her. I had dimly, deliriously questioned myself whether she would be so accompanied. There was my old black mammy, too, in charge of endless quarter-master and commissary stores,—a week's rations for a whole division, it seemed to me,—as such things went, in our army, and as I took, perhaps, very imperfect cognizance of them from my bedside. However, now and then,—not unfrequently, through the stowing of boxes, hampers, baskets, bundles, alongside the washboard and wall, I could distinctly hear—"Good-for-nothin, nasty, po' white folks things, go serve de chile dat way!" The acme of negro vituperation was reached in that last epithet,—Mammy Milly had exhausted herself. My mother said nothing and her moist eyes let no tear fall—for me to see;—Sarah was silent and quiet.

"It was very kind of you to come," I said to the latter, a few days after,—I had been forbidden to speak, up to this time. "Not at all," she answered, I feared Aunt Mary would exhaust herself with nursing and distress, and was vain enough to believe I might be of service to her. I have the name, at home, of being a capital nurse and have longed to offer myself at one of the Richmond hospitals, only father and brother had some notions regarding it which I felt bound to observe—unconvinced, however, that they were right and I wrong."

It was not consideration for me, then, this was very plain, which

brought her to my bedside,—“Aunt Mary,” and after her—any Confederate soldier, sick or wounded, had better or equal claims.

Another essay on my part. It was the next afternoon, my wound had been more than troublesome, all day, and I had taken nothing save water. Sarah appeared with some daintily prepared refreshment,—frozen arrow-root, or something of the sort, of which I partook,—with little appetite, to besure, but then she expected it to be acceptable, and how could I say no?

“You take too much trouble for me,” I apologetically said.—“No,—it is a pleasure instead of trouble,” answered my cousin, “poor Aunt Milly is sick with one of her ‘miserics’ and I could not induce her to lie down, (though she sat up all night,) until I promised to prepare and bring you this with my own hands.”

Well, Sarah, I make no further effort to invade the general benevolence of your system,—there’s nothing there for special appropriation, far as I am concerned, at any rate. In this conviction I fell asleep, she sitting beside me: I tossed wildly I know, and, I know not how long first, but a conclave of surgeons were about me; presently, it seemed, and when I complained that my very fingers burned, perceived that my once passively valued right arm was gone and only a stump remained.

The next day was Sunday. I can scarce tell how I knew it, but I had thought of it the day before and now remembered an old saying of Mammy Milly’s,—I heard it about the time my father died,—that sick people were always worse on Sunday. It was afternoon,—all my restlessness was gone, and with it, too, my life-time seemed to be ebbing away. It was a soft, quiescent feeling, though thought was not idle. Sarah can stay with my mother and be her child, I

reflected;—how fortunate they should have taken so to each other. How abundantly I am blessed!—the next thought;—free, almost entirely, from physical pain. The next,—should I live, is it possible Sarah might ever come to love me? Scarcely. The next,—I had hoped to win distinction in this contest, and now to die ingloriously, (by comparison,) of wounds incurred in a little skirmish like that! *I must live longer.* I know Dr. W. said just now to my mother,—“if we cannot succeed in this remedy, he cannot last much longer, he will die from loss of blood.” I was not afraid to die,—there was an inspiration with Southern soldiers, *God and Our Cause*, which kept off fear.—One look out of my west window, which was opened to admit the air;—a beautiful world this to which I was bidding adieu. The crimsoned gold and the golden crimson of sunset seemed to pervade the whole hazy atmosphere of this Indian Summer time,—gold-dust,—ruby-dust, impalpable, seemed to fly between the sky and me and settle upon each leaf and tree. The crimson-berried holly beside the house, how it glowed and flamed,—and now another look skyward, at the dying glory. A mysterious peace,—I say no more—“I cannot die now.” Suppose,—I wonder if the thought has ever entered the heart of a Southern soldier before!—*suppose* our cause should fail,—how much better to die believing as we do that through God it must and will prevail, than to live, knowing that hope and prayer and sacrifice, and blood were all vain,—that the conqueror has come in triumph and our beautiful South-land succumbed.

All effort, even of thought is over;—my mother has kissed me, kissed me as only a mother can when she kisses her son for the last time. “To God and my Country!” is the benediction I

hear, and black mammy and all follow her from the room,—they fear, I think, that stony stare and blanched cheek and tearless eye. Only Sarah remains,—and what is this?—cold tears on my brow, and a low, wild, weird-seeming wail—“the war is over for me!”

Sarah? I could not speak,—all power of articulation was gone long ago. What was it? Was I galvanized into artificial life by this new motive power, impulse to continued existence?

Why could she not let me know, ere too late that she sympathized in my affection? That it was so I must know, now,—I could feel, but never tell what those words, that tone embodied,—why, then, so chary of even the faintest sign that she was not indifferent there-to? Fools can ask questions that wise men cannot answer, but I shall not be offended if no satisfactory solution ever come to the above queries; *because* I am a better philosopher than to grumble if to me it is not given to fathom the unfathomable—or to read woman's nature.

I have said I could not speak,—perhaps I would

“Die and make no sign.”

There is a philosophy which accords to simple volition the power of perpetuating existence *ad infinitum*. A man need never die if he *wills* to live, and no man's life-taper need ever be extinguished, provided he opposed with sufficient force of will the adverse element. To this end life must of course possess sufficient good,—incitement to continued existence, to overcome, super-annul the wily wooings of lassitude, the insidious, almost irresistible witchery of disease which whispers untiringly—“struggle no more, for what is life after you have so contested for it?—with me there is rest,—come!”

Now, though I do not endorse *in extenso*, this theory, I am a liv-

ing witness to the recuperative power of the *new motive*, it acts upon the soul like the transfusion of blood upon the prostrate physical system, it is a life-growing element. Impelled hereby I did, in my heart of hearts petition the Good Being that he would give me strength to cling to life and through Himself to overcome the enemy, whose name is death. I reasoned thus, too;—I resigned myself passively to him, despite the claims of my widowed mother, my bleeding country,—perhaps the great All-Father may visit it upon me that I am strong,—or seek strength only in behalf of this young girl;—perhaps he will not recognise it as a scheme holy enough for his interposition,—and so abandon me. I thank him that he did not.

Is it worth while to go through all the details of how I began to revive? Of how, the worse Sarah Crofts felt, the better I felt? Of how I interpreted—to her very face in a few days, her agonized cry? Of how she declared that it wasn't fair,—that I was *shumming* and wasn't half as sick as I had pretended, and how she declared she thought I was almost gone, or she never would—never would *what*, Sarah?—and Sarah Crofts is dignified again,—for a moment,—only for a moment. Oh, those days of convalescence! they were worth,—yes, if a man had as many arms as a windmill, they were worth them all.

I asked if it was worth while to go through so much in narration, because when I review what is written the number of I's figuring here startle me into the belief that I am being transformed into an Argus,—and when I write, for the sake of old times, my name on a corner of this sheet, and append “C. S. A.,” I think the last initial bears this new signification.

I went home to Bramble Hill and when I returned to camp after a good long leave of absence,

our boys thought the old adage verified:—"misfortunes never come *single*."

"That's so!—else that new suit of Confederate grey would never have been hanging so gracefully all this time in cousin Sarah's wardrobe."

I pretty soon got a position as Quartermaster; so I couldn't get into any more fights;—and now, dear boys, now that the clash of arms is hushed, that the blood upon an hundred battle-fields speaks to us mutely from the green grass there growing,—from the flowers which daily burn incense in the sun,—your unworthy comrade goes home, taught of them,—*to work*—that is,—not to repine, but humbly, hopefully endeavoring to do his duty in that station of life into which it hath pleased God to call him.

The farm-work is over for the day,—(They did worse things than to take our darkies from us.) Sarah and our beloved mother sit the one on each side of me, recounting their achievements in hitherto untrodden paths,—scrubbing, filling beds, &c., &c. Mammy Milly sits on the perch-step and knits in the moonlight,—declares she never specs to be white nor free till she comes to the kingdom.

The post-boy arrives. We must **into** the house and have a candle,—too hot for a *lightwood chunk*. A letter from Stith! Bless the boy! He who never brushed his own coat or cleaned his own boots, before the war, is a daily laborer on his father's plantation and will come to see us "when the crop is laid by." "After all," he writes,

"this state of things opens up to us a new career not bad to think of. Our young men, (while the negroes have remained, generation after generation on the same old soil,) have had to tear themselves away from the old roof-tree and make new homes beside the Western waters,—in the far South, or perhaps Northern commercial marts;—now, we may stay with 'the old folks at home,' and not leave them solitary when the days of helplessness come on,—the home looking to them void of life as last year's bird's nests.—We may stay and cultivate the ancestral acres, making no compromise of our manliness in so doing, we may stay at home in independent dependence upon our thrice-blessed '*old people*.'"

I have withdrawn to my desk in the "gentlemen's sitting room" to finish or rather, close these pages. Sarah steals in, looks over my shoulder and wonders if the General, (Hill,) numbers among his many accomplishments that of reading "left-handed" chirography. "You are getting to do it very well, though," she adds.

That girl's all the time trying to infuse into my brain the belief that I'm a hero, and at last I've got a line (of poetry, I call it,) ringing there—

"An empty sleeve of faded grey,"

to which I can't find a rhyme, that is, with the requisite *rythm*, &c. Can't Mrs. EDEN Southworth (name of blessed reminiscences!) or that lady of Catholic sympathies, Mrs. C. J. M. Jordan come to my rescue and set forth the same in Romance or Poesie?

CONFEDERATE GREY.

You're like your master, worn and old,
And scarred with wounds, my suit of grey ;
I'll smooth you free of crease and fold,
And lay you tenderly away.

But ere I hide you from my sight—
Forgetting all that's lost and gone—
Let me recall the visions bright,
I saw when first I drew you on.

I saw a nation spring to breath,
I saw a people proud and grand
Do battle to the very death
For freedom and their native land.

I saw a cause pure of all harm,
Thrice noble and without one stain.—
I gave for it my good right arm ;—
I'd gladly give it o'er again !

I saw across a stormy sky
The bow of glorious promise gleam,
And as its splendor blazed on high,
Fade like the fancies of a dream.

Then darkness such as might be felt,
Came down upon our hapless land,
And yet we know our woe was dealt
In wisdom by a Father's hand.

Grey clothes, you fill my heart with tears,
Though to my eyes they may not spring,
Recalling our four glorious years
And all the memories they bring.

Our cause is lost, our hopes are fled,
The Land we love sits sore bereft,
Lamenting for her mighty dead ;—
You are the only vestige left.

For all we hoped and planned and thought,
And all we suffered and achieved,
In our Confederate grey was wrought.—
Well may it be with laurel wreathed !

Old suit ! once more you will be worn,
When I am in my coffin laid.
Upon the Resurrection morn
I wish to stand in you arrayed,

When with hosannahs loud and sweet,
Beatified with bliss intense,
Our Southern soldiery shall meet
Confederate in the highest sense.

Grey suit, I look on you with pride—
Such pride as manly hearts may take—
As with our cause identified,
And doubly precious for his sake,

My martyr'd General, for he wore
Such clothes about the kingliest soul,
That God from his eternal store
Enshrin'd within a human mould !

I know he wears the garments now
That moth and rust can ne'er assail,
A diadem upon his brow
To which earth's brightest crowns are pale.

I know that in him angels trace
Such glory as on Moses shone,
Reflected from his Master's face,
As close he stands beside the throne.

Yet still I love, by memory's ray,
To see him as he used to be,
Clad in his well-worn suit of grey,
The synonym of victory.

The greatest victory he wrought,
Was when, at Heaven's supreme behest,
The faith well kept, the good fight fought,
He went triumphant to his rest,

Across death's river—dark and fleet—
And storming in tumultuous strife,
Forever left earth's noontide heat,
And rested by the tree of life !

There's little left to live for now,
Old suit, for such as you and I,
And but to Heaven's decrees I bow,
I'd gladly, like my General, die.

But long as God may choose to give
The simplest duty as my task,
I'm willing in his strength to live
And try to do it. All I ask

Is when my pilgrimage is made,
And I am numbered with the dead,
To join in Heaven the old Brigade
With STONEWALL JACKSON at its head !

Charlotte, Sept. 25, 1866.

FANNY DOWNING.

NORTHERN PRISON LIFE.

CHAPTER I.

Lee's Army in Pennsylvania—Battle of Gettysburg.

On the 29th of June, '63, the infantry of Gen. A. P. Hill's corps took possession of Cashtown, a small village in southern Pa., about eight miles from the now historic town of Gettysburg. Cashtown is situated at a gap in the mountains, and on account of the many roads leading from it, was viewed as a strategic point of some consequence. As the writer belonged to Pettigrew's brigade, he will confine himself mainly to the part it took in the operations in Pa. Our brigade arrived near sunset on the 29th, and encamping in column, on the slope of the mountain, about a mile from the village, soon had blazing fires with which to prepare our evening meal. Supper, not consisting of many dishes, was soon over, and spreading our blankets, many in a few moments were dreaming of the loved ones at home. If there is any fact that the soldier is thoroughly cognizant of, it is the uncertainty of—almost everything in camp life, and our regiment was soon started (not startled) by those everlasting words "fall in! fall in!" In a short time, we were marched about a mile across the country to another road and put to "picket it," with instructions "not to fire at any body of men that might approach from the outside until we were certain they were not friends, as Gen. Ewell would probably join us with his corps during the night."

The night passed off very quietly, only next morning the cracking, snapping noise I heard during the night was explained, by the road being full of cherry limbs stripped of their ripe fruit and

which the day before had been parts of trees that shaded the road, sometimes for miles in that section of country. We had orders of course not to interfere with any private property or allow others to do so, but I think cherries and horses were the exception in those orders, if there were any exceptions, and perhaps some reader may suggest apple-butter, but as this was generally under the immediate supervision of its owners, I think payment was generally tendered, whether such tender was always a "legal" one or not, I will not attempt to say.

I suppose history scarcely records the march of an army through an enemy's country, in as orderly manner as this was made. Horses were much needed in the South, and the Quartermasters had orders to take all they came across, and either give receipt, or pay for them in Confederate money, which was willingly received by some of the people and refused by others.

The country was literally crowded with cherry trees, they being the principal shade trees along the roads, paths, and around the houses, and the people themselves showed no objection to our soldiers helping themselves to the fruit.

I only saw one house burned and that was the building of Mr. Thaddeus Stevens. I heard while at Cashtown that a Virginia captain took some men and went out of our lines a few miles and burnt the houses of a yankee officer, who had burnt his own in Va. sometime before and who had insulted his wife at the time: but I think these were all that were destroyed

by fire by our army during its stay in Pa., except some public buildings in the shape of barracks, &c.

With the exceptions above mentioned, all property and rights were scrupulously respected, although many a muttered curse broke from hearts thirsting for revenge, hearts of those who had had their houses destroyed and that early in the war, and I heard many a Louisianian swear 'twas hard he could not revenge himself on "the Beast" now an opportunity presented itself.

As regards the people in that section of the State we passed through, most of them expressed joy at the appearance of our army, and many an old dutch lady said our coming would keep her old man or her son out of the militia, which was called out by the Governor at our approach; others would present loaves of bread and jars of apple-butter to our men, remarking if they caught their *Hans* in a fight they must not hurt him, which of course was duly promised. Since, I have often heard the yankees say that those people in that part of Pa., were the most cowardly in the world, which allegation may possess some truth in it, as more than one regiment of their home-guard was disbanded by a dozen "boys in gray." But to the narrative. On the morning of the 30th, quite early, our regiment was called in from picket duty; on arriving at camp we were ordered to get breakfast quickly, and prepare for a march. Breakfast was soon eaten, ammunition inspected and Pettigrew's brigade on the march. On passing the park of artillery, one battery already harnessed up filed out and followed in our rear: of course every one was anxious to know something of our destination, and many were the surmises made, but the most plausible story we could arrive at, was, that Pettigrew not having been long under Gen. Lee,

and being an officer of much promise, with a fine brigade, it had been determined to let him "try his hand" with a body of yankees reported to be in or near Gettysburg. Of course we were delighted at the opportunity of showing our prowess before the great "Army of Northern Virginia," especially as we thought the odds would not be heavy against us, and part of our opponents militia-men. As we marched on, I rode at the head of the column near the General. "See A. that no citizen passes by us going toward Gettysburg," said he. Presently a shabby-looking fellow, riding a poor lank looking horse, came along and started to pass by towards the point. I rode up to him and politely asked if he was a citizen, "yes" said he; then you must stay with us, said I until released; "by whose order," said he. General P's was the reply. "Where is he at?" I rode with him up to General P.; after a short conversation in an undertone, I saw him pull a small slip of paper out of the lining of his coat and give it to the General. With a polite bow it was soon handed back, it bore simply the words "pass the bearer in and out the lines when he pleases,"—signed "A. P. Hill," countersigned "R. E. Lee."

Near noon we reached a hill, from which we could see some of the houses in Gettysburg. My horse not having been fed that morning, I rode off a short distance to a barn, and procured for him an armful of hay, the brigade having been halted with orders to rest. Pretty soon I heard the command—"fall in!" and riding quickly up I heard the General tell the troops that he had carried out his commands and he supposed that the objects intended had been accomplished, and that we would now return to the army. Of course we did not know what the objects or commands were, and if we "marched up the hill and then

marched back again" it was all right to us.

About face! forward march! and we started back towards Cash-town.

Going back the General rode in rear and cautioned me to keep a good lookout and report the first appearance of a blue-jacket. Soon half a dozen made their appearance on horse-back round a bend in the road, then some more, and then in a minute or two probably two or three hundred. Our brigade was thrown in line and an attack invited, but they kept shy and soon disappeared.

When about half-way back to Cashtown, we received orders to halt at a cross roads near by, to camp in line of battle facing Gettysburg, put out strong pickets on all the roads and await further orders. After putting out our pickets and getting into camp, it was nearly night, then the clouds which had been threatening for sometime poured down a drenching rain. I, having orders to see the picket rightly posted and then visit them every hour in the night, concluded to look around to see where I could spend "between-times" and get a pot of coffee to help keep me awake. To our rear about half a mile was quite a respectable looking house, and thither I wended my way. The privates had strict orders not to leave the camp, and contrary to expectation, I found only one or two there when I arrived and they had been sent after water; one or two mounted officers rode up, made enquiries and then left, leaving me alone, as the men had gone. Upon knocking at the door, I was asked in by an elderly lady who soon introduced me to her two daughters, whom she said were the only persons at home besides her, the male portion of the family having fled at our approach. Making known my wishes to her, she said she would accommodate me willingly with a pot of coffee and

keep it warm through the night for me; as under the circumstances none of the family would retire during the night, they also wished me to furnish a guard which I did. Promising to return within an hour, I left for the picket and after going the rounds, I called back by the regiment and informed two of my friends, B. and M., that by accompanying me I would insure them a supper which they had lost on account of the rain; an invitation they were not slow to accept. The young ladies were the first we had seen that acknowledged themselves to be true yankees, they said their older brothers were in the "Union" army, but that "dad" and their youngest were at home the day before, but had run off with the horses, and gone to the army, and that if we went much farther and didn't mind, we would "catch jessie." The youngest one told me that the year before General Stuart had made a raid by there and taken all their horses, and had even taken her pet riding horse, though her father begged hard for it, but that soon after he came back by there and she went out and begged for it, and he gave it back to her, with a compliment that won her admiration, and as she spoke of the gallantry of the Southern soldier, which she said no one would deny. I, looking in her bright black eyes, thought that somedody else placed in Stuart's place would have done likewise. Next morning, we three, B., M. and myself, called to bid them adieu, and although one said she would not shake hands with a rebel, yet they all wished, if we did get into a fight soon, that we might be spared from harm.— Three days after, all of us had been severely wounded, two of us lay for days upon the field until at last we were taken to one of the hospitals to remain for weeks; the other, the day he was wounded

was carried to a hospital established by our surgeons in a barn, and left there upon the retreat of our army with no one to care for him except—the very one who a few days before “would not shake hands with a rebel.” but who now, throwing all malice aside, showed only the woman, and for months, day and night, she tenderly watched over him, until strength and health were again restored to his wasted frame. “Oh, woman, in our hours of ease,”—but I anticipate,—

The morning of July 1st came in unclouded loveliness, the rains during the night had laid the dust and refreshed all nature, birds were singing their joyous notes, and thousands of hearts were beating high with hope, which before sunset were stilled by death. About nine o'clock, the troops from Cashtown commenced passing our position moving towards Gettysburg. Archer's Tenn. brigade in advance, Davis' Miss. next, then we filed in. I never saw troops in better spirits, everybody seemed lively. We were now within two miles of Gettysburg, I was watering my horse in a creek over which the troops were passing, when a musket is fired off some four hundred yards ahead. “'tis only an accidental discharge” thought I, but another, then a dozen, then crack! crack! zip! zip! boom! and the battle of Gettysburg is begun. The fact, that the two armies met in this manner so unforeseen while on the march, may indicate partially the cause of our defeat. To gallop to the front of our brigade is the work of a moment. The troops are deployed as rapidly as possible, Archer has made a gallant charge but is surrounded and loses half of his brigade, he himself being among the captured, artillery is brought into action and the enemy checked. Our line is established and all is quiet except a sharp artillery duel. We are lying in the edge of a wood

awaiting orders, presently a wild yell, half a mile to the left, we know it well, it is Ewell's men, what terrific volleys of musketry! a lull again, then another yell; see across the open field how the yankees are running, and see how the rebs pursue. Attention!—forward! and away we go, facing the sharp sleet of minnie balls,—to the creek,—across,—up the hill,—then the struggle for life,—charge bayonets! a wild yell,—they yield,—we pursue,—and “the red field is won.”

Such was the amount of the first day's battle, within forty minutes after the lines became fully engaged, we swept the field capturing five or six hundred men and strewing the ground with their slain and wounded; and pursuing the remainder through the town of Gettysburg to the heights beyond. We had something over two divisions engaged on our side, the enemy probably equalled us in numbers.

The loss this day fell particularly heavy on N. Ca., many of her best and most gallant men being among the slain. Our brigade lost a thousand men killed and wounded, the 26th regiment suffered most, its noble Colonel was killed leading the charge, the Lieut. Colonel was shot through the head while cheering on his men, the Major and Adjutant were also wounded, while some of the companies were nearly annihilated. It was on the left of the brigade and had to storm a rocky precipice, where the enemy could fire from three lines at one time. The 11th regiment suffered next, the Colonel and Adjutant wounded, the latter mortally and though riddled with balls, with his dying words he cheered on the men.—The Major, a gallant officer, was killed dead, and one company in it from Chapel Hill lost three officers killed out of four. The 47th and 52d did not suffer much com-

paratively, as the troops opposed to them gave way sooner.

The pursuit was not continued, which many maintain was the cause of our final defeat. Our brigade was relieved by fresh troops and night closed upon the scene.

Reinforcements for both sides continued to arrive during the night, and by early breakfast-time, Longstreet was ready to commence the attack on our right. On July 2d, Longstreet commenced his attack. (This day I was more highly favored than was usual for a soldier on the field, our brigade being so badly cut up was not put in action the second day, and we could stand nearly on the flank, and see all the fighting on the right during the whole day, and part of the time within a few hundred yards, and that in comparative safety, though now and then, when a squad of us on a fence or other high point, would cheer on Longstreet's men, the yankees would throw a shell or two at the crowd as if to punish us for our impudence.)

The ground to be fought on was quite hilly, the yankees were first driven off one hill then in turn drove back Longstreet, but were driven again, then held their ground, and so it continued all day, but at night Longstreet has been the gainer. Midnight came and affairs seemed unsatisfactory, all was quiet save the low mumbling of artillery and the stealthy tread of troops changing their position, while now and then came the inquiry from some moving light, "any wounded here."

About two o'clock, our brigade was ordered to "move quietly to the right." Over hills, across branches, through thickets, we slowly wended our way, soon we could tell we were on Longstreet's battle ground, by the moans of the wounded on all sides, "for God's sake don't tread on me," "please give me some water,"

were the sounds that grated on our ears every few steps. Then we reached Longstreet's position, formed a line, laid down and tried to sleep a while, preparatory to the coming struggle of the morrow.

The 3d of July broke upon two gigantic combatants wearied with the struggle of two days, the one chafed and fretted by the absence of that success that had so usually attended their prowess, the other gaining hope from delay, felt increased strength in its superior position knowing that it must be held at all hazards, to escape the fate which had befallen so many of its predecessors.

All was quiet along the lines, except now and then some bulldog cannon would bark out as if weary of restraint, or a minnie-ball from some sharp-shooter would whisper uncomfortably near, like a spark which flies up from some smouldering fire, telling us, that though we see no blaze, there is still life within.

While lying in our position looking at the preparations being made for the grand assault, intelligence was brought me of the death of one of my dearest friends, — Captain Campbell T. Iredell, Co. C., 47th N. C. He had lost his right arm by a shell in the first day's fight, but his death was totally unexpected, and I cannot express the grief it gave me, — Dear Cam, two long, heart-corroding years have passed since then, yet it is as an event of to-day. — The memory of the past comes over my soul. *Our* marches, *our* bivouacs, *our* wants, *our* abundance, *our* sorrow, *our* rejoicings; each and all, they were common to us both.

When on that fatal field, thou wast stricken unto death, it was I, whose heart beat proud at thy heroic bearing, it was I, whose hands, in thy support, were bathed in thy flowing blood, — shed a holy sacrifice for liberty. And to-

day, upon that blood-washed field, the green grass waves between thy clay and heaven. Sleep well!—though in a stranger's land—undisturbed by the mighty noise of thousands, who come to commemorate—my defeat,—thy victory. Sleep well! for in this our sorrow-stricken land, there are faithful ones, who daily bend the knee *here*, while their hearts are resting *there*, in the grave with thee. And I, not among the least, will cherish the memory of thy manly virtues, until this weak flesh shall sleep its long, last sleep, where our souls shall commune together again in the spirit land.

“Sleep soldier! still in honored rest,
Your truth and valor wearing;
The bravest are the tenderest,—
The loving are the daring.”

Cannon after cannon was brought up to the front and placed in position, and it was rumored along the lines, that we were to concentrate all our fire upon a certain position and then we were to charge. Our regiment was just behind a small strip of young sassafras growth and we had been ordered to lie close, so as not to show or expose ourselves. Desiring to get some idea of the work before us, I cautiously crept through the bushes to the other side of the strip. In the distance, about three fourths of a mile off, lay the cannon-crowned heights of Cemetery hill. Between it and me, fields of waving wheat and blooming clover, which so soon was to be tramped under foot, but which when being destroyed should see an atonement, so to speak, in the destroyer's life-stream on its blood-flecked leaves.

A ball from a distant sharp-shooter whizzing close by me, warned me that I had exposed

myself and I quickly crept back to the regiment.

It was now nearly noon, the scene is vividly before my eyes, Lee, Longstreet and Pettigrew a short distance to our rear, in a ravine or hollow. Lee looks grand, and now and then shakes his head ominously. Longstreet strikes his clenched fist violently in his other hand opened, and by his actions seems to say, “if it can be done, *my troops* can do it, and *I* will lead them,” while Pettigrew stands at respectful attention, venturing a word now and then, other Generals and couriers come and go. They separate and other couriers are quickly sent. There is a dead silence and the noonday sun of July is scorching hot, but we must not stir. Boom! on the right, boom! boom! it comes down the line. Boom! boom! in reply, the quicker and faster and fiercer five hundred guns answer each other until the very earth itself trembles and man holds high carnival with the powers of hell. For two hours does this terrible cannonade last, then it slacks. Attention! forward! then our last charge, I look around, in those two hours what a change, from order to chaos, from beauty to destruction, from life to death,—levelled fences, splintered trees, furrowed ground, broken cannon, exploded caissons, slaughtered horses, mangled men. The line moves forward over fences, across fields, forward! forward! close together, and fill up the gaps, up to the works through the leaden storm, part are over, our men waver, I feel a sudden shock as if my very soul was crushed, every thing vanishes from me, and I know no more.

TO BE CONTINUED.

NUTRITION OF ANIMALS.*

Thus far we have considered the nutrition of animals, mainly in its relation to the composition and qualities of the food employed—pointing out the uses of each constituent part and indicating in a general way the kind of food best suited to specific purposes. We now propose to consider nutrition in its relation to the animal itself, somewhat more particularly.

The animal system undergoes perpetual change. The oxygen of the air, taken up by the lungs, is absorbed by the blood, and conveyed to every portion of the body. In its passage through the system, it seizes upon everything combustible, whether it be found in the recently eaten food or in old and worn out portions of the body, now passing into decay. In the former part of this article, we insisted that it was the starch and oil group of elements in our food which was consumed in the body by the oxygen taken up, while the nitrogenous portions of food contributed to the formation of muscle, sinews, &c. This statement was intended only as a general truth, and is subject to specific qualifications, as under some circumstances, not only do the substances of the starch group perform other functions, but the entire animal, nitrogenous and non-nitrogenous, is subject to a slow combustion from the attacks of the oxygen inhaled by the lungs. This oxygen, absorbed by the blood, circulates with it and as a liquid fire permeates all the cells and minutest tissues of the body, burning and destroying every particle which has passed through its appointed offices in the economy of life, and which, having become

exhausted, now hangs as a clog upon the system.

Minute portions of the body are thus constantly passing into decay after their fulfillment of their appointed work, and a sort of interstitial death is thus ever occurring in which the body, atom by atom, gradually dies and passes away, giving place to new atoms instinct with new life and energy. During no two successive moments is the body identically the same in its material composition. All its functions, voluntary and involuntary, are incessantly working revolutions in its physical condition under the guidance and control of the mysterious principle of life. Secretions from the bowels, from the kidneys, from the perspiratory glands, and the products of internal combustion escaping with every breath we draw, are some of the sources of waste in the system. The perspiratory glands alone are reckoned at seven millions, and the sudorific tubes leading from them, and through which an insensible perspiration is going on day and night continually, are estimated to have an aggregate length of not less than twenty eight miles in the body of an average sized human being—a fact which sufficiently suggests how actively these changes are taking place. To restore this waste, every animal requires at least three things—food, air and water. According to the army and navy rations of England and France, about eight hundred pounds, per year, of solid food, and fifteen hundred pounds of liquids of all kinds, are necessary in a full grown man to maintain the equilibrium between waste and repair: about eight hundred pounds of oxygen in ad-

* Continued from page 321, vol. i.

dition must be consumed from the air to effect the changes requisite for the conversion of these into the various substances of the animal's body, making, in the aggregate, more than three thousand pounds of matter, per annum, necessary to maintain man's physical condition.

The general uses of food we have already sufficiently indicated—as well as the action of the air by which a slow combustion is kept up for the production and maintenance of the requisite degree of animal heat. Water acts in a several-fold capacity; first, as a solvent by which nutritive substances are prepared for absorption by appropriate organs; secondly, as a carrier for the system, by which all soluble matters after they have served their purposes in the animal economy are taken up and eliminated by the kidneys and other organs, or, if useful, are carried off as by the blood, to every part of the body where they are needed; thirdly, it gives to the flesh, in a good degree, its plumpness, softness and pliancy; in the fourth place, it acts as a cooling agent to absorb by evaporation the excess of heat which the continual combustion in the body produces; and the wisdom as well as the benevolence of the Creator is seen in the fact that when, from any cause, natural or artificial, the heat of the body, in a healthy condition, is increased beyond its ordinary limit, a more profuse perspiration immediately follows to counteract this excess by its evaporation, and restore the equilibrium. Indeed the whole physical condition of the animal is a scheme of checks and balances—continued wastes and continued supplies. Whilst the animal is young, and the vital energy strong and vigorous the supplies preponderate, and the animal gradually increases in size and strength. At mature age, the wastes and repairs just equili-

brate, and the animal maintains itself without increase or diminution; while in the decline of life as the vital energies decrease, the body gradually yields to decay.—So literally is it true that “in the midst of life we are in death,” that it might be even added that, physically, death is an essential condition of life: in the domain of matter there is no activity without proportionate waste of energy—no exertion without decay—no life without death. Every act of the body is accompanied by a corresponding waste in its muscles and tissues, and hence the more actively we live, the more nourishment we need to supply the decay this activity creates. The animal body has been aptly compared to a burning candle, the flame of which appears unchanging and unchanging; it remains the same in volume, in brightness, and apparently in composition, for many successive hours, while in reality, no two successive moments finds it composed of the same particles.—Every atom of the candle has in rapid succession, passed through it, and formed, in passing, a part of its composition, and contributed for a moment to its light and heat. So with man. He is the subject of rapid and ceaseless change; atom after atom performs its appointed office in the economy of life—warms and quickens in the crimson tide that pours through the veins, or glows in the cheek that is flushed with the bloom of health, or sparkles in the eye that is lit with intellectual light—in every portion of the living framework they are busily engaged at their allotted task, and when their work is done, their vitality becomes extinct, and, like the atoms of a burning candle, they pass away. This interstitial decay and death of animal bodies, gradual and imperceptible as it is, is going on in every part of the system till every bone and muscle and fibre

is again and again entirely removed and renewed during an ordinary lifetime. It is estimated that in childhood, while the vital functions are active, this entire renewal of the physical man is accomplished as often as once every three years, and in mature age once in every seven—so that not a particle of our bodies which we caress and love so much to-day will be ours seven years hence, and the dear friends whom we have cherished, even if they should be separated from us for a short period, shall never again be seen in the flesh in which we knew and loved them; they will have “shuffled off this mortal coil” again and again during a brief lifetime.

In the light of such facts as these, how infinitely superior does the immaterial and spiritual part of us appear when contrasted with the material and sensual. The body is transient—passing away, even while in the vigor of life,—dying atom by atom every moment that we live; but the spirit is permanent, enduring, eternal. The casket may be changed, but the jewel is unaltered, the vase may be broken, but the odor of the ointment still remains, the temple may perish, but the God still lives.

To restore the continued wasting of the body, continued supplies of food are necessary. This food must first be digested, before it can contribute to the nutrition of the animal. The main object of digestion is to render the food soluble, so that it may be taken up by the absorbent vessels and thus conveyed to all parts of the body, where it may be needed to meet the required repairs.—This digestion, which is chiefly carried on and perfected within the animal, receives important aid from external and artificial means, such as cutting, grinding, cooking, &c., just as the chemist reduces to powder the solid substance, which is to be subjected to the action of his acids in the laboratory—the

finer the powder to which the substance is reduced, the more prompt and perfect the digestive action of the chemical agent. Digestion in the animal does not differ in this particular from digestion in the laboratory. The better we can subdivide the food given to our stock, the more we relieve and assist the various juices of the system, in the performance of the digestive functions and the more fully is the food taken up and appropriated.

Cooking, too, has its advantages beyond merely rendering our food more palatable; it is at the same time rendered more digestible and more easily assimilated by the vital process. These facts show the wisdom of cutting, grinding and cooking the food given to the animals, which is now practised by all successful stock growers.

No prudent and thoroughly practical farmer would habitually submit his grain or root crops to the unaided digestion of his stock, without these artificial helps; for it is evident that such a policy would not only greatly increase the burthen imposed upon the digestive functions to the injury of the animal itself, but the fact that a part of the food thus taken into the stomach imperfectly pulverized must pass through the system wholly undigested and be entirely lost, shows that such a course would be wretched economy. Nature herself points to the path of duty in this connection, in no doubtful terms, by furnishing the animals with teeth appropriate to the work of cutting, grinding or crushing their food, as their several necessities may require.—Digestion, by the animal, properly begins in the mouth. Here the food is subjected to a two-fold process; first its mastication, and secondly the addition of saliva, which itself serves the double purpose of aiding, by its chemical qualities, in the digestion of the food, and assisting by its lubrica-

ting properties in the swallowing process. The same wisdom and sound philosophy, which we have seen required the thorough preparation of food before it is offered to animals, suggest the importance of its thorough mastication likewise before it is swallowed. The habit of eating too rapidly, and gulping down our food unchewed, as well as unmixed with the necessary saliva, is a fruitful source of dyspepsia and all the ills that flow in its train.

Leaving the mouth, the food next passes into the stomach, where by the aid chiefly of the gastric juice it undergoes further digestion and preparation for the nutrition of the animal. The gastric juice secreted from the inner coating of the stomach, and containing muriatic acid, is a true chemical agent, and by its solvent power united with the muscular action of the stomach itself, the food already partially comminuted by the teeth is now still further decomposed and rendered soluble for the use of the absorbent vessels. It is here that the nitrogenous or the flesh-forming portions of the food particularly, are digested, while the starch group of elements which mainly contribute to the heat of the animal system and to the fattening process, passes on to the bowels, where it is met and acted upon by the pancreatic, enteric, and other digesting fluids, till the entire mass has passed under review of the whole digestive apparatus, when such parts as still remain insoluble are rejected from the system as innutritious and worthless. Thus we see digestion begins with the mastication of the food in the mouth, where according to the nature of the animal, it is cut or bruised by the mechanical action of the teeth, and mixed with saliva which produces certain changes, especially in the starch group of elements, and prepares the food generally for further digestion. In the stomach, the pro-

cess is continued by the co-operation of the gastric juice, which acts mainly upon the albuminous or flesh forming compounds, preparing them for conversion into muscles, sinews, &c., and from thence the food not taken up by the absorbents of the stomach passes on into the bowels, where digestion still progresses by the aid of the intestinal juices, which, like the saliva of the mouth, are alkaline fluids, and like it, act mainly upon the non-nitrogenous elements of food. By all these successive steps, digestion is completed, and over the whole surface of this digestive channel, from the stomach through the intestines, are thickly set the mouths of absorbent ducts and veins, which carefully select out of the mangled mass of food as it passes, such particles as are soluble and suitable for the special work they have to perform;—here the materials for flesh and bone are filtered through, and there an emulsion of fatty matters is absorbed,—here the lacteals are drinking up material for the blood, and there the biliary duct is pouring out its secretions from the liver. The work of preparation is now finished, and the innumerable veins and ducts, with their absorbent mouths, are gorged with the elaborated materials and are hurrying off the nutritious elements to their appointed place in the frame-work.

To follow the food thus digested through the absorbent vessels into the blood, and with the blood through all the channels of circulation whither it is borne to supply the wastes of the system; would be more tedious and less profitable than to turn our attention to some of the practical results derived from actual experience by those, who have devoted themselves to the nutrition of animals, as the business of life. Guided by the principles already discussed, and following in the track of approved experience, we will point out a few of the more useful results

which seem to be best established in relation to our subject.

By actual observation on the process of digestion in the stomach of living animals, made through orifices in the body, as well as by means of food introduced into the stomach, inclosed in perforated silver balls, the relative digesting power of the gastric juice upon different articles of food has been accurately determined. Among vegetables, the digestion of rice, it is said, will be completed in one hour, raw cabbage with vinegar in two, boiled cabbage in four and a half, roasted potatoes in two and a half, boiled potatoes in three and a half, wheat bread in three and a half, corn bread in three and a quarter, and green corn in three and three-quarters.

Among animal products, soft eggs will digest, it is said, in three hours, hard eggs in three and a half, roasted beef in three, boiled mutton in three, roasted pork in five and a quarter, and fowls, boiled or roasted, in four.

The complete accuracy of this statement, especially in regard to the articles of vegetable diet, must be considered, when viewed from a scientific stand-point, as somewhat affected by the facts already given while discussing the nature of digestion, viz: that some portions of our food, particularly the non-nitrogenous, are not fully, nor even mainly, digested in the stomach, but pass on to the bowels, and are dependent upon the intestinal juices for the accomplishment of the work.

Physical agents, such as heat or cold, activity or rest, light or darkness, also greatly modify the nutritive effects of food. Upon the temperature of the climate depends the amount of food the animal must eat, simply for combustion, to preserve its own internal heat. The appetite also increases with the activity as this increases respiration, and thus promotes internal combustion. Darkness, too,

disposes to rest, and rest favors nutrition. If we would seek the most favorable condition for fattening our animals we should secure them a warm comfortable abode under circumstances which would promote as far as possible quiet repose for both mind and body. An experiment was made by Mr. Childers, in which twenty sheep were kept in a field, and twenty others of equal weight under shelter; both lots were fed for three winter months upon the same food (turnips as much as they would eat, one half pound of linseed cake, and half a pint of barley to each sheep per day, with a little hay and salt.) The sheep in the field ate the same amount of food each day for the three months; those under shelter ate less and less till the ninth week, when they each ate four pounds less of turnips, and one third less of linseed cake, and yet they increased about one third more in weight than those in the field. Similar experiments show that sheep kept under shelter and in the dark make the most profitable returns of mutton for the food expended; but the nature and habits of different animals, and the necessity for proper ventilation must not be neglected in such experiments.

The objects aimed at in stock-feeding are either to get labor, or fat meat, or milk, or growth simply. Each of these definite ends is best attained by definite means. If we would fit the horse or the ox for vigorous exertion and protracted labor, he must have supplies of nitrogenous food for the development of muscles and sinews. Corn and oats are the best suited of all the cereals for this purpose, and if mixed with peas, which have still more nitrogenous matter, and hay or fodder be added for the purpose of filling the stomach, it would seem that but little more could be desired to perfect the regimen. If we feed to fatten, corn is still the most suita-

ble of the common grain crops, being richest in oil, while the pea, so highly valued as muscle-forming food, has but little to recommend it for fattening purposes.—The oil-cakes, however, which remain after the oil has been partly expressed from linseed, rapeseed, &c., are largely used in England; and having from eighteen to twenty-five per cent of oil in them, are preferable to every other kind of food for fattening. Corn meal or oil-cake mixed even with inferior hay makes a tolerable food for cattle. Hogs are said to thrive best on sour food, but as the process of fermentation which gives the food its acid qualities, necessarily causes some loss in its elements, this is considered a doubtful question; although as some acids are known to have the power of converting starch into sugar, it may be that sour food contains such acids as can convert, not only the starch, but the woody fiber of the food, into sugar, and thus improve its quality. If milk be the object of our feeding, and we aim at quantity rather than quality, we should give succulent food, and plenty of water; if butter is wanted, the same process as for fattening will secure the end; if cheese be the object, give clover and pea hay with pea and bean meal, as these are rich in cheesy matter. Small breeds of cattle, other things being equal, will generally yield most milk in return for the food given, as it takes less of the food to sustain the animal, and thus leaves a larger surplus for milk and butter. If the main purpose of our feeding is to secure the growth of young animals, the mother's milk is, of course, at first the most suitable diet; it contains all the necessary constituents of food, and in proportions exactly suited to the wants of the offspring. If, however, the milk and cream must be appropriated to other purposes, as bone and flesh-forming materi-

als are more needed by the growing animal, pea meal will best supply the deficiency, and if to this, corn meal or oil-cake be added for their fattening qualities, all that the case requires will be met. In all the cereals, both the fattening and bone-forming elements are most abundant in and near the husk. According to analysis, the relative proportions of oil in fine flour and in bran is as one to three, and of bone-earth as one to seven, showing that for all purposes of fattening or growth the coarser parts are richer and better.

In every case, while particular food will promote specific ends, and may be properly given in order to advance specific purposes, still the general wants and necessities of the animal require, for its best development and highest perfection, every variety of nutriment in due proportion. Varied food both for man and beast is promotive of health and vigor.

In conclusion, we will add that over many of the functions of nutrition a veil of profound mystery still hangs. The "vital force" presiding over and above the chemical forces seems so to control and modify their normal action as to defy to a considerable extent the scrutiny of human science. True this much abused term, "vital force," has long been, and still continues to be, a mask for all the ignorance of the charlatan in relation to the functions of life; whatever is to him otherwise inexplicable is summarily comprehended in the jargon of this vague and indefinite phraseology. Mainly because of this abuse of the term, and because of the fact that immense tracts of truth have already been successfully rescued from the supposed dominion of this "vital force" by the conquests of science, many have assumed that the very existence of a "vital force" is a myth and that there are no phenomena

in the whole realm of physical life, which will not be ultimately reduced to physical laws. For ourselves, however, we prefer to hold that the "vital force" is a something, and that something, like the life from which it emanates, more elevated and spiritual than all mechanical or chemical powers—a something more directly emanating from the Author of life, and by which He excepts his living creatures from the exclusive dominion of brute force, and brings them more immediately under His own control—a something left in the world of matter to warn the physical philosopher, amid the wide spread reign of material laws, of the existence of a God, even as conscience lifts her voice amid the wreck and ruin of the soul.

RED CLOVER.

It is well known to the agricultural world, that the introduction of clover into England, produced an entire revolution in her agriculture. Its value as a fertilizer of the soil added to its value as food for cattle, made it one of the most important crops grown.—"The action of its long and powerful tap-roots is not only mechanical,—loosening the soil and admitting the air—but also chemical, serving to fix the gases important to enrich the earth, and when these roots decay, they add largely to that black mass of matter we call the soil. It serves, also, by its luxuriant foliage, to destroy annual weeds which spring up on newly seeded fields, especially after imperfect cultivation. But one of its most valuable uses, and one too often overlooked, is to shade the surface of the soil and also in this way to increase its fertility." (Flint's Grasses.) It is said whenever clover is mowed the tap-root strikes deeper into the soil; and if the soil is good and porous the oftener the top is cut off, the deeper will the roots penetrate. Mr. Thomas, of Milwaukee, makes the following statement: "several years ago, whilst in England, an acquaintance of mine, the late Charles Colling, Esq., had a field of oats which

were altogether a very fine crop, but yet on some portions of the field, was a much fuller and heavier crop than on other portions; and on being asked the reason by a party of gentlemen who were visiting his farm, he replied 'last year the whole of this field was in clover, a great portion of which was mowed off for the purpose of stall-feeding my work-horses as required. That portion of the field on which the oats are lightest is where the clover was mown only *once*; that part which is something heavier is where the clover crop was cut *twice*; and that part of the field which now bears the heaviest and most luxuriant crop of oats, is where the clover crop was mowed off *three* times during last summer.'"

A great advantage in the cultivation of clover consists in its rapid growth. In moderately good, well tilled soils, it requires but a few months to produce an abundant and nutritious crop, relished by cattle of all kinds.—The late Col. Croom, of Ala., one of the most successful agriculturalists of his day, said, in a letter to a friend, "you would scarcely believe me, were I to tell you how valuable my clover is to me. Besides the grazing of my sheep, colts, calves, &c., it nets me \$30

per acre in pork alone. In addition, it requires no expense, and the land is improving all the time. By means of my clover pastures last year, my crop was, for this country, a remarkable one. To each efficient hand, I made ten bales of cotton, eight hundred lbs. of pork, two hundred bushels of corn, and the wheat necessary for family use. Besides this, I sold eight thousand lbs. of beef, two thousand lbs. of fat mutton, and one thousand lbs. of butter. I mention this not by way of boasting, but to show you that grazing and planting may be profitably blended."

Col. Croom also informs us that before the introduction of the red clover on his estate, he could never produce the supplies of meat necessary for his laborers. His slaves received each six lbs. of bacon per week, and bread, sweet potatoes, cabbages, pumpkins, and peas, *ad libitum*. It is a question whether their condition has been improved, physically or morally, by emancipation.

We will continue to quote from Col Croom: "A proper supply of pasturage is the great want of Southern husbandry. Unless this want shall be better supplied, our agriculture *must continue to decline*. A routine of crops which furnishes a plentiful supply of grass, hay and small grain, is essential both for successful rearing of stock, and the improvement of our soils.

"The agricultural statistics of England show that while she has some ten millions of acres in crops, she has fifteen millions in grasses and pasturage.

"There are portions of Virginia and North Carolina, which, twenty years ago, (he writes in 1855,) were so gullied and exhausted by the continuous cultivation of the two hoe crops, tobacco and Indian corn, that it was difficult to sell them at three or four dollars an acre. These lands now sell at

from forty to one hundred dollars an acre, and are annually increasing in value, under a different treatment. Where formerly were seen the gaunt cow and horse, the half starved hog and sheep, are now to be found fat and improved animals of every kind, and luxuriant fields of red clover, timothy and blue grass. Now what has caused this revolution? Simply the change from the unremitted hoe crops, Indian corn and tobacco, to a judicious system of rotation, and proper attention to manure, which, while it has improved the soil, at the same time has furnished a plentiful supply of grass and hay."

Col. Peters, another distinguished Southern agriculturist, writes to Col. Croom, "I am under obligation to you for the hints you gave me on red clover and hogs. I have proved every word to the letter. I back all you have to say in praise of red clover. I give up corn in future until my hogs are put up to fatten; and have arranged for clover summer and winter. It acts like a charm. I have now three hundred acres of clover, and grasses; shall sow down one hundred acres more this year, and by 1857 will be prepared for a clover rotation."

Mr. Robert Nelson, of Macon, Ga., says, (to the Southern Cultivator,) "The doctrine that red clover will not do when the soil is deficient in lime, has made its round through our agricultural papers; and Dick has so often repeated what Harry told him, without trying it for himself in a proper way, that everybody now thinks it a fine excuse for not growing clover. I was raised in a clover growing country and I can assure you that I have seen beautiful fields of clover on land that did not contain any lime.— But clover requires a deeply worked and finely pulverized soil.— The way of starting a clover field, however, may not be known to

some of your readers, and you will therefore, allow me to give a short description of it.

When a field is sown in the fall in wheat, rye, or any other small grain, and well harrowed over, the clover seed is sown very thinly broadcast; eight lbs. to the acre is sufficient. It needs no covering, as it will easily work itself

down into the ground. By next spring, the clover will grow up beautifully in the shade of the grain crop, and when the latter is mown off, the clover will be found grown from six to twelve inches high. All leguminous plants, to which the clover belongs, are always greatly benefitted by plaster."

THE BARNWELL'S OF SOUTH CAROLINA.

Look forth on yonder field! Lit by the first rays of an October sun, two armies may be seen prepared for battle. On the slope of the hill rests motionless a host, over whom floats a glittering banner, with the device of a warrior worked in gold and enriched with flashing jewels. Upon the opposite eminence the rival army is drawn up in stern array, awaiting the conflict, and eager to bear forward "the three lions of Normandy." A sudden shout of "God help us!" and they dash onward to the fray. From the hill-side that shout is answered by the Saxon war-cry, "God's Rood! Holy Rood!" and the battle is begun. Higher and higher the sun rises o'er that fierce and bloody scene. Now, right, perched on the banner of the golden warrior, seemed about to triumph; but, anon, it is borne back, and the parting beams of the day-god rest on the three lions, floating in solitary pride, o'er the hard-fought field of Hastings. The golden warrior trails in the dust, where, among his lifeless defenders, lies the bloody corpse of Harold "the last of the Saxon kings." The mighty hand of Norman William grasped the contested prize; and the fair realm of "Merrie England" is the spoil of the conqueror. Among his followers is one,

who bears the name of Barnevelt, or Barnewall, ancestor of the present family of Barnwell.

And now turn from this scene of conflict, and follow to the shores of the Emerald Isle. In the midst of a group of mail-clad warriors and fierce barbarians, stands a fair-haired maiden, daughter and heiress of the savage monarch—Dermot Mac Morrough, king of Leinster. It is her nuptials, which are being celebrated in sight of blood and death, and her spouse is yon dark leader of the Norman knights, Richard de Clare, Earl of Strigul; better known as Strongbow. Among the knights, who with him made Ireland their home, was Sir Michael de Barnewall, founder of the houses of Kingsland and Trimblestone.

Queen Elizabeth sits alone with a picture in her hand. It represents several youthful and high-born gentlemen, grouped together, with a motto beneath, asserting that a common object, a common danger, is their bond of union.—Well knows the Queen that this object is her assassination, and the restoration of the Roman Catholic religion, by raising Mary, the captive Queen of Scotland, to the English throne. Closely she studies each form and feature, that they may not approach her unknown and un-

heeded. Foremost in the group is Anthony Babington, and beside him stands young Barnwell, the descendant of Sir Michael de Barnewall, companion in arms of Strongbow.

Who has not pictured to himself the fatal 30th of January, when the grave sad face of Charles I, looked forth for the last time upon the realm of which he was the sovereign; then was laid calmly on the block, while he murmured his last word, "Remember!" Who has not thought of his bigot son, pining in a foreign land for the crown his own conduct had lost! Faithful to the house of Stuart, the Barnwells forfeited wealth and power in their defence, as did so many of the Irish nobles.

The daylight is slowly waning in the depths of a mighty forest. With stealthy tread a band of bronzed and stalwart men pass beneath the over hanging branches. Among them are seen tall, erect, sinewy forms, their natural copper hue almost lost in the gaudy paint with which they are covered. Soldiers the band surely are; yet no plume waves in the breeze, save the feathery tops of the dark and mournful pines, and strange bunches of stiff, ungraceful feathers, stuck in the black hair of the wild red men.—The hunter's unerring rifle takes the place of sword and spear; and steel helmet and glittering armor are alike unseen. But the fœmen,—where are they? Lurking behind the giant trees; crouching low in the thick under-brush, the sudden whistle of the poisoned arrow, as it speeds its unerring flight to the heart of some brave soldier, alone attests their presence.—Surely here, in this wild scene, speaking of a new and yet unsettled land, can be found no scion of the proud-old Norman stock! Yet in the veins of yon bold leader of that sturdy band flows the blood of him who fought at Hastings.—

Col. John Barnwell had, at an early age, embraced the Protestant faith, and, being discarded by his stern sire, sought a home on the smiling sea-coast of South Carolina. Amid the forests of her fair sister, the Old North State, he did battle with the cruel Tuscarora Indians, and by his prowess won the name of Tuscarora John.

The Revolution came, and found their fiery Norman blood flowing freely in the cause of liberty and right. It is midnight on the broad Atlantic. The English brig Pack-horse, bound to New York, with a band of American prisoners on board, is pursuing her solitary way. Suddenly the deep stillness is broken by shots, cries and groans. A brief struggle, and the brig is in possession of the prisoners; her course changed for Wilmington, N. C. Well did those brave patriots deserve their liberty. When the British threatened, if the Americans retaliated for the murder of Col. Hayne, to sacrifice these prisoners, they unanimously signed a paper requesting that no thought of them should prevent the authorities acting as they deemed most for the welfare of their country.—Among this band were two grandsons of Tuscarora, John and Edward Barnwell, and his great-grandson, William Elliott, uncle of the gifted and eloquent Bishop of Georgia, and grand-father of the late gallant Gen. Elliott.

Robert Barnwell, another grandson of the Indian hero, at the age of seventeen had received sixteen wounds in the service of his country, and yet lived to take a prominent position in the Legislature of South Carolina, and in the halls of Congress. It was his most fervent prayer for his children that they should be remarkable as devoted servants of Christ. And truly has that petition been answered. One of his sons, the polished, courteous gentleman, the

eminently wise and Christian statesman, who bears his name, is still spared to his bleeding country. The other, that zealous soldier of the Cross, who labored so faithfully and with such rare success in his Master's vineyard, has entered into his rest. But his mantle fell upon his peculiarly gifted and cultivated son, whose kindly care and heavenly teachings cheered the sick and dying hours of so many of our gallant soldiers. He, too, has passed to his eternal home, but his name lives, a household word throughout the South. The brilliant talents of both father and son, and yet more, their ardent devoted consecration of their all to the service of Christ, shed a radiance around the old Norman name, purer and holier than the fame of the proudest conqueror that earth can boast.

The late war found the descendants of the patriots of '76, still at their post, willingly risking fortune, home and life in the service of the South. Six brave hearts, which beat with love for her, are forever still; and those who live must labor for their daily bread, many deprived of their old and cherished homes. Yet, like all gallant true-hearted men of the South, they have put their shoulder to the wheel and shrank not from the toil. Methinks they are a fairer representative of the old chivalrous race, though "lands and honors, wealth and power," are no longer theirs, than the titled, sonless old man, in London, who, with the snows of seventy winters on his head, still lingers on the confines of the spirit-world, and bears the name of Baron Trimblestone.

Near Dublin, in Ireland, stands the ancient fortress of Drimnagh Castle, once the stronghold of the Barnwells, now in the hands of strangers. The front seems one solid mass of ivy, save where there are openings in the rich, dark green for the windows. The moat,

too, is in good repair, and the strong wall still remains, but the old masters live in other homes.— Yet many of the name, reduced to the humble walks of life, linger around the old castle of their former chiefs. The noble spirit of the days of chivalry still animates them in the midst of poverty and toil; for a late traveler in Ireland mentioned the incident of a child being saved from drowning by a young Barnwell, who, in the attempt, alas, lost his own brave life.

And so it is in South Carolina. The old homesteads, where the sires and grandsires of the present generation dwelt in refinement, ease and plenty, where

"Still they bore without abuse,
The grand old name of gentleman,"

are now the desecrated spoil of the foe. In those old halls, which have echoed to the merry Christmas shout, the enemy's foot has trod, and negroes have held their revels.

Picture to yourself a clear, breezy spring morning; the sun shining brightly, the glad notes of hundreds of feathered songsters making the air vocal with their music, and fair nature smiling in her fresh green robes. Pass through this broad avenue of royal oaks, the branches meeting overhead in a majestic canopy of richest green; up the steps, through piazza, hall and parlor, come with me to a second piazza beyond.— And now look forth! Dancing, flashing, sparkling in the sunlight, roll the waters of Broad river on their way to the mighty ocean.— Along her banks stretch the green shores broken here and there by peaceful homes. Yonder glides a snowy sail, sure token of a party seeking the rare sport of drum-fishing. On the right, another avenue of live-oaks winds down to the white, sandy beach, while in front is a small flower garden. Oh, what new, glad, bounding

life seems poured into every vein, by that fresh, salt breeze sweeping over the blue river! Heart, mind and body drink in its inspiring freshness, and involuntarily you exclaim, "Oh Lord, our Governor, how excellent is Thy name in all the world!"

Such is Laurel Bay, on Port Royal Island; the old homestead of the Barnwells, now in the hands of the United States Government.

The shades of night rest on the scene I have attempted to portray. With stealthy tread, hushed breath and watchful eye, two forms glide 'neath the deep shadow of the trees, in the direction of the house. They are both young, and both wear the uniform of Confederate grey. The absence of any badge speaks them privates in the service of their country.—Yet in their veins, flows, pure and unsullied, the same fiery Norman blood that nerved the arms of the followers of William the Conqueror, and Strongbow; that beat in the loyal hearts of those, who, with the noble Duke of Ormond, went forth to battle for the Royal

Martyr; that bade old Tuscarora be calm and fearless in the midst of hidden dangers; and that was poured forth freely by the patriots of the Revolution. Suddenly a light, flashing through the trees, bids them pause, and the loud sounds of uncouth revelry meet their ears. Who can be holding high festival in this desolated home? Another step,—and what a spectacle is revealed! Negroes throng the piazza and rooms beyond; lounging on the chairs and sofas; dancing in the old parlor. Shame! Shame! The scene is too revolting to dwell on.

Whether this old homestead will ever be the abode of intellectual refinement, hospitality, mirth and christian love as in other days,—rising, like the crest of her former masters, a phoenix from the ashes of her desecration,—God alone knoweth. But could those brave old ancestors look down from their homes of rest, they would find no stain on their ancient shield; and their descendants still hold firmly to their proud old motto "*malo mori quam foedari.*"

LEREOY.

GEN. HOKE'S FAREWELL ADDRESS TO HIS DIVISION.

Hd. Qrs. Hoke's Division, near Greensboro, N. C., May 1, 1865.

SOLDIERS OF MY DIVISION:

On the eve of a long, perhaps a final separation, I address to you the last sad words of parting. The fortunes of war have turned the scale against us. The proud banners which you have waved so gloriously over many a field are to be furled at last. But they are not disgraced, my comrades. Your indomitable courage, your heroic fortitude, your patience under suffering, have surrounded them with a halo which future

years can never dim. History will bear witness to your valor, and succeeding generations will point with admiration to your grand struggle for Constitutional Freedom. Soldiers! Your past is full of glory. Treasure it in your hearts. Remember each gory battle-field, each day of victory, each bleeding comrade.—Think then of your future.

"Freedom's battle once begun,
Bequeathed from bleeding sire to son,
Though baffled oft, is ever won."

You have yielded to overwhelming forces, not to superior valor.

You are paroled prisoners, not slaves. The love of liberty which led you into this contest burns as brightly in your hearts as ever. Cherish it. Associate it with the history of your past. Transmit it to your children. Teach them the rights of freemen, and teach them to maintain them. Teach them the proudest day in all your proud career was that on which you enlisted as Southern soldiers, entering that holy brotherhood whose ties are now sealed by the blood of your compatriots who have fallen, and whose history is coeval with the brilliant record of the past four years. Soldiers! amid the imperishable laurels that surround your brows no brighter leaf adorns them than your connexion with the late army of Northern Virginia. The star that shone with splendor over its oft-repeated fields of victory, over the two deadly struggles of Manassas Plains, over Richmond, Chancellorsville, and Fredericksburg, has sent its rays and been reflected wherever true courage is admired, or wherever freedom has a friend. That star has set in blood, but yet in glory; that army is now of the past. The

banners trail but not with ignominy; no stain blots their escutcheon. No blush can tinge your cheeks as you proudly announce that you have a part in the history of the army of Northern Virginia. My comrades, we have borne together the same hardships; we have braved the same dangers; we have rejoiced over the same victories. Your trials and your patience have excited sympathy and admiration, and I have borne willing witness to your bravery. It is with a heart full of grateful emotions for your services, and ready obedience, that I take leave of you. May the future of each one be as happy as your past career has been brilliant, and may no cloud ever dim the brightness of your fame. The past rises before me in its illimitable grandeur. Its memories are part of the life of each one of us. But it is all now over. Yet though the sad dark veil of defeat is over us, fear not the future, but meet it with manly hearts. You carry to your homes the heartfelt wishes of your General for your prosperity. My comrades, farewell!

R. F. HOKE,
Major General.

THE HAVERSACK.

The wisest of men has said "the poor is hated even of his own neighbor; but the rich has many friends." And so too, the faults, blunders and mistakes of the unfortunate can be seen by all men, but few are ready to throw the mantle of charity over the imperfections of the best and the wisest of our race. These thoughts have been suggested by the proneness to forget the distinguished services of one whose brilliant early career was some-

what clouded by his last earnest, but unsuccessful efforts for "the lost cause."

In the fall of '61, a young lieutenant of cavalry reported for duty at Yorktown. He was immediately assigned to the command of all the cavalry on the Peninsula, and given the temporary rank of Major, till the appointment could be confirmed from Richmond. Our troops had been greatly harrassed and annoyed by sensational reports from th

inexperienced and unorganized cavalry pickets. These false alarms immediately ceased at Yorktown, and were transferred to the lines of the enemy. His marauding parties were beaten and driven in. His scouts were captured or compelled to remain under the guns of his fortifications. The shivering garrison at Newport News could not cut a stick of firewood, without the risk of ambushade and death. In one of the expeditions of the bold Major, while driving through the woods a party of the enemy, a wounded Federal begged piteously for some one to pray for him. A Confederate, (we believe a cousin of General McClellan) halted, offered up an earnest petition for the dying man and then promptly regained his place in the chase.

The young officer left the Peninsula to take charge of a regiment of Texans on the Potomac. With a noble band of congenial spirits, and a more important field of enterprise, his higher qualities were rapidly developed. His untiring watchfulness and ardent zeal soon attracted all eyes. At Eltham's Landing, it was his good fortune to defeat McClellan's attempt to cut off Johnston's retreat from Yorktown. From that time forth, "Hood and his Texans" became associated in men's minds with all that was efficient, enterprising and chivalrous.—With the wreath and stars on his collar, he had other troops added, first to his brigade and then to his division. These were as true and dauntless, with some exceptions, as his old command. But by popular consent the brigade and the division were both spoken of as "Hood and his Texans." This may have been partly due to the sort of proprietary right, which the Texans claimed in their youthful leader. The wonderful devotion of these men was intensified by the terrible ordeal of fire at Gaines' Mill. We heard the next

day that on some previous occasion, he had quieted his old regiment (which had felt aggrieved by another being selected for a certain duty) by the promise to lead it in person in the next fight.—When the regiment found itself in front of earth-works and battery of artillery rising above battery, the men called out to their General to remember his promise. Placing himself in their front, he carried them through as awful a storm of projectiles, as ever beat upon the heads of devoted troops. The guns were captured, the enemy was beaten; but alas! how few of that band of heroes were left to exult over the victory.—Grief and not triumph marked the bearing of the leader of the charge, for many a long day. His scouts were known to be the most daring as well as the most trustworthy, in the army. We happened to be present on the morning of the battle of Malvern Hill, when he directed one of his scouts to go through a ravine and bring in a prisoner. The man replied "General, if it is more important to get one from the top of the hill, I think that I can manage it."—'Twas not very clear how a prisoner was to be brought off, in the face of all that army of infantry and artillery. The General laughed and said that a man from the out-post would answer. And here we must digress, a moment, to notice a similar incident at Chickamauga. When Granger's corps appeared on our flank late in the afternoon, Forrest called up some of his men and said, "I want to know what troops those are, bring me in some prisoners." In half an hour, the squad was seen returning with three prisoners. "I knew that they would bring them" was all the comment that Forrest made. It was the very highest compliment that language could have employed.

When Garland was killed and his brigade scattered, on the right

of the turn-pike at Boonsboro, the enemy had an open road to our rear. But he felt his way very cautiously, and did not seem to be aware of his advantage till "Hood and his Texans" stopped the way. 'Tis well-known, too, how effectually and successfully, they covered the retreat that night, bringing off the immense parks of artillery and trains of wagons.— But 'tis not so well known how often, the weary, the despondent and the broken-down, who had sunk down by the way-side, were encouraged to go on by the kind words of cheer and comfort spoken by the commander of the rear-guard.

Then, too, the whole brunt of the infantry fight on the afternoon of the first day at Sharpsburg fell upon the same devoted troops.— The wonderful deeds of prowess performed by these men on the next day, were never surpassed by the knights of the age of chivalry. At early dawn, that noble soldier and gentleman, Captain Hamilton, of Hood's staff came to the writer of this, with a request for reinforcements. Three brigades (feeble in number) were sent him. With this slender support, he beat and drove back Hooker's corps, and the blue coats lay as thick in his front, as did the red-breeches on the ground over which he made his terrible charge at 2d Manassas. But a fresh corps was thrown upon him, and he in turn was forced to retire.— The 4th Texas lost its flag, but not until (in the words of the General) "it was buried under a pile of its defenders." After the defeat of Hooker, General Hood thought that the easiest and most decisive victory of the war could have been won, had he been supported by the troops, which ought to have been up.

At Chickamauga, Rosecranz withdrew a division from his right, to meet Breckinridge's determined and successful assault

on his left. This left a gap in his line of log breast-works undefended, and Hood's quick eye detected it and his heroes were soon sweeping McCook and Crittenden before them, like chaff before the wind.

These services should never be forgotten. Men are more inclined to censure than to praise, and more apt to remember a disaster than a success. But we trust that so long as there is soul enough, at the South, to admire pure patriotism and noble deeds of prowess, "Hood and his Texans" will be honored and loved.

A friend gave us an anecdote of this old division, without mentioning to which State the performers in the comedy belonged. On their way to Chickamauga, a squad of them strolling about the streets of ——— came suddenly upon three nice young men belonging to the "bomb-proof" class, as the soldiers called the Government employees and others, who had managed to raise technical objections to military service. Raising a wild yell, the soldiers charged upon the "bomb-proofs," surrounded and captured them. As usual in all such cases of teasing, the tormentors affected rustic manners and dialect.

1st Soldier. "Mister, did you ever see a bomb-shell?"

1st Fop. "Yes."

1st Soldier. "Well, I hearn that you had a powerful lot of them in your 'bomb-proof.' Dont they fiz purty?"

2d Soldier. "Mister is you aid to the Guvnor?"

2d Fop. "No."

2d Soldier. "I kinder thought that you had them purty boots and store-clothes to please the Guvnor's darters."

3d Soldier. "Mister is you a po-et?"

Third Fop. "No."

3d Soldier. "You looks like you was a rael po-et. I wants you to write some po-et-ry to my

old gran-mammy. She's powerful on himes (hymns) and hot bricks to her feet."

At this juncture, a big soldier came up and interfered. Looking piteously upon the frightened captives, and then reprovingly at their persecutors, he said to the latter, "boys, haint you got no more manners nor to insult the women-folks?" Our informant does not tell us, whether or not, the women-folks thanked him for his interference.

The cavalry very properly retired, when the enemy's infantry advanced. But this led to many a rough joke upon them by the foot-soldiers. "Here comes the butter-milk rangers, its going to be a fight certain," was a common greeting to the bold troopers, as they passed to the rear. The luckless horseman fared still worse who had to pass alone along a line of infantry. One day, a dragoon was stopped by a foot-soldier, and the following dialogue took place.

Infantry. "Mister, did you ever see a yankee?"

Cavalry. (Sharply.) "Yes."

Infantry. "Did he have on a blue coat?"

Cavalry. (More sharply.)—"Yes."

Infantry. "Did you stop to look at him?"

Cavalry. (More sharply.)—"Yes."

Infantry. (Very earnestly.)—"Mister, please tell me if your hoss woz lame, or if your spurs woz broke?"

On one occasion, the tables were turned very handsomely on a saucy infantry man. Jack N— had a very big body, but a very little heart, and when the balls began to fly, his long legs would carry the enormous hulk to some safe place. Now it was made the duty of the cavalry to pick up stragglers from the battle-field, and it was whispered that Jack had

had some adventures of that kind. He, however, was just as ready as the bravest, to taunt the cavalry. While engaged in this pleasant occupation one day, an angry trooper turned round and cried, "you long-legged rascal, you are the very fellow I caught running from the battle of Fredericksburg. I know you by the knees of your breeches being out." Kneeless breeches, as every body knows, could not have pointed out any one in the Confederate ranks, when there were so many hundreds of denuded knees in every division. But "conscience makes cowards of us all," and Jack, thinking that he was detected, hung his head in shame, and for all time to come, let the cavalry alone.

Apropos to the retirement of the cavalry, a friend gives us a rail-road anecdote. A trooper and two foot-soldiers, friends of his, had got into the ladies' car, where there was a whole colony of babies. One boy-baby woke up and raised a hearty cry for the "maternal fount," as Micawber would say. Then a feebler and more lady-like squall broke upon the stillness of the night. Soon, a dozen infantile voices joined in the chorus: The soldiers began to get very nervous and restless and a whispered conversation was held between them, as to beating a retreat. The cavalry man was for a prompt flight, but the infantry soldiers thought 'twould be offensive to the fond mothers. At length, the cavalier got up and said, loud enough to be heard by every one, "well boys, I'm used to retreating when the *infantry* opens fire, and I aint ashamed of it," and out he went.

An ex-cavalry officer gives the following from West Virginia.

"One night late in the fall of '64, while our command was encamped along the Opequon, a stampede was made among some

horses, which ran to a point where some dismounted troopers were sleeping. Among them, was a lieutenant, who had but recently received a severe reprimand from McCausland for a false alarm given by him. Hearing the maddened rush of the riderless horses, the gallant lieutenant thought a charge was being made by those fierce horsemen from West Virginia, who in Federal pay, shed such lustre upon the Yankee arms. He did not wait till their flashing swords were over his head, but plunging into the creek just above a mill-pond, he reached the opposite bank in safety, and was climbing the hill above it when a voice reached him from the deserted shore, "Come back, lieutenant, it is nothing but some loose horses charging around." With teeth chattering with excitement and with cold from his recent bath, the youthful warrior shouted back, "well, McCausland cant say that I got up *this* infernal stampede, any how he can fix it."

The gallant Colonel T——, of Tennessee, gives a conscript story, which, those fond of card-playing, will relish. "In my regiment was a fellow (I will not say soldier) named Akin. He was a strange looking creature every way, with his eyes cut the wrong way of the leather. He was fit for nothing but to play poker, and acquainted with little beyond the slang phrases of the card-table. After the battle of Harper's Ferry, at which he behaved badly, he renewed a former application to be discharged under the Conscript Act, alleging that he was over thirty-five years old. His proofs upon his first application were against him, and his attempt, to make the surgeon believe that he was blind, was equally unsuccessful. He came to me this time, saying, 'Colonel, I've got the proof now, sure enough, that I am over thirty-five.' I said,

'it is too late Akin, your conduct has been such that I can not believe any thing that you say; besides the newspapers report that Congress has raised the conscript age to forty-five.' He looked at me with much surprise expressed in his countenance, at this Congressional blow to all his hopes. Then rolling his eyes round in the reverse direction to all other human eyes, he said, 'Colonel, do I understand you to say that Congress has seen my *blind* and raised me *ten*?'"

General Holmes was a very plain spoken man in his dealings with his subordinates. We have received many anecdotes of his straight-forward speeches, when in command west of the Mississippi. His celebrated interview with Colonel H——, of Texas, has often been talked of, but we know of no publication of it. Our version of the story comes from Murfreesboro, Tennessee.

"While General H. had his Head Qrs. at Little Rock, Arkansas, he had a grand review of the troops from Missouri, Arkansas and Texas. Colonel H——, had a splendid body of men from the last named State, but totally undrilled and undisciplined. Such marching as they made, while passing in review, was probably never seen before and may never be seen again. Some very nice observers were ready to swear, that no two men in the whole regiment, set their feet down at the same time. Nothing could irritate General H. more than bad marching, so in high wrath, he sent for Colonel H. The colonel came dashing up on his noble war-horse, looking every inch a soldier, and as confident as though he expected a compliment for his magnificent regiment. The General's bearing was so quiet that the colonel did not suspect the existence of the burning indignation within.

General H. 'You have a very fine horse, colonel?'

Colonel, (proudly.) 'I have the finest horse in the army.'

General H. 'You have an excellent band of music, Colonel.'

Colonel, (more proudly.)— 'There is not a better band in the Confederate States. I pride myself on my horse and my band.'

General H. 'You have a noble-looking regiment.'

Colonel, (loftily.) 'There is not a better looking set of men in the world.'

General H. 'How do you keep your horse and your band in such fine condition?'

Colonel. 'I pay great attention to them, General, that is the reason.'

General H. 'Well, Colonel, if you paid as much attention to your regiment, some of them would be able to march on review.'"

This public rebuke stung the colonel to the quick, and he determined to wreak his vengeance on his delinquent men. After the review was over, he drew them up in line and made them a speech. I heard it and give you nearly a verbatim report. 'Fellow-soldiers! after the conscript law was passed, didn't I go to Houston and get authority from General Hebert to raise a regiment, and didn't I raise the regiment and save you all from the eternal disgrace of being conscripted? And didn't I go back to Houston and get authority to take you to the front, where you might show how Texan soldiers could fight, bleed and die for their country? And didn't I ride down two splendid horses, in going for and bringing you clothing and medicines? Yes, fellow-soldiers, you know that I did all this for you, and now what have you done for me? Why this very day, fellow-soldiers, you have disgraced me in public and went stumbling along, so as to make old Holmes say (may Satan catch him) that *there was not a rascal among you,*

who could walk!' The colonel seemed much relieved by his eloquent outburst, but it was long before the regiment, which *could not walk*, heard the last of his speech."

Shreveport, Louisiana, sends us an anecdote of the lamented General John Adams, of Tennessee.—

"On returning to camp late one night, he was halted by a sentinel on an outpost. After giving the counter sign, and telling the sentinel who he was, he got to questioning the man about his duties as a sentry.

General. 'If you saw two men coming toward your post, what would you do?'

Sentinel. 'I would halt them and then direct one to advance and give the countersign.'

General. 'If three or four would approach, what would you do?'

Sentinel. 'I would do the same thing.'

General. 'Suppose you saw a dozen coming, what then?'

Sentinel. 'I would do the same thing.'

General. 'Suppose a whole regiment should come, what then?'

Sentinel. 'I would form a line, quick as possible.'

General. 'What kind of a line could you form by yourself?'

Sentinel. 'A *bee-line* for camp!'"

Wheeling, West Virginia, *so called*, sends some Trans-Mississippi anecdotes.

"While I was serving on the staff of Brigadier General Tappan, of Arkansas, I was ordered one night to superintend the grand rounds. There happened to be on post that night, a Frenchman by the name of Victor Pedron, as gallant a soldier as ever shouldered a musket. He was on the second relief, and towards the close of his tour was getting tired and sleepy, when to his great joy he saw a body of men approaching, which he did not doubt was

the third relief. He challenged promptly, 'who comes dere?' Answer, grand rounds. 'Begar, I thought it was ze tird relief.'—Nothing was said on either side for some time, when we getting tired of waiting, again advanced. 'Who comes dere?' 'Grand rounds.' 'Oh go vay vid your grand rounds. I have de grand sommeil too much (am too sleepy) zat I cant receive grand rounds preproment.'"

"The Arkansas cavalry were notorious for their fondness for fresh pork, and all the efforts of General Holmes to prevent hog-killing were in vain. The craving for roast pig spread throughout the entire cavalry, but Marmaduke's men were supposed to be the worst affected by it. While we were encamped at Camp Bragg, Arkansas, Generals Holmes, Marmaduke and a large number of officers of rank were riding by the position occupied by Price's infantry. General Holmes was scolding Marmaduke for the depredations of his command, when suddenly a pig was heard to squeal some distance off. 'There now,' cried Marmaduke, who had taken the rebuke with a very bad grace, 'some of Price's men are stealing a pig at this very minute and the cavalry will get the blame of it.—I will catch the rascal and show you, General, that the infantry are as bad hog-thieves as my men.' Away he dashed followed by the old General and the whole crowd of officers. They soon came to a horse hitched to a fence, with unmistakable cavalry equipments upon him. A man, too, was seen with a pig on his shoulder. 'What are you doing,' shouted Marmaduke, 'and to what command do you belong, you scoundrel.' 'I belong to Marmaduke's cavalry and the General does not keep us very well supplied with rations, so I was just acting commissary for the command,' said the imper-

turbable trooper. 'There now,' said the old General. 'I give it up,' said Marmaduke.'"

Wharton, Texas, gives an incident of the battle of Tishemingo, which we commend to the future historian of the war. This fight was between General Forrest on the one side, and General Sturgis on the other. The latter had his Head Quarters at the house of Mrs. Brice, at Brice's Cross Roads. "Here he kept his position till late in the afternoon, encouraging his soldiers by telling them, 'there is only a squad of rebels out there, Forrest has gone to Georgia—I heard from him this morning.—Pitch in and drive off the bush-whackers.' Then he would walk to the table, on which there were some glasses, a pitcher of water and a bottle of brandy. He drank to his own health, frequently, and seemed very confident of an easy victory over the handful of rebels, little dreaming that old Bedford was there. Courier after courier dashed up with the most encouraging accounts from all his brigade and regimental commanders.—Mrs. Brice in an adjoining room could hear all that was said.—Each courier was asked the question how goes the battle?' 'Driving them, General, at all points,' was the invariable answer. Then the messenger of good tidings would be courteously invited to take a drink. At length, however, a trooper dashed up crying, 'our men are giving way every where and the rebels are driving them furiously. The woods are full of rebels.' This messenger was *not* invited to drink by the General. He rose and went to Mrs. Brice's room and said to her, 'madam, I know that you are an enemy and true to your own people, but will you answer me one question?' 'Yes, General, if I can do so with propriety.' 'Can you tell me whom I am fighting and how many men he has?' 'You are

fighting General N. B. Forrest and he has about twenty thousand men.' 'Thank you, madam, I bid you good day,' and he departed."

There was a class of soldiers known as "hospital rats," and no rat ever had such an instinctive perception of the vicinity of a cat, as each one of this class had of the neighborhood of a battle. They could literally "smell the battle afar off," and the odor was always sufficient to send them to the hospital. It was really wonderful to notice how seldom their olfactories were at fault. Sometimes, a too great delicacy of perception would make them mistake a skirmish or a sham demonstration for a real fight. But they made no blunders about the approach of a grand battle, and were sure to be taken sick a few days before the first gun was fired. A number of these "hospital rats" were at dinner one day in Richmond and seemed to enjoy an excellent appetite. A soldier, who had just come from the front to inquire for a wounded comrade, was looking on with a good deal of disgust expressed in his face, when he saw a surgeon approach. Going up he said, "doctor, if you have got any rat pison, please let me have a little to put in them fellows' soup." The soldier, probably had hit upon the only remedy, which could have abated the nuisance. Oh, for some Costar in those days of infestation by hospital rats!

Our friend, the S. C. Chaplain, gives an account of the fight of seven "Stono Scouts." The "Stono Scouts" was one of the companies attached to the command of the gallant Maj. Jenkins, who won for himself an enduring reputation on the coast of S. C.

The enemy held the south-western extremity of John's Island; their force not well ascertained, as their gunboats commanded the approaches to it. We had some

companies of Black's cavalry, and the small command known as the Stono Scouts. These last had fine imported long range five-shooters, the other cavalry were mocked, rather than armed, with shot guns. Under the circumstances, the cavalry were not encouraged to fight, and the Scouts were positively hindered from skirmishing, by the officer commanding the whole picket force, to whom their captain reported. They were employed, partly on the more important picket duties, and partly as guides for the others, inasmuch as they were at home upon the Island, and familiar with its paths and fields.

On the night I speak of, Captain —, of the cavalry, with six Scouts as guides, was ordered to approach the enemy by one road, to reconnoitre him, while the others advanced along another route. On emerging from the wood, which skirts the last plantation on John's Island proper, just before day, with a brilliant moon shining, Captain — discovered sufficient evidence that the enemy were encamped about the dwelling house, some half a mile from him. The blue-coated sentinel discovered our party also—fired his gun, and fell back. Thereupon the captain, transported with martial zeal, cried out, "Boys let's charge 'em!" And the leading scout replied, "Well captain, we haven't got any sabres, but if you say, charge, we'll charge."

Captain — said "charge," accordingly; and away they went, pell-mell. One-half, three-fourths, seven-eighths—of the distance were swiftly and smoothly passed.—The enemy, alarmed, was hastily forming; their field piece was run out, and commanded the road.—Still the rush went on, and the collision seemed just impending, when a guide hallooed—"mind the ditch, captain!" Sure enough, there ran a deep ditch, backed by a dike, and the dike crowned by a

fence perfectly impracticable for their horses! Straight and hopeless, it traversed the whole front of the enemy, from water to water, and was itself crossed by only one bridge, wide enough for the passage of a single cart.

With more presence of mind now, than he had shown discretion before, Captain — gave the order, "Head of column to the left!" and before the enemy could make it out, in the uncertain light, the command were scattered like partridges over the fields, making their best time for the woods.—The enemy's volley fired wild, hit nobody. But the captain, to cover the retreat of his own men, had called out, at the last moment, "long range rifles, dismount and fight!"

Out of the saddle in a moment, and into the ditch, they sprang, and opened fire on the whole camp. It was no part of their business to inquire what the officer's farther programme might be. Running along from pannel to pannel of the fence, independently of each other, and pushing the barrels of their guns through the upper edge of the bank, they blazed away at a rate which made it impossible for the assailed party to estimate their number. The brass six-pounder, fortunately for them, was near by and entirely exposed; and they took good care to make that vicinity particularly hot.

Meanwhile, the captain of the Scouts, with the rest of his little command, were hanging upon the brow of the hill, trying in vain to find out what was going on, how six men managed to keep up such a fight against an enemy who were firing *by platoons*, and why they were not captured or torn to pieces. And one man actually ran his horse across the unsheltered plain, ensconced himself in a clump of bushes, and "cracked away" on his own account! That made it the fight of the Seven Scouts.

The sergeant in command of the squad, who had been looking out anxiously for the second chapter of the captain's enterprise, whatever it might be, and had at last discovered that it was not forthcoming; well aware that the day, which was rapidly breaking, would bring certain destruction, ordered a retreat. At that moment one man was wounded, and one or two horses had been struck, but he, and indeed they all, succeeded in escaping.

The enemy—whose records, afterwards obtained, showed that they had over 200 men and a piece of artillery—crossed the "cut," or canal, in their rear that day, and withdrew entirely from the Island on the day following. Their loss was never ascertained; was probably slight; but there was blood on the ground, and one building had evidently been used as a field hospital.

The "Ladies' Home" published at Atlanta, Ga., takes us to task, for attributing the origin of "war to the knife" to Palafox and not to the "Heroine of Saragossa." *Place aux dames!* all precedence to the ladies! Now we have very great respect for the Ladies' Home. It is faultlessly printed on clean white paper. It has able writers and a high moral tone. It is remarkably free from those clap-trap devices to secure patronage, which have been a reproach to Northern journalism. Its admirable taste shows that a real *lady* and a real *gentleman* preside over its destinies. A criticism from such a source deserves attention. We think that our "fair" critic did not read our article attentively. We were trying to show that a wrong origin had been given to most popular phrases. We however, did not make as clear as we ought, our view that nothing more could be done than to trace back such expressions to the time when a pub-

lie enunciation was made of them. We do not believe that the guerilla cry "war to the knife" was first used by Palafox, or that heroic woman, whose name is indissolubly connected with the siege of Saragossa. For generations, the Spanish peasantry have settled their feuds by an appeal to the knife; and no doubt that for generations, an irreconcilable difficulty has been regarded as one involving "war to the knife." The Mexicans are not a reading people, and yet their newspapers were full of this expression, during the American invasion of their soil. Their common soldiers, sometimes, shouted it to our soldiers. The citizens used it in conversation with us. It is highly improbable that they derived it from the incident at Saragossa.—Like the Spaniards, the mixed races in Mexico are revengeful, and the *machete* (long knife) is the umpire appealed to in their quarrels. The phrase "war to the knife" arose then naturally, in Mexico, out of the habits of the people, or it may have been introduced by their Spanish ancestors two hundred years before the siege of Saragossa. *The first official proclamation of it to the world came from Palafox. This is all we contend for.*

We would like to turn the attention of our "fair" critic from ourselves to a still more curious investigation, viz: what Southern orator first used the expression? Was it Brownlow, or Jack Hamilton? Whoever this *Southern* orator was, there can be no doubt that he kept himself as safe during the war, as the *Northern* Generals, Butler and Schenck.

In response to the call made for the names of the six privates, who cast burning shells out of the trenches at Petersburg, we have been told of two of these noble heroes, both from our own gallant North Carolina. Captain J. D.

Cumming, who commanded one of the finest batteries in the Confederate service, writes to us, "while Butler was 'bottled up' at Bermuda Hundreds, a heavy cannonade occurred on the 3d day of June, 1864. During the fire, a shell from a 32-pounder battery, just opposite our position, fell into the trenches and rolled under the trail of a gun by which I was standing. Private J. P. Pierce, from Columbus county, N. C., a member of my battery, raised the shell and threw it over the parapet. I reported the fact to Head Quarters, and the following extract of an order from General Beauregard shewed his appreciation of the heroic deed.

'VI. The Commanding General is pleased to notice the coolness and bravery exhibited on the 3d instant by private James P. Pierce, of Cumming's battery.—A 32-pound shell from the enemy's batteries having pierced the top of the earthworks and rolled under the trail of a gun, private Pierce, with a presence of mind worthy of admiration, picked it up and threw it outside the trenches, before the fuse had burned sufficiently to explode the shell.

By command of

GEN. BEAUREGARD.

J. M. Otey, A. A. G.'

This order was given at Hancock's house, June 8th 1864."

The gallant Col. John Brown, who commanded the 42d N. C. regiment, furnishes the second name. "Private Frank Campbell, Co. F, 42d N. C. regiment, belonged to the drum corps, but as he had a fondness for sharp-shooting, he was frequently on the lines. On one occasion, a loaded shell fell into the trenches at Petersburg. Campbell caught it up immediately and threw it outside, before it could explode, thereby saving the lives of a number of his comrades. On another occasion, he threw water upon a shell for a

like purpose. He was wounded in the head at Cold Harbor, left the lines only long enough to get the wound dressed, and contrary to the advice of the surgeons, came back to his post and fought heroically. He is from Davie county, and I am glad to say is still alive."

Unselfishness is the highest quality of the soul. We would ask our "late enemies," if it would not be the part of wisdom to cultivate and conciliate such noble, unselfish men as these, rather than the mean, selfish sneaks, like Jack Hamilton, who shouted themselves hoarse for Secession, till they saw that the cause would fail, then became rampant Union men and revilers of the gallant fellows who, under their teaching, had bared their heroic bosoms to the missiles of death?

Danville, Virginia, gives us an anecdote illustrating the disposition of the soldiers to tease those improperly out of service. A citizen, with long hair, long whiskers, big mustachios, and grand imperial, had his head at a window in Richmond. "The human face divine" was so completely hidden by the crinial covering

above it, under it, and around it, that the *tout ensemble* seemed to be an immense mass of hair stuck in the window, or pendent from it. A soldier passing by, stopped and gazed with much interest at the curious spectacle, and then calling to a comrade across the street said, "Ned, I have found my old mar" (mare.) "Where?" replied Ned. "Dont you see her tail sticking out of that window? I could swar to her tail any whar. But how in the thunder did the old critter git up thar?" The tail was promptly withdrawn.

Napoleon, Arkansas, sends us an anecdote of a Texas soldier.—While trudging along one day all alone, the soldier met a Methodist circuit rider and at once recognized him as such, but affected ignorance of it.

Preacher. "What command do you belong to?"

Soldier. "I belong to the—th Texas regiment, Vandorn's army. What army do you belong to?"

Preacher. (Very solemnly.) "I belong to the army of the Lord!"

Soldier. "My friend, you've got a very long way from Head Quarters!"

NEW YORK CORRESPONDENCE.

It cannot prove otherwise than entertaining to your readers, to have placed before them a brief sketch of the gifted and noble editor of the METROPOLITAN RECORD. John Mullaly, whose courageous and brilliant advocacy of the rights of the South, during the late war, has made his name almost a household word among its suffering and heroic people, is, by birth, an Irishman. He is now about thirty five; and, having emigrated from his country some twenty years prior to the commencement of the recent conflict, must have been a mere boy

when he landed in the United States. His strong vocation for Literature soon connected him with the Press, as a professional career; and, in 1861, when the great national disaster was precipitated by New England cupidity in the guise of fanaticism, he was engaged in editing the journal he has since so widely popularized, as a religious newspaper, and the official organ of the late Archbishop Hughes. The departure of that prelate for Europe, on a confessedly political and warlike mission, abruptly severed the relation he then sustained to the

Record ; which shedding its purely denominational cast with its ecclesiastical patron, while retaining such unobtrusive affinities with the religion of its editor as are permissible in an independent print, it immediately became a General Miscellany of Social, Literary and Political Intelligence, pronounced in its advocacy of the Constitutional Rights of the South. It is at this point, that Mr. Mulaly's course, acquires peculiar and grateful significance in the Southern estimation of it. The power of his vigorous pen lifted him, at once, into the dignity of a champion. From week to week, amid the bustle of arms and the threats of terrorism, appeared articles, barbed with the condensed acuteness of Junius, or resonant with "the roll of the Greek's multitudinous line," which the young editor of the Record fearlessly discharged through its columns, at the highest in place and power. Every fresh infraction of the Constitution was instantly exposed and denounced ; every new military usurpation unsparingly scourged and gibbeted, until the name of the gallant Irishman, who thus encompassed by enemies, felled a foe with every stroke of his adventurous blade, became equally famous among those in whose behalf it was wielded and those at

whose abominations it was aimed. Unable to meet his arguments, the bellicose representatives of the party of "moral ideas," forcibly suppressed his paper, by military edicts, in Missouri, Maryland, Delaware, Kentucky and Tennessee, while the obsequious creatures who controlled the Northern post offices employed themselves in the mean drudgery of obstructing its circulation. Finally, he was subjected to the indignity of a personal arrest, by an order of General John A. Dix, from which he was eventually released, after various delays, on illegally extorted bail, and the flagitious farce of a military hearing, by the active interposition of Charles O'Connor, Esq. The disastrous close of the war, did not cause him to "moult a feather" in his determined adherence to the principles of the Lost Cause, and his paper, now extensively circulated, with daily increasing patronage, among our people, speaks everywhere for itself what no one need speak for it.

In person he is a little below the middle stature ; well-formed, with gracefully defined features expressing amiability of disposition mingled with decision of character ; a brow somewhat Napoleonic in contour, and the shade and fashion of hair ; fair complexion and bright blue eyes.

EDITORIAL.

It is usual to attribute the gross licentiousness and general corruption in Great Britain after the accession of Charles II, to the reaction against the iron rule of Puritanism. The reason is good so far as it goes ; but he is a shallow reader of the philosophy of history, who does not discover a deeper cause beneath the surface. It is to be found in this, that to the besotted minds of the people, loyalty included every virtue and

rebellion included every crime.—Hence it followed that the man, who had been mindful of his duty to his earthly sovereign and regardless of his duty to his God, had no upbraiding of conscience. On the contrary, he might have been drunken, debauched, depraved, a robber, a house-burner, a murderer, and yet in the very courts of the Most High, he could point with scorn to the rebel and roundhead, and raise, to himself

the doxology of self-glorification, "God, I thank thee that I am not as other men." He was a loyal man, and therefore not only could not be a sinner, but was a saint with a vast bank-stock of works of supererogation, from which penitent roundheads might draw. He had no need of "repentance towards God and faith in the Lord Jesus Christ." The sinless have no crimes, and even no failings to mourn over. He had no need of the three cardinal graces of the Spirit of God, faith, hope and *charity*. Loyalty was a higher grace and superceded these. He heard the threatenings of the law, and heeded them not; they were intended for rebels. He heard the promises of the gospel, and appropriated them; they belonged of right to loyalists. Is it wonderful that under these convictions, the British nation plunged into the wildest excesses and became steeped to the lips in the vilest pollutions? Loyalty was of more esteem than pure and undefiled religion, integrity, moral worth, and all christian virtues. Rebellion was the only sin to be repented of, forsaken and abhorred. Under this teaching, the court became more and more licentious, the church more and more corrupt, and the nation more and more depraved. We must look away from these fanatical loyalists to find men distinguished for learning and piety. The three names of that period to which the British people now look up with most respect, love and reverence, all belonged to the ranks of the rebellion. The rebel John Milton, ranks only second to Shakspeare as a poet, and the whole civilized world pays homage to his genius. There is no name in theology more honored in the Protestant world, than that of the holy Richard Baxter, the rebel chaplain of Whalley's rebel regiment. He is the author of one hundred and

twenty (or according to others of one hundred and forty five) distinct works, some of them folios. It is remarkable that the best known of all his books, the "Saint's Rest," and that which probably has been the most useful in winning souls to Christ, was written while he was in the rebel ranks.

John Howe was the rebel chaplain to the rebel court of Cromwell, father and son, and yet so admirable a judge as Robert Hall has pronounced him the greatest of all the Puritan divines, and all his contemporaries speak of his devoted piety and great purity of character. He, too, was a voluminous writer, and one of his works, the "Living Temple," is admired by christians of all denominations, and is said by the sainted William Jay to have no equal in the English language.

Another effect of the loyalty-mania in the reign of Charles II, was this: the court was licentious to a most shameless degree, and it was loyal to do as the court did. Hence the domestic virtues, for which the British people are pre-eminently distinguished, were less practiced in this reign than in any other, and the sweets of domestic life were less enjoyed.

The two causes enumerated above, rather than reaction against Puritanism, produced the depravity in the British nation in the time of Charles II; first, the delusion that loyalty comprehended all goodness; second, the loyal imitation of royal vices.

History is constantly repeating itself. If we come down to the period following the rebellion, so called, to reinstate the Stuarts, we find the same low grade of piety in the Church and low state of morals among the people. The epithet rebel and jacobite, comprehended all iniquity. Loyalty, once more, comprehended the whole circle of moral duties. Denunciations were now hurled at the Pope and Pretender, just as they had

been at the rebel and round-head. James Stephen, the British essayist, has well said in the *Edinburg Review*, 1838, "the former victims of bigotry had become its proselytes, and anathemas were directed against the Pope and the Pretender, with still greater acrimony than against the evil one, with whom good Protestants of all denominations associated them.—The theology of any age at once ascertains and regulates its moral stature; and, at the period of which we speak, the austere virtues of the Puritans, and the more meek and social, though not less devout spirit of the worthies of the church of England, if still to be detected in the recesses of private life, were discountenanced by the general habits of society. The departure of the more pure and generous influences of earlier times may be traced no where more clearly than in those works of fiction in which the prevailing profligacy of manners was illustrated by Fielding, Sterne and Smollett; and proved, though with more honest purposes, by Richardson and Defoe."

So we see in the reign of the Georges, the same causes producing the same effects, as in the reign of the Stuarts. In both periods, piety declined and learning languished under the fiery zeal of a sanctimonious loyalty. *It is our solemn conviction that the greatest curse which offended Heaven can inflict upon an erring people, is the delusion that there is but one crowning virtue and but one damning sin, and that they possess that virtue and are free from that sin.*—We accept as a thousand times better than this, the destruction of our currency and labor system, and the wide-spread desolation of our country. Those blackened chimnies stand all over the South, as monuments to the wrath of man. That awful delusion is a more fearful monument of the wrath of the Most High. Our

twelve hundred burned or desecrated churches tell of man's opinion, in regard to the heinousness of rebellion. But that infatuation, which closes the eyes to personal sins and short-comings in duty, tells of abandonment to "walk in the light of their own fire, and in the sparks that they themselves have kindled." The almost universal drought at the South may be intended, by a merciful Providence, to save us from a similar phase of Pharisaism. We have attributed our unexampled losses to the enemy, and have not sufficiently recognised the hand of God in his dispensations. Therefore, the need of personal repentance has not been sufficiently impressed upon the conscience. But we cannot say that the Yankees brought the drought upon us. 'Tis a visitation of God and shows that he has a controversy with us. May the chastisement turn our people to repentance and may they be clothed with humility, as with a garment.

Surely, the facts above given ought to teach a most impressive lesson. Loyalty to the house of Stuart, which in the time of Charles II, was the sole virtue, became under the house of Hanover the sole sin. And thus men's opinions of virtue and vice continually change. The first advocate of the slave trade was the benevolent Catholic, Las Casas.—His pity for the poor Carib in the West Indies induced him to propose the substitution of the hardier negro for him, as a day-laborer. And so the pity of the benevolent Protestant, Whitfield, for the unfortunate orphans of Savannah prompted him to encourage the slave-trade, so that the sweat of the negro might bring prosperity to his Orphan Asylum.

But the most curious instance of a change of sentiment is in the good people of New England.—The first slave-ship was fitted out

in Boston. Our friend W. S. Harris, Esq., of Cabarrus, N. C., has furnished us with a copy of the *Boston Post-Boy and Advertiser*, dated September 12th, 1763. It is printed on coarse paper and with rude type. But we could not discover a single typographical error, not even a comma out of place. Even at that early day, Boston was distinguished for praise-worthy attention to business matters.

The first thing which struck us was an advertisement on the bottom of the 3d page. "A LIKE-
LY NEGRO MAN to be sold.—
Inquire of the printers."

What a howl, such an advertisement in a Charleston paper ninety years later, would have raised. On the 4th page, we read, "a gentleman lately arrived from Surinam informs us that the insurrection of the negroes at the Dutch settlement at Berbice was instantly quelled and every thing would soon be restored to its former quiet; *great numbers of the rebellious negroes have been put to death for the future security of that place.*" Such is the simple announcement of the massacre.—The godly city raised no cry of horror and indignation, such as she did over a similar slaughter in Jamaica, in 1865, under far more aggravating circumstances.

But let us read a little more.—"By a gentleman, who arrived here a few days ago, from the coast of Africa, we are informed of the arrival of the Captains Morris, Ferguson and Wickham of this port, who write very discouraging accounts of the trade upon the coast, and that upwards of 200 gallons of real rum had been given for slaves per head, and scarcely to be got at any rate for that commodity. *This must be sensibly felt by this poor and distressed Government, the inhabitants whereof being at this time very large adventurers in the trade, having sent and about sending upwards*

of 20 sail of resse's, computed to carry in the whole, about 9000 hogs-heads of rum, a quantity much too large for the places on the coast, where that commodity has generally been vended. We hear that many

vessels are also gone and going, from the neighboring Governments, likewise from Barbadoes, from which place, a large cargo of rum had arrived before our informant had left the coast, of which they gave 270 gallons for a prime slave." How touching is this lament at the high price of negroes and at the glutting of the market with New-England rum! Who does not pity the poor distressed traders in flesh and blood! And now we think we understand the whole change in their views and sentiments. When the negro rose in value to 200 gallons of rum, the conscience of some humane man began to trouble him, about the lawfulness of the trade; when he rose to 250 gallons, the monitions of conscience became louder and more troublesome; and when the price reached 300 gallons, the stings of conscience could no longer be borne. The penitent slaver became a reformer, and wished to convert all mankind to his views. The crusade against the slave trade extended to slavery when it ceased to be profitable. The slaves were sent South and then the States, which had got rid of them, abolished slavery. Next, the reformers determine to deprive the descendants of the purchasers of their property. War with its carnage follows, and all from overstocking the coast of Africa with New-England rum!

What a rebuke do these extracts give to spiritual pride and intolerance. The qualities upon which men plume themselves to-day may be objects of abhorrence to their descendants. Those, who are now reviled and persecuted may be regarded with reverence by succeeding generations. Lastly,

the fact that the sons of the slave-traders became the fiercest of abolitionists brings up a parallel in Jewish history. "Woe unto you, scribes and pharisees, hypocrites! because ye build the tombs of the prophets and garnish the sepulchres of the righteous, and say, if we had been in the days of our fathers, we would not have been partakers with them in the blood of the prophets. *Wherefore, ye be witness unto yourselves, that ye are the children of them that killed the prophets. Fill ye up then the measure of your fathers.*"

General E. P. Alexander, late Chief of Artillery of Longstreet's celebrated corps, has been chosen by General L. to write its history. He is now a Professor in the University of S. C. at Columbia. He wishes to get reports from all officers of the corps, whether they had command of divisions, brigades, regiments or companies on detached duty. As this work involves the vindication of the truth of history, we earnestly hope that he may receive a most cordial support.

Frank E. Burke, Esq., of Burnsville, near Selma, Ala., calls upon the unfortunate sufferers during the war, to furnish him with authentic facts, in regard to atrocities perpetrated. If he receive the response, which he has a right to expect, he will have to employ more than one publishing house. The paper mills of the country ought to try to promote his laudable and much needed work.

The poem "Sic Transit" was sent to us by the author, as a contribution. We did not know until after it was in press, that it had appeared previously in the "Crescent monthly." The author had sent it to the "Crescent," but was not aware of its publication, till after it was sent to us.

E. J. Hale & Son, 493 Broadway New York, are the only

Southern Publishers, Booksellers and Stationers in that city. Mr. Hale is well known to the people of N. C., as one of our very best and most estimable citizens. As Editor of the Fayetteville Observer, he had a prominent position in the editorial corps. By industry and integrity, he had accumulated a handsome fortune. But General Sherman, in order to suppress the rebellion, found it necessary to burn his office, bookstore and factory, thus reducing him in a few moments from wealth to poverty. May he receive from the generous public that patronage, which his probity and sterling worth deserve.

We are glad to see the New York papers speak highly of the eloquence and legal ability of our old friend, General Roger A. Pryor. When Butler was making *faints* (the spelling is correct) around Petersburg, in the summer of 1864, we know of our personal knowledge, that the most reliable information of the movements of the hero of Dutch Gap were obtained through the bold scouting of General P. Some of his adventures were quite romantic in their character for daring and success.

We remember with what wonder and awe, when a child, we used to gaze upon some old portraits, whose eyes seemed to follow us with rebuking scrutiny into every corner of the apartment. To our excited imagination, the figures seemed just ready to step out of their frames, and scarcely any additional surprise would have been felt, had they done so. With a similar feeling of amazement, we have often noticed a pen and ink sketch of a most atrocious character portrayed in a remarkable volume, which is so seldom seen, if seen at all, by the parties to whom we wish to commend it, that a description of it may not be out of place.—

The unpleasant truths contained in this remarkable volume account, as we suppose, for its not being read by the persons alluded to, since it is issued from the press of one of the largest publishing houses in the City of New York, and their *imprimatur* ought to give it general circulation. It is *unique* in its arrangement, being divided into sixty-six books, generally named after their authors, but sometimes from the subjects.—These books are subdivided into sections called chapters, and these sections again subdivided into paragraphs called verses. The volume is issued by the American Bible Society, and the pen and ink sketch is to be found in that book of it, which is marked III John. "*But Diotrephes, who loveth to have the pre-eminence among them, receiveth us not, * * * prating against us with malicious words: and not content therewith, neither doth he receive the brethren, and forbiddeth them that would, and casteth them out of the church.*"

The arrogant, self-righteous, intolerant dictator here pictured seems to be doomed for his crimes to a perpetual existence, like the Wandering Jew, a living torment to himself and to all around him. In the year of our Lord 30, he was called "Pharisee," and resided in Palestine; in the year 60, when John wrote, he went by the name of "Diotrephes," and is supposed to have resided in Asia Minor; during the French Revolution, he resided in France and was there called "Jacobin;" he has lately appeared in America under the last name, but with a more intensified hatefulness of character.

The picture given by John haunts us, as did the old portraits. The scowling eyes follow us everywhere; the mouth seems just ready to belch forth curses and blasphemy, the hand seems to be drawn back to strike the powerless, and the foot seems to rise to trample

into the dust the lovely and the innocent. But we hope that the *soulless* figure will never be vivified, but even should the breath of life be breathed into it, there is a frame of Tennessee iron around it, which will hold it to its place—a scowling, but harmless picture of Jacobin wickedness.

General John L. T. Sneed of Somerville, Tennessee, a native of North Carolina, is desirous to collect materials for biographical sketches of "Gaston and his contemporaries." He would be thankful for incidents in the lives of Judge Haywood, Chief Justice Taylor, Chief Justice Henderson, Judge Nash, Hon. John Stanly, and Judge Badger, as well as for facts in regard to the illustrious Gaston himself.

General Sneed is entirely competent for the task, and the friends of the distinguished persons named above would do well to co-operate with one, who will bring to his work zeal, conscientiousness and ability.

OUR ADVERTISEMENTS.—Davidson College in years past has done a noble work, not merely for the cause of education, but also for the cause of christianity. With an increased Faculty and under new auspices, we trust that she is about to enter upon a nobler career of usefulness than ever before granted to her. Thorough scholars are seldom made at the mammoth institutions, where mobs of students are collected, and where it is impossible for them to receive the requisite training, discipline and attention.

The ripe scholarship and refined taste of Messrs Brown and Hoge are guarantees that their Eclectic will be the Magazine of the country. A distinguishing feature is selecting articles from the best religious periodicals of the old world. That was a happy thought, and one, which in our opinion, will ensure success. In this restless,

changing, revolutionary country, we need the sober views of a graver and more conservative people. The selections will be from the wisest and holiest of that people.

At a time when no Southern Editor could give free utterance to his opinions, without danger of a bayonet being thrust into his window, Dr. Deems established the *Watchman* in New York City.—He has, ever since, boldly vindicated the character of the South-

ern people and repelled unjust charges made against them. This entitles him to our lasting gratitude. His paper, in point of literary merit, stands in the front rank of American journals.

We can consistently recommend the two female schools advertised in our columns. The one has the confidence of the Presbytery in whose charge it is. The other located here, we can endorse from our own personal knowledge.

BOOK NOTICES.

FREDERICK THE GREAT AND HIS COURT. An Historical Romance. By L. Mulbach, Author of *Joseph II.*, and *his Court*. D. Appleton & Co., 1866.

It is almost needless to say that the publishers have given us a thoroughly accurate and most beautifully executed piece of workmanship. Their name is a guarantee for that always, and most generally for the literary merits of the book.

There is a large class of readers, who never study the characters of the great men of history and are dependent for impressions concerning them, to the drama and the historical novel. To these persons, the two books of Mulbach will be invaluable. They give life-like pictures of the German Courts, which few authors have hitherto attempted to do. Mulbach has not the descriptive power of Scott, nor his rare command of language, but the division of his books into short chapters, and the dramatic style of the narrative enchain the attention and keep up an unflagging interest. Few are willing to lay down either of his books, until they have read to the end. A singular instance of this came within our own observation. An officer of rank had begun the reading of Mulbach's *Joseph II.*,

the day before one of the great battles of the war, but was unable to finish it then. His interest had become so much aroused, that he took the book with him on the field, and during the intervals of fight, (which lasted all day,) he resumed the reading of the story that had so charmed him. The power of fiction was never more signally displayed.

THE POEMS OF OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES. Ticknor and Fields. Boston, 1866.

The genuine wit, melting pathos, and true poetry of Dr. Holmes have made his name familiar to all Americans. He has said of himself that he "was afraid to be as funny as he could be." But there are touches of nature of a pathetic character, which will be remembered, when his wit has been forgotten. In the last days of the Confederacy, one verse of his, on the flag of the old Ironsides kept ringing in our ears, day and night, for weeks.

Ay, tear her tattered ensign down,
Long has it waved on high,
And many an eye has danced to see
That banner in the sky;
Beneath it rang the battle shout
And burst the cannon's roar;—
The meteor of the ocean air
Shall sweep the cloud no more!

The substitution of "Southern" for "ocean" made the verse en-

tirely applicable to our own loved flag. The third verse is peculiarly fine.

O better that her shattered hulk
Should sink beneath the wave;
Her thunders shook the mighty deep,
And there should be her grave;
Nail to the mast her holy flag,
Set every threadbare sail,
And give her to the God of storms,
The lightning and the gale!

"The lament of Brother Jonathan for Sister Caroline," written when S. C. seceded, has been much admired. The extracts below are not out of place now.

O, Caroline, Caroline, child of the sun,
We can never forget that our hearts
Have been one,
Our foreheads both sprinkled in liberty's name
From the fountain of blood with the
finger of flame!

You were always too ready to fire at a touch;
But we said "she is hasty—and does not mean much."
We have scowled, when you uttered some turbulent threat;
But friendship still whispered, "Forgive and forget."

We commend these sentiments to the illustrious author of the "Barbarism of Slavery." The closing verse, too, may do him some good.

Go, then, our rash sister! afar and aloof,
Run wild in the sunshine away from our roof;
But when your heart aches, and your feet have grown sore,
Remember the pathway that leads to our door!

Poor Carrie has got back, but to find the door shut by the great warrior above alluded to.

There is an ode to a "Sweet Little Man," which would suit some big men, in the late Secession, not remarkable for their sweetness.

Bring him the buttonless garment of woman
Cover his face lest it freckle and tan;
Muster the Apron-string Guards on the Common,
That is the corps for the sweet little man!

Give him for escort a file of young misses,
Each armed with a deadly rattan;
They shall defend him from laughter and hisses,
Aimed by low boys at the sweet little man.

All the fair maidens about him shall cluster,
Pluck the white feather from bonnet and fan,
Make him a plume like a turkey-wing duster;
That is the crest for the sweet little man!

Now then, nine cheers for the stay-at-home Ranger!
Blow the great fish-horn and beat the big pan!
First in the field that is farthest from danger,
Take your white-feather-plume, sweet little man!

SHERBROOKE. New York. D. Appleton & Co., 1866.

This is a well-told tale of a brave struggle against poverty in the midst of trial, sickness and suffering of no ordinary degree.—The author has happily illustrated the fine sentiment of Carlyle, "there is a perennial nobleness in work." Would that the whole country felt the force, beauty and truth of this grand thought! The scenes of the novel are true to nature, and the language simple, yet chaste and appropriate.—Where there is so much to admire, we are loth to exhibit a carping spirit. But there is a want of delicacy, not to say coarseness, in the closing love-passages, which do not suit this latitude.

LIFE AND TIMES OF ANDY JOHNSON. By a National Man.—New York, D. Appleton & Company, 1866.

The rage for the word "national" has become quite national.—We have national banks, national expresses, national newspapers, national magazines, national steamers, national hotels, &c., &c. In our own goodly City of Charlotte, we have a first national bank; just opposite it, is the first national express company. Next door door to the latter, our colored friend Jim has a first national barber shop. Why is it that in all this multitudinous application of the name, we have no national drinking houses? Why are not national whittling sticks peddled

through our streets? Is it for fear that the scramble to get them will bring on a war of races between the nice young men and the negroes?

We are, however, at last to have a great national menagerie in our city, after being deprived of such a blessing for six long years. Having in that time, often seen the rebel elephant, we now wish to see a national monkey and observe how loyally he looks out of his eyes. We would be glad, too, to see a national hyena and notice whether the animal really has as growling a resemblance to old Thad, as we have heard that he does. If there is a national institution in this great nation, it is the drinking-shop. But then he would be a bold fellow, who would put *first* national sign over his shop. The *millionth* national would be nearer the truth, but perhaps, not so loyal.

We would have been better pleased, if our author had styled himself a *first* national man, the real, unmistakable, simon-pure, *loyal* article of nationality. Certainly his flings at the Southern people, and his efforts to prove them the authors of the war give a painful impression of sectionalism.

The book, however, is valuable as containing a biographical sketch of the President, and copious extracts from his most remarkable speeches. The philosophical disquisitions of the author, and his parallels of history are not worth the reading. We are sorry when he leaves the facts of the record, in which we were mainly interested. These show the President to have been a states-right democrat, a consistent union-man, and an enemy to know-nothingism and proscription of Catholics. There is a passage, in his great speech of two days, delivered on the 18th and 19th December, 1860, which will explain his present determination to preserve the integrity

of the Union. "Gentlemen of the North need not deceive themselves in that particular; but we intend to act in the Union and under the Constitution, and not out of it. *We do not intend that you shall drive us out of this house that was reared by the hands of our fathers. It is our house. It is the Constitutional house. We have a right here; and because you go forward and violate the ordinances of this house, I do not intend to go out; and if you persist in the violation of the ordinances of this house, we intend to eject you from the building and take possession ourselves.*" The bill of ejectment seems to have been filed and executed against the other party.

Though we have no sympathy with many of the views expressed in this book, we are glad to see it, and think that it must be of service to the President in his struggle with the disunionists. It is impossible for an unprejudiced man to read it, without being impressed with his marked ability, earnestness of purpose and thorough sincerity.

We have received the first number of the *SOUTH WESTERN MAGAZINE*, published in New Orleans; terms, \$5 per annum, single copies 50 cents. The proprietors say, "it is our purpose to make the South Western chiefly an Eclectic Magazine. We shall resort to the European periodicals, and even to the more standard works of current literature, to fill our columns. We shall always keep space for home compositions of undoubted merit." The first article on "the vast resources of Louisiana" is taken from DeBow's Review. The second is an address before the New Orleans Lyceum, by W. M. Burwell, Esq.—These are the articles of most weight. The other selections evince good taste. The Magazine deserves great success.

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October, 1866. 31

Wilmington, N. C.

THE LAND WE LOVE.

NO. II.

DECEMBER, 1866.

VOL. II.

GEN. HAMPTON'S REPORT OF THE ENGAGEMENT AT

SAPPONY CHURCH.

HEAD QRS. HAMPTON'S DIVISION, CAV-
ALRY CORPS, A. N. Va., July 10, 1864.

COLONEL:

On the morning of 27th June, the General Commanding ordered me to move my command from Drury's farm to Stony creek, in order to intercept Wilson who was returning from Staunton River bridge to rejoin Grant's army. In obedience to these orders, I moved rapidly in the direction indicated with my division, Chambliss' brigade having been sent forward the evening previous. At 12 m. the next day I reached Stony creek depot where I found Chambliss. From this point scouts were sent out to find the position of the enemy and to ascertain what route he was pursuing. At 12 30 p. m. I wrote the General Commanding, suggesting that a force of infantry and artillery be placed at Reams' Station, as the enemy would have to cross the railroad there—Jarrett's, or Hicks' Ford. The scouts having reported what road the enemy were marching on, I notified General Lee of their position and informed him that I should attack them at Sappony Church, asking him at the same time to

place the infantry at Reams' Station and to order Major General Fitz Lee to take position near there. These dispositions were made by the General Commanding, and in the meantime my command was put in motion. Chambliss, who was ahead, was ordered to push on to the Church and to charge the enemy as soon as he met him. Soon after crossing Sappony creek the enemy was encountered and he was gallantly charged by the 9th Virginia, and driven back beyond the Church. Here he occupied a strong position with dismounted men, and he succeeded in checking the charge. General Chambliss dismounted his men and took up a line near the church, when in a few moments he was heavily attacked. I brought up a part of the 7th Virginia to reinforce him and the attack was repulsed along the whole line. Young's brigade, under Colonel Wright, was then dismounted and put into position, the enemy in the meantime using his artillery and small arms rapidly. Soon after my line was established, Lieutenant Colonel Crawley, commanding the Holcombe Legion, (infantry,) brought

200 men of his command to join me and he was placed in the centre of the line. With these troops, the line, which was not a strong one, was held steadily all night, the enemy constantly making demonstrations and attacks upon it, but without the least impression. The fire of their artillery becoming very hot, I directed Major Chew to place two guns—all I had—under Captain Graham, where they could respond. These guns were well served and rendered me great assistance. The position of the enemy, who had two lines of works, was so strong, that I could not attack it in front, so at daylight, I threw portions of Butler's and Rosser's brigades on the left flank of the enemy. At the same moment Chambliss advanced the whole of the front line, and in a few moments we were in possession of both lines of works and the enemy were in full retreat leaving their dead and wounded on the ground. They were followed closely for two miles, when finding that they had taken the route to Reams' Station, I moved by Stony creek depot in order to get on the Halifax road to intercept them, should they attempt to cross below Reams'. Butler's brigade was sent to Malone's Crossing, two miles south of Reams' Station, and the other brigades were ordered to occupy the roads leading into the Halifax road. I moved up with Chambliss' brigade, following Butler, and soon after crossing Rowanty creek we met an advance of the enemy who had struck the Halifax road between Butler and Chambliss. These were charged and scattered, when another party were reported coming into the same road at Perkins' house. I took a portion of the 13th Virginia and meeting them, drove them back, and Lieut. Colonel Phillips pushed on, getting possession of the Bridge over the Rowanty.—Finding that a portion of the force

which had crossed the creek, had taken a road leading east I sent Colonel Beale with two or three squadrons in pursuit. He followed them for four miles, capturing a large number and scattering the rest. The force of the enemy was entirely broken and the fragments were seeking safety in flight, in all directions. They scattered through the woods, and night coming on, the pursuit had to cease. Knowing that a portion of the enemy were retreating towards the Nottoway river on the stage road, I brought my command to Stony creek depot, which was the most central point, to let the men, who had been fighting all the night previous, obtain some rest, and that I might be where I could best intercept the party which was retreating west and south of me. My command was ordered to be ready to move at daylight, and I anxiously waited for some information which, would indicate the point at which the enemy would attempt to cross the Nottoway river. I had not heard one word of the result of the fight at Reams' Station, nor did I know the position of Major General Lee, or of the enemy. At 9 o'clock on the morning of the 30th June I received a note directed to the "Commanding Officer Stony creek depot" from General Fitz Lee, saying that he was "still pursuing the enemy, capturing prisoners, &c," and that he was five miles from Nottoway river on the Hicks' ford road. The note went on to say that General Lee thought "the enemy after crossing the river will try to cross the railroad at Jarrett's depot," and he wished "all the available force sent to that point to intercept their march until he gets up." I immediately moved my command in the direction of Jarratt's depot, but when I got within five miles of that place, some of my scouts who had been sent on, reported that the enemy had passed there at day,

light. I then advanced to intercept them on the road leading to Peter's bridge, but though I made a rapid march, I found on striking the road, that the rear of their column had passed two hours previously. Had there been proper concert of action between the forces at Reams' and my own, there would have been no difficulty in cutting off the party which escaped by Jarratt's. In the fight at Sappony Church and during the following days, the enemy lost quite heavily in killed and wounded. We captured 806 prisoners, together with 127 negroes—slaves. My own loss, was 2 killed—18 wounded and 2 missing. The reports from General Chambliss and Colonel Crawley have not been sent to me. I regret to announce that the latter was severely wounded, and I beg to express my sense of the valuable services rendered to me by this officer and his command. General Chambliss by his gallantry, his zeal and his knowledge of the country, contributed largely to the success we gained. The officers and men of my own division behaved to my entire satisfaction, and the members of my staff gave me every assistance possible. Captain Graham, who had a section of his battery with me, did good service, and he was well

supported by his command. The pursuit of the enemy, which ended near Peters' bridge, closed the active operations which commenced on the 8th June, when the movement against Sheridan began.—During that time—a period of 23 days—the command had no rest, was badly supplied with rations and forage—marched upwards of 400 miles—fought the greater portion of six days and one entire night—captured upwards of 2000 prisoners, many guns, small arms, wagons, horses and other material of war, and was completely successful in defeating two of the most formidable and well organized expeditions of the enemy. This was accomplished at a cost, in my division of 719 killed, wounded and missing, including 21 casualties in Chew's battalion, not mentioned in my previous report. The men have borne their privations with perfect cheerfulness; they have fought admirably, and I write to express before closing my reports, not only my thanks to them, for their good conduct, but my pride at having had the honor to command them. I am, very respectfully, yours,

WADE HAMPTON,

Major General.

To Lt. Col. Taylor, A. A. G.

NIGHT AND REST.—It is night, and here is home. Gathered under the quiet roof, elders and children lie alike at rest. In the midst of a great peace and calm the stars look out from the heavens. The silence is peopled with the past; sorrowful remorses for sins and shortcomings—memories of passionate joys and griefs rise out of their graves, both now alike calm and sad. Eyes, as I shut mine, look at me, that have ceased to

shine. The town and the fair landscape sleep under the starlight, wreathed in the autumn mists.—Twinkling among the houses a light keeps watch here and there, in what may be a sick chamber or two. The clock tolls sweetly in the silent air. Here is night and rest. An awful sense of thanks makes the heart swell, and the head bow, as I pass to my room through the sleeping house, and feel as though a hushed blessing were upon it.

HOLLY AND CYPRESS.

Merry old Christmas has come again,
 With plenty of pleasure, naught of pain,
 Ivy and mistletoe round his head,
 And shining holly with berries red.
 Happy and hearty, and full of glee,
 The king of jolly good-fellows is he,—
 Kindly and cordial, and blithe and free,
 Jovial and joyous, we all agree
 So goodly a Christmas we never did see!
 Hark! hear his sleigh-bells jingle and shake,
 Listen—what music his reindeer make
 As down on the pavement and up on the roof
 They daintily patter with delicate hoof.
 Hear how he chirrups and sings and laughs;
 See how he sparkles and shouts and quaffs
 From his foaming flagon a health to all.
 Mark how his fairy favors fall—

A Sceptre and Crown,
 A Mitre and Gown,
 A Ring and a Ribbon come glittering down,
 And what wealth untold
 Of the rare red gold

From his lavish treasure is richly rolled!
 Happy and hearty, and full of glee,
 The king of jolly good-fellows is he,—
 Kindly and cordial, and blithe and free,
 Jovial and joyous, we all agree
 So goodly a Christmas we never did see!

So sings the world with its blatant mouth;
 In it—not of it—the stately South,
 Folding her mantle around her to hide
 The gaping wound in her quivering side,
 Listens in silence, then makes reply:
 “Such is your portion, but what have I?
 Desolate homes and a blighted land,
 Sackcloth and ashes and blade and brand,
 Grinding pressure beyond appeal,
 Thong of scorpions and yoke of steel!
 Bitter bereavement, pitiless pain—
 Only my honor and truth remain!
 Vanish'd the Christmas I knew of yore,
 Empty the garner, stolen the store,
 Perish'd the treasure, broken the band,
 Which master and servant with heart and hand
 Softened and brightened at Christmas fair,
 Till the links of the chain lay light as air!
 Links of the chain!—Ah! the bitterest grief
 Lies in the lot of my captive chief,—
 Prison'd in bars like a felon thing
 He on whose brow God has written ‘King.’

Shackled, insulted, tortured and tried,
 Still, as a star in the firmament wide
 Circled with shadows, vapors and night,
 Draws from their contrast lovelier light,
 He through his grief shines with heavenlier ray.
 Bright and more bright to the perfect day!
 Festal holly your wreath may be,—
 Only the cypress crown for me!
 Can any sorrow with mine compare!
 Shall I not perish in weak despair!
 No! In my misery's very excess
 Find I strength and power to bless,
 Leaving my present and future state
 All to the God of the desolate!—
 Knowing His promises firm and sure
 Like the rock-ribbed frame of the earth endure.
 Keeping this watch-word, happen what must,
 'Though He slay me, yet will I trust!
 And as the Magi-monarchs of old,
 Brought to the Manger spices and gold,
 I and my children bring offerings meet,
 And lay them low at our Maker's feet.
 We proffer the gold of a purer faith,
 The myrrh of love, and the spicy breath
 Of thankfulness for the Christmas gift
 Of the Prince of peace, and grateful lift
 Our hearts to His throne, as we humbly pray
 For the peace which passeth not away."

FANNY DOWNING.

THE CRIMES OF PHILANTHROPY.

If this phrase appear to any reader paradoxical, a very little reflection will convince him that it is only so in appearance. For, the greatest organized wrongs which the civilized world has seen perpetrated in modern times, upon the well-being of mankind, have been committed under the amiable name of humanity. No despotic government now avows the ruthless purpose of self-aggrandizement and of the gratification of hatred and the lust of power; but its pretence is always the good of society, and the welfare of the governed. The wars of the "Holy alliance," which drenched Europe

in blood at the beginning of this century were all undertaken nominally for the peace and liberties of Europe. No demagogue confesses, in popular governments, the greedy ambition or avarice which proves to be his secret motive: but he seeks only the good of the "dear people," while he betrays them into mischievous anarchy or legislative atrocities.

The religious persecutions, which have made nominal christianity the scourge of humanity, have all professed the same kindly purpose. When the excellent St. Augustine first exerted his influence and logic to make them respectable, he argued against the Donalists, that,

as the parent chastises a wayward son to save him from the ruin of his vices ; or as a physician rouses the lethargic patient by pungent cataplasms, so the church, the guardian of souls, might lovingly rescue her wayward children from the curse of heresy, by imprisonments, fines and stripes. And this is the argument of persecution in all ages. All the racks, the funeral pyres, the *autos da fe* with which the Inquisition blackened Europe, were justified by this plea of love. Men were slain with protracted and exquisite tortures, out of mere humanity, and to save their beloved souls at the expense of their sinful flesh. It was from the same amiable impulse that Simon de Monfort went from the devout participation in the Lord's supper, to the storming and sack of Albigensian towns, and the butchery of their women and children. These enormities of a darker age are now as much deplored by enlightened and liberal Catholics as by Protestants themselves. The crusades against the Moslems also, justified their inconceivable barbarities, in part by a humane pretence : It was the protection and assistance of Holy Palmers, in their pilgrimages to the sacred places in Palestine, which moved the crusaders, along with zeal for the honor of Christ's sepulchre.

Another instance is presented by the colonial enterprizes of the Spaniards and Portuguese in tropical America. In all these voyages and wars, which entailed upon the feeble aborigines the untold horrors of extermination, a devout and philanthropic enthusiasm was an active cause. Columbus himself was as much a missionary as a votary of science, in his life-long dreams of discovery. He proposed to the King and Queen of Spain the extension of the blessings of the gospel, as much of their empire, as the end of his projects ; and wherever he and his successors landed upon the soil of Ameri-

ca, they set up the cross along side of the banner of Castile. Of the Spanish adventurers, Prescott says ; " Their courage was sullied with cruelty ; the cruelty that flowed equally—strange as it may seem—from their avarice and their religion ; religion as it was understood in that age, the religion of the crusader. It was the convenient cloak for a multitude of sins, which covered them even from himself. The Castilian, too proud for hypocrisy, committed more cruelties in the name of religion, than were ever practised by the pagan idolater or the fanatical Moslem. The burning of the infidel was a sacrifice acceptable to Heaven, and the conversion of those who survived, amply atoned for the foulest offences. It is a melancholy and mortifying consideration, that the most uncompromising spirit of intolerance—the spirit of the Inquisitor at home, and of the Crusader abroad—should have emanated from a religion which preached peace on earth, and goodwill towards man ! " So, the contrast between Pizarro and his two partners, for the conquest of Peru, begins by invoking in the most solemn manner, the names of the " Holy Trinity and our Lady the blessed Virgin. " — " In the name of the Prince of Peace, " says Robertson, " they ratified a contract, of which plunder and bloodshed were the objects. " Of the same transaction Prescott remarks ; " The invocation of Heaven was natural, where the object of the undertaking was, in part, a religious one. Religion entered more or less into the theory, at least, of the Spanish conquests in the new world. " * * *

" It was indeed a fiery cross that was borne over the devoted land, scathing and consuming it in its terrible progress ; but it was still the cross, the sign of man's salvation, the only sign by which generations yet unborn were to be rescued from eternal perdition. "

Thus it would seem the piety of Christendom has projected itself upon Asia and America as a flood of rapine and destruction. Nor can the Anglo-Saxon race of Protestants claim advantages over the Peninsular, in the results of their enterprizes in America, as to the aborigines. They crossed the ocean professedly in pursuit of freedom, religious liberty and civilization. The consequence of their appearance has been likewise the extermination of the red man.

But the missions planted by ecclesiastics in tropical America presented a still more glaring perversion. Until the beginning of this century, in some of these missions, military expeditions were annually equipped by the holy fathers, against the neighboring pagan tribes, piously termed *cazas de las almas*, "hunts for souls," for the purpose of capturing as many persons as they could, and subjecting them to a compulsory baptism and training. These involuntary converts were then distributed among the families of the priests or the christianized Indians, to be trained by servitude to habits of industry and morality. Thus, armed men were seen, in the name of humanity and mercy, assailing and burning towns, murdering helpless families, and dragging the wretched survivors into bondage with all the ferocity of the African slave-catcher.

When the cruelties of these various forms of religious fanaticism are considered, it is not allowable to account for them by asserting the conscious hypocrisy of the perpetrators. From the days of Saul of Tarsus until these, many a persecutor could doubtless say, that they "verily thought" they ought to do these things. In many a scourge of humanity, the evidences of sincerity have been unquestionable; and the general integrity of character has served only to enforce the rigor of their determination.

In the instances which have been now cited, other purposes have been mixed with those of philanthropy, and have perhaps been the main ones, while the humane designs were secondary.—But yet more remarkable examples have occurred, where the most cruel inflictions which have cursed mankind, have sprung out of the express purpose to contribute to his welfare; and where the very apostles of humanity have shown themselves the most vindictive towards their fellow men. The reader of history will recall to mind that the African slave trade, with all its perpetual intestine wars, its burnings, massacres and rapes, its chains and dungeons, and the horrors of the "middle passage," originated in a compassionate plan of the benevolent Bartholomew Las Casas, to relieve the Indians of the Spanish Islands from the burden of slavery. It was his sympathy with their sufferings, which caused him to invent this expedient, of substituting the hardier negro under the yoke.

But the eminent instances of the crimes of philanthropy are those of our own age. And among these, none stands higher in this bad eminence than the "*reign of terror*" under the ascendancy of the French democrats, at the close of the last century. The first revolution in France was especially the work of its infidel, humanitarian philosophers; who taught the perfectibility of human nature, the natural rights and equality of man, and the intrinsic injustice of all distinctions of rank; who traced to these all the miseries of human society, and heralded the era of political equality as a second golden age. The motto of the fiery democrats trained in their school was, *liberty, equality, fraternity*. They boasted that their mission was to restore to all orders of men, through the potency of these principles, that universal happiness and harmony, plenty

and love, of which civilized societies had hitherto been cheated through the malignant cunning of priests and magistrates. Well, they overturned the throne, the nobility, the altar, the constitution; they held in their hands the naked constituent elements of the commonwealth, to remould them as they listed, and to give the fullest application to their principles; and the result was the *Reign of Terror*. *Marat* became the organ of the party of "liberty, equality, and fraternity" through the press; and the ferocious *Danton* through the tribune. The former through his newspaper, *L'Ami du Peuple*, croaked his perpetual demands for blood, like a ghoul, saying that it would never be well with the cause of fraternity, until two hundred and sixty thousand heads fell before it. This was the precise number of the human hecatombs, which this apostle of humanity demanded, to satiate his Moloch. *Danton*, on the other hand, mounted the tribune, which was the pulpit of this new gospel of philanthropy, to thunder his demands for accelerating the guillotine, or authorizing the September massacres. And it was ever in the name of this amiable cause, that *Robespierre*, that incarnation of snaky cruelty, devoted fresh thousands to murder. It is not necessary to repeat the pictures of this season: the very term, *Reign of Terror*, carries to every student of history a meaning more descriptive of misery, cruelty, crime, and agony, than any details could convey. The total of these sacrifices, as coolly given by the socialist *Proudhomme*, tells the tale better than rhetoric can do it; it was one million and twenty two thousand, made up as follows: of the guillotined in Paris, eighteen thousand: victims slain or executed in Lyons, thirty-one thousand: murdered by the ferocious Carrier at Nantes, thirty-two thousand: slain in battle, massacre, and exe-

cution, in miserable *La Vendee*, nine hundred and forty thousand. Of this total, about forty five thousand were women and children!

From that day to this, the Jacobin party have unfailingly exhibited the same frightful combination of philanthropic cant, with a truculent ferocity of spirit.—"With their tongues they have used deceit; the poison of asps is under their lips." And this manifestation is, if possible, only the more conspicuous, amidst the professed christianity of Old and New England. Do these pretended assertors of the rights of man organize themselves as Chartist clubs? Then we see them wielding, as their chosen instruments, against all who presume to question the safety and wisdom of their plans, fiery invective and denunciation, the incendiary's torch, and secret assault or assassination. Or does the Jacobin creed embody itself again in the professed "Liberal Party" of Bright on the other side of the Atlantic, and of his cousin-germans—the progressives—on this side? Then the same contrast is displayed between the atrocity of their spirit, and the humanity of their pretensions, by the zest with which the latter have perpetrated, and the former have applauded, the recent horrors in the late Confederate States. Humanity, in their mouths, means, favor to those who assist their overweening and headstrong projects, with ruthless injustice and violent persecution, robbery, arson and murder, to all who presume to doubt their propriety.

This recent type of Jacobinism illustrates the cruelty of humanitarian philanthropy in our day, by two of its favorite schemes, abolition of negro slavery, and the Peace Society. The former, in the British colonies, has just glorified its zeal for human welfare, by converting a number of thou-

sands of prosperous fellow citizens into paupers and exiles, and a race of contented, useful, and improving peasantry, into savages ; while it is now, on this side of the ocean, "in the full tide of successful experiment," advancing towards the same benevolent result. The former have been engaged for thirty years, in painting the horrors of war, in describing with moving words, the prodigal waste of human happiness and life which attends it, and in denouncing even defensive war, as an invention of the devil, utterly unworthy of a christian nation. It is also the same men usually, who declaim against the harshness and barbarity of the capital punishments denounced against the chief crimes by our criminal laws.—Now the plain people amongst us, who draw their maxims of common sense from the Bible, have questioned, from the first, the genuineness of this humanity ; it appeared to them a little queer, that those special advocates of forbearance, were almost always peculiarly overbearing in their temper towards dissentients, that they were very intolerant in their advocacy of tolerance, and very belligerent in the tone in which they urged peace. The true *animus* of the party was correctly foreshadowed by the spirit of one of its members, who appeared, a quarter of a century ago, to advocate the Peace Principles, at the bar of a dignified ecclesiastical assemblage in America, and to enlist its support for them. In his bustling labors in the lobby, he declared that christianity forbade to the individual, and to society, all violent resistance of injury ; that to retort the intended suffering on the aggressor was inconsistent with true humanity : and that all which was necessary to disarm assault, was, for everybody to practice a determined passivity and non-resisting love.—The members of the body which

he addressed were then characterized by a sturdy, old-fashioned sense, for which it has unfortunately not been since so conspicuous. They attempted to induce the ardent man to bring his principles home to his own person, in such a case as the following.—“Suppose that some son of Belial should attack you without provocation, in the absence of all legal protection, and with evident purpose of injury to life or limb : what would you do ?” “I should declare my purpose of non-resistance,” he replied, “and appeal with confidence to his conscience. It is the sight of resistance, which gives resolution to the rising impulse of aggression ; a thoroughly peaceful attitude will surely awaken the better nature of an assailant, and make him relent, before he strikes.” “Yea, but,” said they, “there are men in whom conscience and the better nature are effectually seared, who would only be encouraged by the prospect of non-resistance.”—“Still,” answered he, “I would retain my passive attitude, and display the majesty of meekness, so that it would be impossible for him actually to strike.” And these boastful words he uttered with an air of angry assumption, as foreign from his professed meekness as it was evidently adapted to provoke assault. The next day, the ecclesiastical body agreed, out of respect for the cause of humanity which he professed to advocate, to hear his views. He urged them with much warmth and self-confidence, to adopt resolutions committing themselves to his theory ; and when the objections of sober good sense were urged, flew into a furious passion, denounced his opponents, and flung himself out of the house in true fighting temper.

This incident gives a correct type of the combined ignorance of their own hearts and of other men's, and errors of reasoning, by

which this sect is infested. And it foreshadowed precisely, the fiendish temper with which they have themselves met the shock of real resistance. When they found a people who begged to be excused from the intrusions of their unauthorized meddling, and the propagation of their pet schemes of philanthropy, these peace-society men, who denounced even defensive war an inhuman crime; who—shuddered, sweet souls!—at the sight of a drop of the criminal aggressor's blood, and preferred that it should be spared even at the cost of the blood of the innocent; who were busy sending committees to the Czar as the head of the first military monarchy of Europe, to teach him how wicked bayonets were, and remonstrating with the King of Dahomey against his royal slave-hunts; these opponents of capital punishments, who, more merciful than the 'Father of Mercies,' declared that it was quite cruel that he who sheds man's blood should have his blood shed by man; these superfine sentimentalists, paused in their sanctimonious pastimes, and, almost to a man, passionately joined the clamor of the party, who demanded the extermination of their fellow citizens, for the high crimes of daring to have opinions of their own, and asserting their own prescriptive rights. It was precisely from this quarter that the loudest howl for plunder, murder, famine and conflagration came! Abundant proof this, that the ruling motive of such philanthropy is not love; but an intensely selfish love of power, mental conceit, and hunger for applause.

This phenomenon is as curious as it is mortifying to the true friend of humanity. Hence the explanation of it is interesting, and, if it can be accomplished, profitable to all such. An attempt will be made towards the explanation, by setting worldly philan-

thropy in contrast with true christianity. Although the former is perpetually borrowing the name and language of the latter, it will appear that they are contrasted in their principles; and the principles of godliness will help to explain those of the counterfeit.

Philanthropy proposes as its end, *advantage to man*. Christianity declares that *man's chief end is to glorify God, and enjoy him forever*. Its doctrine is that "God hath made all things for himself; yea, even the wicked also for the day of evil;" that "of him, and through him, and to him are all things; to whom be glory for ever and ever." Its one precept is; "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and soul, and mind, and strength; and thy neighbor as thyself."

It is very true that the humanitarians, clamorously reject this great proposition as an odious dogma. Just here, then, they and God join issue. They say that since disinterestedness is the property of every virtuous act, and selfishness is the hateful root of vice, in all other beings, it would be immoral in God, thus to propose himself as his own supreme end, and to arrogate to himself the services of all creatures, exhausting their well-being upon himself. They urge that this would be selfishness more enormous than that of sinful men, just as its claims are more vast. They exclaim that this scheme makes God the great egotist of the universe. On the contrary, they display their own scheme in enviable contrast for its disinterestedness, as making the welfare of our fellow men the chief end.

These cavils against the christian law assume that it is intrinsically wrong for a being to direct his aims to his own well-being.—But this is not true. There is a sense in which self-love is lawful, even for a creature; yea, the absence of it may be positive sin.—

There is another reason why the selfishness of fallen man is criminal : It is because a question of prior right intervenes. Our Creator puts in claims to the fruits of our existence, which are superior to all others ; and therefore it is sin to be supremely selfish, because it robs our Maker of that which we received of Him. But God is indebted to none for His existence and powers. He alone is eternal, uncaused, and independent. Obviously then, it is invalid to reason that, because, in a creature, supreme egotism would be an odious crime, therefore it would be a vice in the uncreated God. That regard for one's own well-being which, even in the creature, may be a proper subordinate end, may be in the Creator a most righteous supreme end.

But christianity can defend itself with more positive arguments upon this point. God, being immutable, is ever actuated by the same motives. But when his eternal purpose of creation and providence subsisted in his mind, "before he had made the highest part of the dust of the earth," or laid the foundations of the heavens, he must have been self-moved thereto ; for the irrefragable reason, that nothing else existed besides himself, to be a motive. Is it said that creatures, the future recipients of his beneficence, were present in thought, and were the motives of his purpose ? The reply is at hand, that they existed as yet, only in his purpose ; which purpose was the expression of his own subjective desire and impulse alone, seeing nothing but himself existed. Hence the very purpose to create creatures to be the recipients of his bounty, was simply the result of self-gratification,—none the less self-gratification, because the perfections of nature thereby indulged were infinitely benignant. But whatever was God's motive in the earliest eternity, is his motive still ; for he is

without "variableness, or shadow of turning."

When it is remembered that we are creatures, it is easily concluded, that our highest duty is to God. He is the author of our existence, our powers, our happiness, and supporter of our nature. He is our proprietor, in a sense so high that all other forms of ownership almost vanish away, when set beside God's. He is, moreover, by his own perfections, the properest object of all reverence, homage, and suitable service. So that, manifestly, it is the highest virtue in the creature, that he should offer to God the supreme tribute of his being and service. But if it is obligatory on the creature to offer this, it cannot be wrong in God to accept it.

Hence, we repeat, God's most proper ultimate end, in all His creation and government, is the gratification of His own adorable perfections in His acting. And the creature's highest duty is not chiefly to seek his own good, or that of his fellow-creatures ; but the glory of God. He is the centre, in whom originated all beings, and to whom all should tend.—His will and glory is the keystone of the whole moral order of the universe. As it was the gratification of His infinite activity which originated all creature existences, with all their powers of doing and enjoying, so it is His self-prompted desire to diffuse His infinite beneficence, which is the spring of all the well-being in the universe.—And here is the conclusive answer to the cavil which we have been discussing : How can it be selfishness in God to make the gratification of His own nature his supreme law, where that nature is infinitely unselfish, and benevolent ? In this light, the objection is seen to be of a piece with that wretched philosophizing which argues, that, because the loving mother, the sympathizing benefactor, are actuated by their own subjective

impulse, in succouring the objects of their kindness, and find pleasure in the act, therefore it is not disinterested. Common sense, as true philosophy, replies; aye, but is not the pleasure itself a pleasure in disinterestedness? What higher definition of a disinterested nature can be given, than to say that its most instinctive pleasure is in doing good?

Thus, as God's own most suitable end is the satisfaction of His own excellent perfections; so the creature's chief end is to glorify and enjoy Him. This benevolent God has, of course, given the duties of benevolence to man a large place in the law which he has enacted for men; but even in our freest acts of beneficence to our fellows, we are required to have a reference supremely to Him whose creatures they are. Love to our neighbor is to be a corollary from love to our God. We are chiefly to seek his glory in their good, as in our own; and these are always in complete harmony. Hence it follows that whenever man makes his own, or his fellows' good his chief end, he necessarily comes short of that good; and the only way to gain it, is to seek the higher end. Nor is there a paradox, when we thus say, that in order that man may truly attain his own well-being, he must truly prefer something else to it. Is it not a parallel, and an admitted truth, to say, that it is only when the virtuous man prefers some better end than applause, in his actions, that they are truly virtuous and deserving of applause? An instructive instance of this great law of our well-being is found by every one in common life. Who has not experienced this: that the days and the efforts which have been especially devoted to our own enjoyment, have usually disappointed us of enjoyment, while the days, which we devote primarily to duty, are thickly strewn with wayside flowers of unexpected pleasure?

Christian philanthropy derives its efficacy, no less than its purity, from this, that it all flows from the christian's love of his God. He is an object, who never disappoints us, who never changes nor forgets; who never shows himself forgetful or neglectful of our affectionate service; who never disgusts our efforts by unworthiness; and who has pledged the most generous reward to every true act of humanity. But if we make man our chief end, he usually shews himself, soon, unworthy to be our end. He alienates our love; he disgusts us by the follies and crimes which cruelly counteract our efforts for his good; he renders us indignant by his ingratitude. Such an idol as this can never animate us with a devotion, which will rise to the pure and enduring self-sacrifice of christian charity. Hence, if for no worse reason, worldly philanthropy is ever feeble, unsteady, evanescent.

But it is time to pursue, in turn, this part of the contrast. The latter scheme proposes as our most proper and virtuous end, not God's glory; (this would be, say they, to make God the infinite egotist) but man's good. *Advantage to man* is its highest aim. And this, the humanitarian claims, is true disinterestedness. This forbids selfishness as the ruling motive to man, as it disclaims it for God.—(Might they not as well say at once, *forbids* it to God, also; and thus disclose their real impiety?) This, therefore, they urge, is the true, the morally beautiful and amiable theory of life.

Let us see. By what logic can it be justly denied that whatever is made our highest ultimate end is practically made our God? It is nothing to the purpose that names and titles are politely exchanged, and man is still called the creature, and Jehovah the God. Virtually, the aggregate of humanity is made our true divini-

ty, by being made our moral end ; and Jehovah is only retained (if retained at all) as a sort of omnipotent expediency and Servitor to this creature-God. Further, this result is immediately seen to be involved ; that, inasmuch as the philanthropist is himself a part of this aggregate humanity, "by nature equal" to any other part, he is a part of his own God ! He himself is, in part at least, his own supreme end ! Is there no inkling of a supreme egotism here ?

But now, if humanity is our supreme end, and if this humanity is as truly embodied in one individual of the race, as in all, and if each individual is "by nature equal ;" by what valid argument shall that man be refuted in the interests of philanthropy, who shall choose to say, that he recognizes in that humanity embodied in himself, his own nearest, and most attainable end ? He may plausibly add, that nature herself sanctions this conclusion, by the powerful and instinctive principle of self-love which she has implanted ; and yet more forcibly, that since man's finite powers can only serve this aggregate humanity, by serving some individual or individuals within it, and efforts directed equally to the whole must be wholly nugatory ; and since nature has given to each man more efficient means to influence his own destiny than that of any other man, and more direct responsibility therefor, it is obvious that his truest virtue will be to seek his own personal good, in preference to that of any, or of all others ? Such is precisely the process, stated with analytic precision, which passes in an involved and semi-conscious form, through the minds of myriads of the children of this world, determining them to the supreme indulgence of selfishness. Is not this but an expansion of the process by which Hobbes, that

"Leviathan" of infidel philosophers, concluded, that the normal state of man was a contest of each individual's supreme self-love against each other's ?

And now, by what argument shall it be refuted, from the humanitarian premises ? Will men attempt it, by adopting the scheme of Jonathan Edwards, which defined virtue as "love to being in general," and required the first love to be given to the greatest aggregate of being ? Will they say that one should prefer the good of mankind to his own, because the race offers a larger aggregate of humanity than the individual ? This will hardly be ventured at this day, after the extravagant deductions of Godwin's Political Justice have displayed the absurdity of the theory. But besides ; since the devil and his angels are exceedingly numerous, and creatures majestic in natural endowments compared with man, it is probable that they present a greater aggregate of being than mankind ; whence it would follow, that we are morally bound to prefer the welfare of demons to that of men. Shall the theory be amended, then, by saying that it is the largest aggregate of virtuous being, only, which claims our preference, and first love ? Then, first, suffering humanity would share least ; because ours is a guilty and depraved race ; and usually, men's miseries (and so their need of philanthropic aid) are in proportion to their sins.—And second : since God presents immeasurably the largest aggregate of virtuous being, this leads us back to God as our supreme end ; precisely the result which the humanitarian desires to shun.

Or will the refutation of inordinate selfishness be sought from the more harmless theory of Jouffroy ; that, as the human reason, educated by experience, compares the instinctive desires of its fellow men for their personal good, with

its own, it recognizes their equality, and generalizes the law of the golden rule, as the proper moral order of the whole? The ready answer is, that if this is the moral order, then it is recognized by the pure reason as the obligatory order. But obligation implies an obligator; so that, by this process again, we are led back to God; and our virtue is made to consist in conformity to his supreme will. But, if the moral is rightfully the dominant faculty in man, does not this also make God our supreme end?

We re-affirm the charge, that on humanitarian grounds, an absolute selfishness is a logical conclusion; so that the boast of disinterestedness which they make, is found hollow; and the reproach they attempt to cast upon christianity is retorted upon themselves. It is a significant confirmation of this charge, that this egotistical conclusion has been expressly avowed by one school among those most subtle of antichristian philosophers, the German idealists. This party, asserting that the whole materials of human thought are to be formed in the data of our consciousness alone, then declare, that consciousness gives us naught but our own ideas, that what we delusively call the objective sources of our sensations and perceptions, are nothing more than the necessary limitations of our own thought and feeling.—Thus no evidence remains for the existence of an outer world of either mind or spirit distinct from the conscious self; and the only universe which remains is the something which thinks. Self, God, the world, are reduced to one; and that one is not a personal being, but an eternal impersonal power of thought. “Now,” says the German Pantheist, in the last refinements of his frightful theory; “since I, God, humanity, are one, let either God or humanity be the proper end of existence,

since these are only developed consciously to me in myself, self is the nearest and properest object to receive this supreme homage; and absolute self-gratification is my highest rational end. Whatever I happen to prefer is to me, the truest and chiefest good; whatever I happen to will, is the highest right.”

Hence the reflecting man need not be surprised to find these humanitarians, who set out with the proudest boasts of benevolence, end with the most engrossing selfishness. The highest professors of this creed have ever been the most cruel of men.

The impotency of this system for good is farther explained by comparison with another law of christian benevolence. As the latter is founded on the love of God, for its motive, and looks to a future recompense for its personal reward, so it requires the christian who “would go about doing good,” to resemble his Savior in his spirit of self-sacrifice. Says the Apostle John; “Hereby perceive we the love (of God) because he laid down his life for us; and we ought to lay down our lives for the brethren”—and Paul, suffering for God’s people, “filled up that which was behind of the afflictions of Christ, in his flesh for His body’s sake, which is the church.” It is true that to purchase atoning merit, or make satisfaction to Divine justice for others’ guilt is a high prerogative, in which the sufferings of the Son of God must be forever unapproachable. But in the lower sense, there is a true analogy between the work of the “Man of Sorrows,” when he “bare our grief, and carried our sorrows,” and the beneficence of his followers. In all their efforts to relieve human suffering christians must suffer vicariously: they can only lift off the burden of a fellow man, by bearing a part of it themselves.—Their philanthropic ministry is

destined to be, like the humiliation of their Redeemer, essentially a season of trial ; although cheered by not a few of those glimpses of solace drawn by hope from "the glory that should follow," which caused Christ, in the midst of his toils to "rejoice in spirit." The glory and blessedness are chiefly future, and are with God. Now these are the conditions of a life of true philanthropy ; and the christian's faith arms him with forces which enable him to fulfill them. But not so the philanthropy of the humanitarian. Its good element is nothing more than the natural law of sympathy. As this word indicates, this reflected emotion shares the pain by which it is excited ; but the effort to relieve that pain is also succeeded by an instinctive pleasure, which in man's imperfect heart is never wholly disinterested, but involves some elements of self-love, and appetite for applause. So it appears that the *calculated end* of all such acts of beneficence is this personal pleasure. Does one say, that sympathy also acts by an instinctive and involuntary impulse ? True ; but can an uncalculating instinct be relied on, to produce and regulate a systematic life of benevolence ? Nay verily—man will never be nerved to the habitual, sustained endurance of suffering, by an impulse to personal pleasure : it is contradiction.

One other fact remains to be mentioned, which the humanitarian studiously ignores, but which the Bible asserts. None but God can truly elevate fallen and suffering humanity. Death, and all the ills which are its foretastes, came by sin ; and sin reigns in human hearts, with a dominion which nothing but omnipotent power can break. All that human love can do is to labor with God, as humble instruments, looking and praying that he may give "the preparation of the heart,"

and lift up the sufferers by a true and permanent restoration. Moreover, if our toils are a failure as to their objects, by reason of the withholding of this sovereign agency, they cannot be a failure as to God's glory and our recompense. These are sure, whether the sufferer rise or sink, if our efforts are made in love and faith. But now, it is manifest from this great truth, as it is shown by actual experience, that *failure* must be the result of all unbelieving philanthropy, in the end. Its objects refuse to be rescued thoroughly ; or they sink again. In asserting this, we take our stand upon the field of history, and boldly ask ; where is the human device for the amelioration of man's sin and misery, which has not terminated, sooner or later, in failure ? Where is the form of liberal government, the moral reform society, the temperance society, the agency of civilization, which has accomplished its work, and preserved it ? But when this worldly philanthropy fails, as fail it must, what is to solace its mortification, its disappointed self-love, its indignation at the unworthiness of its objects ?

Another application of the fact of human depravity remains ; it affects the philanthropists themselves, as well as their objects.—Their justice, benevolence, and sympathy are imperfect fragments amidst the ruins of their fallen nature. These ruins, none but God can reconstruct ; and this he does through the grace revealed in christianity. The discussion has hitherto been conducted upon the assumption claimed by the humanitarians, that the motives prompting their intervention were innocent ; and all that has been hitherto urged is their insufficiency. But this is not the whole of the argument. God's infallible truth declares that all men, the philanthropists and the sufferers, the philosophers and their pupils, are

fallen creatures ; that true righteousness is overpowered in them by sin, that the partial good impulses which remain as the reliques of paradise are inferior and weak, and that the various elements of selfishness are in the ascendant in every unregenerate will. Partial impulses of social affection, of generosity, of sympathy, of honor, illuminate in different degrees the natures of these men ; and far be it from us to deny their sincerity, but they are not in the permanent ascendant. Sin is the ruler and tyrant of all natural hearts. Now, if these things are indeed so, and the humanitarians obstinately refuse to admit them, their blindness to the nature of their own motives only aggravates their recklessness, and the danger of mischief. Is their intervention for their suffering fellow men prompted by genuine sympathy ? Let it be admitted ; but this principle is unstable ; and so surely as they are men, the other principles, love of power, love of applause, conceit, pride, ambition, self-righteousness, or some of them, are mingled in some ratio, in every beneficent action. Let the unworthiness or ingratitude of the objects, or mortification of failure, or opposition concerning the methods of benevolence, supervene, and how easily, how naturally, do the movements of philanthropy slide into those of the malignant emotions. Thus is generated the monster, fanaticism ; in which all that remains of the beneficent purpose is a pretext, to blind the mind of the fanatic to the true nature of his emotions, and to sanctify to himself all their enormities. The cold and glittering enthusiasm of the imagination is combined with the malignant passions of self-display, lust of power, and hatred ; and the whole, borrowing the sacred name of philanthropy, goes forth upon its destroying career.

The true character of this fanaticism may be disclosed by easy tests. If love were the true spring of its pretended zeal, that benignant emotion ought to display itself consistently, in the general life, and especially in the daily practiced duties of home and family, which should hold the first place in every healthy conscience. But when the private life of your fiery declaimer against social wrongs is examined, it is usually found to be characterized by domestic harshness, injustice and selfishness ; his wife, his children, his servants, feel little of that abounding beneficence which he delights to ventilate abroad concerning the wrongs of the distant and unknown. On the other hand, the men of practical kindness, who actually exercise a generous and self-denying benevolence, in that home-sphere, where benevolence is most practicable, are seldom found among these self-constituted assertors of the wrongs of humanity. Moreover ; let any individual among the pretended objects of his sympathy be brought to their own door, and thrown upon this actual help ; he will be very likely to find it a most unsubstantial dependence. The fiery philanthropist will speedily teach him that while he is very willing to gratify his malice by scolding his opponents, or his pride by parading his benevolence, he has little thought of sacrificing either his own money or convenience for the sufferer.

From this position, the mischievous and corrupting effects of preached crusades against organized social systems which are supposed to be evil, receives a facile explanation. Christianity and its true ministers make it their main business to address the individual ; and their topics are his own duties and sins. They separate him, they tell him his spiritual necessities ; they say : 'Thou art the man : ' they teach him to make

his own spiritual amendment his chief care. Thus, by sanctifying each individual, human society is effectually regenerated; and organic evils easily disappear. But when once the pulpit is perverted to declaim habitually against the public sins of communities, and to agitate for their reform, the individual is encouraged to lose sight of his own errors, (the only ones he is responsible for, or able to reform,) and to occupy himself with the wrong-doings of others. But these are of course, painted in constant contrast with his own rectitude; so that this preaching, instead of inculcating humility and sanctity, is nothing but a ministration of spiritual pride, arrogance, and hatred. And hence its popularity. It is much more agreeable to an evil heart, to be reminded of its own superior excellence, and to be invited to the work of reviling its opponents, than to be summoned to the toils of self-discipline, the mortifications of personal contrition, and the crucifixion of carnal affections.

CÆSAR AND CLEOPATRA.

BY J. AUGUSTINE SIGNAIGO.

Queen of Egypt, I am leaving—
 I must tear myself away,
 Else the magic of thy grieving
 Still would bind me to thy sway.
 Farewell, charmer, I am going
 From the dark mysterious Nile;
 Where I know enchantment's flowing
 To ensnare me in thy smile.

In an uncontrolling madness,
 I would plunge in the abyss
 For a moment of pure gladness—
 Die on Cleopatra's kiss.
 From this pomp, oh, queen, so regal
 I must rush across the foam;
 I must not desert the Eagle,
 Nor forgetful be of Rome.

Ah! thou'st cut beyond the healing,
 It has reached my inmost soul;
 Siren! what is all this feeling
 Over which I've no control?
 Where, oh! where's my steel-clad armor?
 Must I manhood thus deprave?
 By the gods! I'll yield not, charmer—
 Never yield to be thy slave!

Oh! but this is madness, blindness!
 I will every heart-throb quell;
 Burst through this Plutonian kindness,
 And the magnet of thy spell.

What, ho there ! bring up my legions ;
 Let me hear the thundering drums—
 I will leave these haunted regions—
 Tell my men their leader comes !

Queen, farewell—this triumph's grander
 Than Pharsalia's day of fame,
 Macedonian Alexander
 Can no greater victory claim.
 Sorceress ! now I leave thy blisses,
 And I tear me from thy wiles,
 Incantations and thy kisses,
 And the magic of thy smiles.

Once more on the field of duty,
 Thy enchantments I defy ;
 Rome has conquered o'er thy beauty,
 Sweet incantatrice, good-bye !
 Helmsman, steer the galleys foamward,
 Toward the Capitolian dome :
 Shout, for we are sailing homeward,
 To our own imperial Rome.

MEMPHIS, Tenn., Oct. 1866.

THE MINERAL WEALTH OF VIRGINIA.

The proud old Commonwealth, to a greater extent than most of her sister States, sacrificed her material wealth in our late struggle for political freedom, but she has lost nothing in honor, and dignity, and self-respect. Her social system, has been broken up, her cities have been burned, the dwellings of her people have been pillaged, and their fields laid waste ; but despair is nowhere seen depicted upon the countenances of her sons. With character and moral wealth untarnished, with courage still left to rise above misfortunes, with their physical energies developed and strengthened by the hardships and self-denials imposed upon them by the late war, they are ready for any and every effort to restore prosperity to their native State.

Virginia has yet within herself fountains of almost unlimited ma-

terial, as well as moral power.—With unsurpassed agricultural resources in her soils, naturally fertile, and generally capable of the highest degree of cultivation ; with extensive stores of mineral fertilizers, a mild and salubrious climate, facilities for extending lines of transportation in every direction, she possesses means for progress in agriculture, not surpassed by those of any other State on this continent. Then the countless streams that run among the hills and mountains of every part of the State above tide-water, afford a motive power for machinery, not simply sufficient to make this one of the first manufacturing regions of the world, but sufficient, if need be, to work every mill now in operation from Maine to Texas. Again, there are treasures of almost fabulous value, hidden beneath almost every hill and moun-

tain and valley within the limits of the State.

With so many elements of strength in her productive fields, in her running streams, in her inexhaustible mines, and, above all, in the character of her sons, Virginia, we firmly believe, is destined to work out for herself a glorious future—to attain a position of wealth, and honor, and influence heretofore unknown.

But we must not open for our discussion too wide a field. It would require volumes to present, in all their fulness and extent, the various topics above suggested. We must therefore, pass most of them without further notice, and confine what we have to say at present, to a single subject of special interest—"The mineral wealth of Virginia." Here, too, we must limit ourselves to a mere sketch—giving only a sort of "Index Rerum," to direct the attention of our readers to the chief *localities*, the *extent* and the *value* of the vast mineral deposits which the hand of Providence has bestowed so lavishly upon this favored State.

GEOLOGICAL OUTLINE.

We cannot very easily give either clearness or point to our sketch of the numerous and extensive mines we propose to bring in review, without giving, in the first place, a brief out-line of the geological structure of the territory over which our investigations extend. We therefore request the reader to open a map of Virginia, and trace out the lines by which we shall divide the State into several very general, but very natural zones, each of which is characterized by peculiar geological, and consequently, by mineralogical features. On this part of our subject we shall be as brief as possible.—Let us begin on the eastern side of the State.

1. Suppose a line drawn almost directly south from Stafford, through Fredericksburg and Rich-

mond to Petersburg, then bearing west of south to pass into North Carolina in the direction of Raleigh; such a line may be regarded as marking out in a general way, the western boundary of what is known to geologists as the "Tertiary Formation," as far as it is developed in this State, while on the other hand the shores of the Atlantic Ocean form its eastern limit. Prof. Rogers says; "various beds of clay and sand, nearly horizontal in position, abounding in fossil shells, and the remains of large marine animals, form the characteristic strata of this division of the State, while occasional bands of iron ore, and beds of green sand, and a small portion of gypsum, occurring in connection with one of the fossiliferous deposits of the region, are among its other materials of value." But above all other mineral deposits (in point of value) found in this, which we shall call our "Eastern Section," are the immense beds of shell-marl, which by their application to the soil have redeemed many sections of the country from hopeless sterility, and have "turned the wilderness into a fruitful field."

2. That portion of the State west of the line above described, and that part of the Potomac lying between Stafford and Alexandria; and having the Blue Ridge for its western limit, we shall regard as a second zone, and call it the "Piedmont section." This extensive region rests upon rocks which are generally stratified, and most of which are closely related to each other in many particulars, but all of which differ essentially from the Tertiary strata of the Eastern section. They belong to the oldest of the stratified rocks—the first formed in the geological history of our globe. The subterranean forces, by which these rocks have been thrown up from their originally horizontal position, have so acted as to break

them by lines of fissure running nearly parallel with the general line of the Blue Ridge; and so as to leave the upturned strata with various degrees of inclination, dipping sometimes South-eastward and sometimes North-eastward; but over the greater part of this section, embracing the Blue Ridge itself, the dip (or slope) is in a S. E. direction.

The lowest rocks of this section are gneiss, mica-slate, talc-slate, &c.,—all doubtless deposited by water, but so modified subsequently by heat, as to be called “metamorphic rocks.” Those deposited at a later period, and not subjected so directly to the influence of the internal heat of the earth, but still somewhat modified by that agency, are called “semi-metamorphic rocks.” In the further prosecution of our subject we shall find these rocks to be the storehouse of some of the richest, and most remarkable veins of metallic ores, to be found any where in the world. The same zone widens as it passes across N. C., and embraces the richest mineral deposits of that State.

3. Another natural division of Virginia, no less remarkable, and perhaps more interesting, than the one just described, has the Western base of the Blue Ridge for its boundary on the one side, and a somewhat broken, but nearly parallel ridge on the other side, called in different parts, “North,” “Walker’s” and “Clinch” mountains, and extending from the Potomac, near the N. W. corner of Berkeley county, to the Tennessee line near where it is crossed by Holston river. This we shall denote as the “Valley section;” and we hope to be able to show that it possesses many points of great interest, apart from its important connection with the history of the late war.

The rocks underlying the greater part of the valley are *limestone*. They are of very ancient date in

geological history, but much more recent than the rocks of the “Piedmont section,” and abound in marine fossils. The strata here have been dislocated, upheaved and tossed about in the most wonderful manner; but they have been made by the hand of Providence, the repository of almost boundless stores of mineral wealth.

4. All that region lying between the “Valley section,” and the somewhat undefined and ill-defined boundary of “West Virginia,” (so-called,) will form our “Western section”—the western limit of the area we propose to explore. Here we have a series of mountain ranges formed chiefly of sandstones and slates (or shales,) with some tolerably extensive beds of limestone and coal. Here nature seems to have put forth her hand, to mingle the sublime and beautiful in the most striking proportions, as if to call off our attention from the desert barrenness which characterizes many parts of this rugged region.

THE MINERALS CLASSIFIED.

For the sake of system and clearness, we shall observe, as far as possible, a uniform order in our examination of the minerals of value, found in the several sections of the State, above defined. A general classification will, therefore, be of service in attaining the end we have in view. The arrangement here given has not been adopted, because of any relation the several classes have to each other in a scientific point of view, but with reference to what seems to be the relative economic value of each at the present time. We shall, therefore, treat them in the following order:

1. *Metallic Ores*; Such as those of iron, gold, copper, lead, &c.
2. *The Coals*—Bituminous, semi-bituminous and anthracite.
3. *Mineral Fertilizers*; as lime, marl, green sand, gypsum, &c.

4. *Building Material*; such as is used for architectural and engineering purposes.

5. *Other Minerals*; useful in the arts and manufactures.

THE ORES.

Iron. From whatever point of view we look at the ores of Virginia—whether with reference to their general importance, their abundance, or their local value—those yielding iron stand out as the most conspicuous in the rich and varied catalogue we have before us. It would require no labored effort to show, that, for variety of form, for extent of distribution, and for quantity and quality, the iron ores of this State are not surpassed by those of any other part of this continent. We are confident that this point will be fully established, even by the general review we are able to give of the numerous mines already explored. We shall show, that of the four general sections into which we have divided the State, all except the eastern abound in rich and extensive iron mines; and even the Eastern section itself has very considerable deposits of this metal, which many believe may be made profitable at some future day; but for the present we shall pass these by without further notice.

In the "Piedmont section" there are two belts, lying nearly parallel with each other and with the line of the Blue Ridge, both of which abound in iron ores of the finest quality. One of these lies a little below the range of the Southwest mountain, and occupies portions of the counties of Fairfax, Prince William, Stafford, Spottsylvania, Louisa, Goochland, Fluvanna, Buckingham, Appomattox, Campbell, Halifax and Pittsylvania, touching also upon the borders of some other counties.—The ores found in this belt are both hematites (hydrated peroxide of iron) and the magnetic or

black oxide. These varieties yield from 50 to 85 per centum of metal and are easily reduced. In several of the counties above named, furnaces have been successfully worked in past times; and all that is now wanting to make the manufacture of iron profitable here, as well as in many other parts of the State, is a convenient and economical supply of fuel. But, as several of these counties border on the James River Canal, not very remote from the great Richmond coal field, there is much reason to hope and believe that the modern improvements in working furnaces with bituminous coal, will soon be introduced into this section of Virginia, and make these extensive mines, now idle, a source of great profit to their owners, and of wealth to the State.

The second belt of iron ore in this section lies nearer the base of the Blue Ridge than the one above described. It, too, follows the direction of the geological lines of the State as pointed out by the ranges of mountains. The developments of ore in this belt are seen to some extent, in all the counties lying along the S. E. base of the Blue Ridge, from Loudon to Patrick; and in most of these counties rich and extensive mines could be opened at but little cost. Magnetic ore of the finest quality, much of which can be wrought directly into bar-iron with an ordinary forge fire, abounds throughout this whole region. In Bedford and Amherst counties, both bordering on the canal and on lines of railroad, these ores may be made available, whenever the capital and labor of the State resume their normal positions and functions. Our friend Col. J. M. McCue, of Augusta county, says in a private letter, in regard to the developments of this ore in Amherst and Nelson; "At a number of points the ore crops out in large, distinct and well defined ledges. It is,

near the surface mixed with sand, but from experiments already made by the 'Rosa Lee' iron company of this county (Augusta,) there can be readily smelted from the ore, bar-iron of the *best quality*, possessing tenacity, ductility and hardness, and most admirably adapted to the manufacture of steel. The larger part of it is near enough to rail and water transportation to make it valuable. Besides the magnetic, there are some large deposits of hematite ore in Amherst of good quality, and if not convenient to timber, it is sufficiently near to water transportation to enable the use of coal in its manufacture."

There are other subordinate deposits of iron in this extensive and important section of the State, some of which, like that in Powhatan county, are in close proximity to the coal field, and have a prospective value which cannot now be determined.

An interesting geological feature of this section, and one of the highest importance in working furnaces, is the existence of several extensive deposits of limestone, one of which traverses the State from N. E. to S. W. passing through Fauquier, Culpepper, Orange, Albemarle, along the line of James River from the corner of Albemarle to a point a short distance below Lynchburg, thence across Campbell and other counties into North Carolina.

When we cross the Blue Ridge into the valley, as soon as we reach the western base of the mountain—in many places before we reach the base—we come upon one of the finest belts of iron ore in the world. It is found chiefly in a heavy stratum of brown shale lying between the sandstone which forms the western slope of the mountain, and the extensive limestone formation, that gives character to the beautiful and fertile valley beyond. It passes entirely across the State from Harper's

Ferry to the Tennessee line—not forming one continuous deposit, or stratum of ore, but making extensive and somewhat irregular deposits of fine hematite at short intervals throughout the whole distance. These have been extensively worked in Rockingham, Augusta, Rockbridge, Botetourt, Roanoke, Floyd, Carroll and Grayson. For fine foundry work, the metal from this region is regarded as of superior quality. Many of the furnaces, however, have been long idle for want of fuel, and from other causes.

Numerous veins of superior ore are also found in the limestone of the valley, and some of them have been worked very profitably, and produced metal of the best quality for the manufacture of bar-iron; but the want of fuel is now a serious obstacle in the way of making these mines available.

The "Western section" which we have marked out also abounds in rich and extensive deposits of this important metal. Here, too, as in other parts of the State, we find the lines of ore-veins following the geological lines of elevation and depression, as marked out by the courses of the mountains. They are found along the western base of the North mountain, and along the bases of several ridges farther west, having the same geological structure as the North mountain. Such cases of similarity in the geology of two regions, has often pointed to the probable existence of valuable minerals in the one, even long before they were discovered, because of their having been previously discovered in the other. The hematite ores have been found here in great profusion, and of the richest quality. Some valuable fossil ores are also found in the same region. These several varieties yield from 65 to 85 per cent. of superior metal.

Furnaces have been supplied from the mines along this belt for

the greater part of a century.—The scene of their operations embraces the western parts of Frederick, Shenandoah, Rockingham, Augusta, Rockbridge and Botetourt counties, with several localities in Bath and Alleghany.—Wherever the ore of this formation is found, there is a contiguous stratum of excellent limestone easily quarried. The recent opening of some promising veins of coal in this region presents a most flattering prospect for the future.

Far to the South-west, in Tazewell, Scott and Lee, iron and coal lie side by side in great abundance, awaiting lines of transportation with capital and en-

terprise to make them of enormous value.

We cannot dwell longer upon this part of our subject, and shall only add, that more than half the counties of Virginia are said to have iron ores in sufficient quantities to be profitably worked, wherever the requisite supply of fuel can be obtained; and if the James River and Kanawha Canal ever penetrates the vast coal deposits of the great Kanawha valley, it will bring the fuel and ores of the State together in such abundance, that Virginia may yet become the successful rival of Pennsylvania in the production of iron.

TO BE CONTINUED.

RIMMER.

I stand before thee, Rimmer,
And as thy chosen wife;
Give your honor to my keeping,
As I give my own to thee.

Wind no rosy veil about me,
My actual self to hide;
As a Real—not Ideal—
Look upon your future bride.

You smile at my odd fancies—
Smile—but know me as I am,
Or our voices ne'er can mingle
In the holy marriage psalm.

You flatter me, gay Rimmer,
You call my eyes sky bright!
Have you seen the blue skies darken
At falling of the night?

You vow my cheeks are petals
From living roses rent;
Ah, the roses wither, Rimmer,
When the summer shine is spent!

There! my unbound hair you're calling
Golden eddies of the morn!

Do you know the dawn-waves whiten
When the yellow sun is gone?

If you love me, if you trust me,
Erring human, as you see;
Give your honor to my keeping,
As I give my own to thee.

My life I cast before thee,
Its pages lie unclaspt;
Read from Alpha to Omega,
Judge the future by the past.

Can'st thou mete as I have measured
Truth as boundless as the sea?
Speak! my heart will not be broken—
Ha! 'tis glorious to be free!

Oh, forgive me, wayward Rimmer!
No love nor faith I lack;
But the wedding robes are holy
As the coffin's solemn black!

Our souls are God's, not ours—
My heart is all I bring;
Lift me higher, Royal lover!
I crown thee—Oh, my King!

J. M. P.

TWELVE MONTHS IN SPAIN.

JOURNEY TO MADRID.

We take our seats in the diligence at Bayonne—our party of two unencumbered young Americans. Twenty miles, through the picturesque scenery of the Basque, over the slopes of the Pyrenees and along the shore of Biscay's sleepless Bay, will bring us to the frontier of Spain.

Within a few hours ride of Spain! It were not possible to tell our emotions at this near prospect of the enchanted land, where the Carthaginian and Roman, the Goth and Moor, have met and mingled in mortal fray. We gave a loose rein to our imaginations, and dreamed over again all that song or romance had told us of fair women and brave men in the region whither ten stout mules, under whip and spur, were rapidly carrying us.

"But there's many a slip
Between the cup and the lip."

We pass through the dirty streets of a small dirty village.—Our diligence draws up in front of the French custom-house on the banks of the Bidassoa—a streamlet that divides France and Spain. There is the promised land in full view. The surroundings are all enrapturing—the mountains on our left, the restless waters of Biscay on our right, while the ground beneath our feet and the hills on every side are famous in warlike story. We have, however, but a moment to enjoy the scene and to think of history, when our eager expectations are rudely dashed with disappointment. An officer examines our passports—that abomination of European traveling—a shake of his head, a shrug of his shoulders, a few words of bad French, told us

something was wrong. What was the matter? Our passports had not been properly viséed at Bayonne. We had omitted to pay some official a few francs, who lived by writing his name on passports. We explained and protested that we were neither smugglers nor refugees leaving France for crime—but honest gentlemen seeking pleasure in Spain. The omission, at the worst, was merely formal. We offered to pay at the frontier what we should have paid at Bayonne, in the hope that the chance of pocketing the money for himself would tempt him to let us pass. But in vain. We must go back to Bayonne and get the regular visé. Here was a provoking fix. The diligence would not return to Bayonne till next day.—The village, we were rather surlily told by the custom-house official, had not so much as an accommodation in the way of an inn—far less in the shape of any means of getting us back to Bayonne. So there we were—emptied out, bag and baggage, into the streets. Our diligence crossed the wooden bridge over the Bidassoa and went on its way rejoicing, while we, forgetful of dead heroes or live dark-eyed beauties, were brought much to that practical turn of mind which a fellow feels who finds himself suddenly put out of a railway train.

We must do something. So we walked back very downcast to the miserable village. We soon had a crowd around us, on which, however, our small stock of Spanish and French, our signs and gesticulations were wasted. We understood nobody, and nobody understood us. The Basque provinces, in the heart of which we then

were, speak a hideous mongrel jargon utterly unintelligible to everybody but natives. Indeed the barbarous people have a tradition, that the devil himself, who, whatever else he may be, is no fool, studied their language seven years and was able to master only three words. In the midst of our perplexity to make known our straits, a tall savage-looking man presented himself and muttered a few words of murderous English. Never did the accents of our mother tongue sound so grateful as when stammered over by this Basque peasant. Our interpreter's life had been eventful, at least, for a Basque, who are a kind of people that rarely wander beyond the Pyrenees. He had a long while before we saw him found his way to Boston, where he had employed himself for five years in the ice business and gathered together enough money to carry him back to his native village—the cynosure of neighboring eyes. He had been returned home about seven years, and had not met with any person, beside ourselves, on whom he could exercise his English. He and his fellow villagers were kind to us, and exerted themselves to secure our return to Bayonne that same day.

And now a word or two upon this singular people among whom we were forced to spend a few hours. The Basques are republican in ideas and in manners.—They hold to a universal nobility among men, and claim that birth alone, in the Basque districts, entitles a man to their natural peerage and glorious privilege of equality. This imparts to their character a certain independence, which readily finds a fellow-feeling among Americans. Our interpreter told us, with an evident purpose to compliment the Grand Republic as well as he knew how, that next to his own country he preferred ours. For the rest, they

are said to be a brave, hardy, industrious race, boorish in manners, low in mental culture, and much given to superstitious practices; among which is that of offering yearly oblations of corn and bread to the manes of the dead.

And now, too, as we have been put to the trouble of coming back to Bayonne, I will say a word about that place, which I had not intended to do. Beautiful for situation on the Bay of Biscay, Bayonne, like almost every town in Europe, is memorable for its sieges and battles; in one of which some Basques stuck their knives into the muzzles of their muskets; and thus gave the idea of the *bayonet* (from *Bayona*—the Basque name for Bayonne)—the most irresistible weapon of modern warfare.

We take our seats again in the diligence at Bayonne, all the wiser, and our purses a trifle lighter, for the mishap of the day before. We again pass the village where the good Basque folks had been kind to us—we again drew up in front of the French custom-house—our passports are again scrutinized, found all right, and we enter Spain without further let or hindrance.

Ismo, conspicuous on its hill, just beyond the frontier, is our first station. Here we rest a few hours, while we go through the ordeal of custom-house examination, ere we start on our three days' journey to the capital. And let us despatch that journey quick. For, except the novelty of new scenes, new faces, and new customs, which we shall find more time to delineate hereafter, it had no more of interest or incident than a three days' journey anywhere else. And yet we had one cause of excitement, not to say of alarm, which, as it is common to every traveler in Spain, might as well be disposed of in this place once for all.

We had heard, before reaching Spain, many stories of robbers,

which, mixed up in our imaginations with what we had read in Gil Blas, and with what the Spaniards themselves are always marvellously speaking to strangers, kept us constantly on the *qui vive* for an encounter with these bandits. Sometimes, when we were told of the delicate consideration and courtly chivalry with which they practiced their lawless occupation, we almost sighed for an adventure, counting our worldly goods but dross for the sake of the romance of the thing. But then, anon, we saw a sight on the wayside, which reminded us uncomfortably of far off home and friends, that we might never meet again! Every few miles, all along the road, was a rough-hewn pillar of stone, whereon were engraved the ominous words. "Here they killed Anthony," or Matthew or Joseph, as the name of the unfortunate victim might be. It meant, as our Spanish traveling companions solemnly and frequently told us, that on these spots the robbers had done their bloody work. The

intelligence gave unpleasant emphasis to the tales of horror to which we had to listen. We were yet green in Spain. We knew not the passion of the Spaniard for the marvellous, nor understood the easy credulity with which he realizes as present to himself what belongs to a by-gone age and troublous times. The custom, indeed, of memorializing the particular localities of highway murder, tends powerfully to feed their appetite for lying wonders. Earth affords no safer country for the traveler than Spain, if my own experience be worth anything.—For twelve months, by day and by night, along highways and byeways, in company and alone, I wandered among her people without harm from the robbers.

On the evening of the third day from Ismo, sore but sound in body and bones, we rested quietly in our hotel, which overlooked that great central heart of Madrid, called, in the oriental grandiloquence of the Spaniards, "The Gate of the Sun."

NORTHERN PRISON LIFE.*

NARRATIVE OF A YOUNG CAPTAIN OF INFANTRY.

I propose to write an account of what I saw and suffered, in common with many soldiers and officers who by the fortunes of war, became prisoners of war, to the U. S. forces, at the disastrous battle of Gettysburg. The details of that memorable conflict now belong to history, and any repetition or enumeration of them here, would manifestly be a work of supererogation, and I shall therefore refrain from trespassing upon the reader's indulgence, sufficing

it only to remark, that towards the close of the third day's strife, I received two wounds, and in a state of semi-consciousness, was borne to an improvised hospital directly in rear of our lines, where having received some slight attention I was transferred to the "division hospital" several miles in rear of Gettysburg. Here I was tenderly cared for, and having received every possible courtesy and attention that the circumstances admitted, amid "shrieks of the wounded, and groans of the dying" laid me down to sleep, and

* Continued from our last number.

in a state of blissful oblivion to every thing past and present, was soon absorbed in golden dreams, of at least "*sixty days leave*" and its consequent train of enjoyment, when the Potomac should have been safely crossed, and we securely lodged within the walls of Richmond. Alas! the vanity of human hopes! the frailty of human expectations! Before the smoke of three days conflict had cleared away from the slopes of Gettysburg, the Army of Northern Virginia was in full line of march for the Potomac, preceded by a portion of its vast and unwieldy baggage train, to which it was my fortune in common with many others to be consigned. By means of some misadventure or neglect, which I do not design to impute, nor pretend to attach to any definite source, the enemy received intelligence in regard to our movements, which enabled them to make every preparation and to take every precaution, necessary to apprehend, and intercept the advance of our column. On the night of the 4th of July, 1863, our slender escort was compelled to give way before the vastly superior forces of General Kilpatrick, and seeing no other alternative possible, but that of submission, we resigned ourselves to the inexorable decrees of a predestined fate, with as much of resignation and dignity, as the nature of the circumstances and the peculiar surroundings admitted, nor were we kept long in abeyance. Down came Kilpatrick's legions, thundering on our rear, and we soon found ourselves safely transferred to the protecting folds of the Stars and Stripes, and the protecting sabres of several thousand cavalymen, some of whom gave vent to their loyalty and patriotism, in superb displays of Fallstaffian chivalry, while others, in the true spirit of magnanimous foes, seemed disposed to commiserate our misfortune, and to ex-

tend to us all practical generosity and courtesy, consistent with the relations existing between captor and captive. "Soon we were faced to the rear, and the road cleared for General Kilpatrick, who made his appearance, attended by a numerous suite, all of whom seemed to be animated and actuated by that spirit of servility which is so widely to be distinguished from submission, and that spirit of sycophancy which is so far removed from subordination, that in all my observations of Federal soldiers, and discipline, I could not fail to observe and remark it. Indignities and insults which would have at any time, produced a mutiny in the Army of Northern Virginia were here submitted to with passive resignation, as part of the sacrifices required from soldiers and patriots. To be kicked and cursed by an officer, was the highest tribute to worth and valor. To be pommelled and cudgelled, as Frederick of Prussia used to do the material which constituted that magnificent army, which vanquished in a seven years struggle the legions of continental Europe combined, was a transcendent distinction, more honorable than the scars of Gettysburg. And if he approached the presence of a superior, it was with a servility, and obsequiousness of demeanor, that "Uriah Heep," might have aspired to emulate.— This, however, was probably to be attributed to a different course of training. It must be conceded that the discipline of the Federal armies was *excellent*, perhaps unsurpassed. And we merely allude to this, as one of its distinctive features, as contrasted with our own. "Our column soon resumed its line of march, and after a weary day's travel, we lodged for the night upon the battle field of South Mountain, memorable in all future history for a resistance unequalled and unparalleled, since

the days of Marathon and Thermopylae. The next day found us comfortably lodged in the elegant and commodious hospital at Frederick city, where we remained for six weeks. I should be sadly recreant to every sentiment, to every emotion of gratitude and of justice, should I fail to bear most cheerful and ample testimony to the uniform courtesy, delicacy, and utter absence of every thing calculated in the most remote degree, to wound the most sensitive nature, or to affect the most refined sensibilities, which uniformly characterized our intercourse official and otherwise, with all with whom we were brought in contact during our sojourn at this hospital. We shall always revert to it, as the "bright side" of our imprisonment, and as it is to be our endeavor *faithfully* in this article to pursue a strictly medium course, inclining to neither extreme, impelled and animated by no sentiments of resentment, recrimination, partisan prejudice, or sectional animosity, adhering undeviatingly to the principle "nothing extenuate, or ought set down in malice," we shall omit *no* opportunity which is justified by a rigid adherence to the great aim and end of all history, and all narration—*truth*—to chronicle in full, every instance of clemency, magnanimity, and generous, chivalric moderation, which characterized our intercourse, however insignificant or inconsiderable. And adhering to this principle, we cannot in justice fail to notice the spirit of liberality, of unselfish, noble devotion which characterized the action of the "sisters of charity" towards all our officers and soldiers, so far as our own observation and experience extended. The annals of this war record not an example of more self sacrificing, untiring devotion. Never appearing to weary in their labors of benevolence and charity, they ministered with indefatiga-

ble zeal to the necessities of the sick, the wounded and the dying, obtruding no religious dogmas, manifesting none of the proselytizing element, and evincing no desire or disposition to gain converts. Like legions of ministering angels they hovered around the wounded, the afflicted, and the dying, indulgent to their every caprice, their every whim and humor, all distinctions of rank, all issues of party, all feelings of sectionalism, seeming to be banished and dispelled, when the great interests of suffering humanity appealed to them for aid and relief.

With them there was no creed, with them there was no sect, no faction, with them there was neither "*rebel*" nor federal, but actuated by "one generous, honest thought for *common* good," every energy, every faculty, was made to subserve this one end, this one great object. "And in the course of my observations of Northern society, I could not fail to notice, and in justice to the Catholic Church, cannot fail to chronicle, the *very marked* spirit of christian liberality, and enlightened toleration, which characterized this Church. And the marked and splendid contrast in which this appeared in the reflected light of the lurid and glaring fanaticism of other denominations was only calculated to render it more striking and impressive."—For though it was a prominent, it was a solitary and isolated exception.

And despite our protestant affiliations and prejudices, a sense of even handed justice constrains us frankly to admit, that that religion, which in the midst of general corruption, frenzy, and fanaticism, maintains its original purity, untarnished and unsullied by the vitiating influences which surround it on every side, which demonstrates its *faith* by its works, which appeals to the *heart*, and not the *intellect*, which deals in

realities, and not in metaphysical abstractions, about which the vast mass of mankind know nothing, and care less, and above all, a religion which excels pre-eminently, in *charity*, the material substratum, the fundamental element of *all* religion, and without which there can exist no *true* religion, certainly has claims to our regard, if not reverence. And it is perhaps to this fact, that the extension, the power, and the success, of this mighty institution, this connecting link between the ancient and modern world, is to be attributed, which after four centuries of opposition and combination is to day *several millions* stronger than all the protestant sects of the world combined.*—Nor do the signs of the times indicate any diminution of her accustomed energy, zeal, and vigor. Trusting to the magnanimity of the reader to pardon this elaborate digression, which is justified in accordance with the line of policy we propose, we resume the thread of our narrative, and ask the reader to transfer himself in imagination to the "Monumental city," where we found ourselves on the 10th of August, just six weeks subsequent to our capture, and were soon stored away in the 3d story of "West Building Hospital." We shall endeavor to preserve a *strict* impartiality. But a moment's glance sufficed to convince us, that with our transfer to Baltimore, a "change indeed had come over the spirit of our dream." We were no longer in Frederick. We heard no longer the noiseless tread, the gentle subdued tones of the good sisters, who ministered to our necessities, and lived only lives of sacrifice, devotion, and charity, looking forward to a more enduring inheritance, to diadems and crowns of glory, which should never fade away.

We no longer were the recipients of that bland, and chivalric courtesy, official and private, which had been our portion at Frederick, and for the time almost caused us to forget that we were enemies.—Every thing had undergone a marvellous transformation, a wondrous change, and a change *not* for the better. "West Building Hospital" was formerly an immense warehouse, which had been metamorphosed into a hospital, for the soldiers of both armies. Situated in the lower part of the city, in the immediate vicinity of the docks and shipping, it enjoyed the unrestricted and undisturbed benefit of the noisome and poisonous winds and gases, which arose from the water and the vicinity of the docks immediately surrounding. It would have been almost a matter of impossibility to have selected a locality better calculated from its mere *external* surroundings, to generate and perpetuate every form of disease, and noisome pestilence. But the half has not been told. On entering this enormous, extemporized hospital, into which the pure, refreshing breezes found no entrance, and from which the sun's genial influence was sedulously excluded, the all pervading gloom and torpor, would first impress the beholder that by some unaccountable mistake, he had gotten into some vast prison, perhaps one of the dungeons of the Inquisition, like that which Edgar A. Poe so vividly describes in his thrilling story of the "Pit and Pendulum," instead of a place of rest and comfort for the wounded and the weary, of both nations to repose together in tranquil serenity. We remained here seven *miserable* weeks, and we have always reverted to this portion of our existence with a sentiment of profound gratitude, for our gracious deliverance, yet at the same time with a feeling of instinctive horror, like some somnambulist awak-

*See Macauley on "Ranke's History of the Popes."

ened upon the very brink of a frightful precipice, or the unfortunate victim of night-mare just aroused from a terrible, desperate, but unavailing struggle with what appeared hopeless, irresistible destruction. The surgeon who attended us, was an Elder in the Presbyterian Church (North,) and omitted no opportunity of ventilating his peculiar views, for the reclaiming of us "heretics," into the fold of the faithful. If we had confided to his professional skill, and diligent attendance for our recovery from wounds which became more and more aggravated, the longer we remained in "West Building," we should have this day, been quietly sleeping in Baltimore Cemetery. The food and nourishment provided here for the sick and wounded was *limited* in quantity, and of a character by no means calculated to tempt the most vitiated and depraved appetite, and even of this miserable pittance, of our own personal knowledge we can assert, that a certain proportion per diem, was abstracted by the nurses for their individual benefit. A composition of coarse meal, dignified with the name of "mush," and mixed with a certain amount of refuse molasses, which could not be disposed of in the markets, and was consequently "bought up" by hospital agents for our recreation, and improving the tone of our stomachs, with a limited ration of decayed, and miserable beef, and baker's bread, with some substitute for coffee, which left far in the shade all the rye and other coffee of Confederate days, constituted the "bill of fare" wherewith we were allowed daily to regale ourselves. No communication with the outer world was allowed, unless under such *surveillance*, as would induce a man of sensitive and high-toned principles and feelings, to prefer rather to forego the pleasure of a meeting, than submit to

the restrictions imposed, by the authorities. At least such were our individual views, though we do not design to be understood as assuming the liberty of deciding the question for others. Not an afternoon passed by, that numbers of Baltimore ladies, impelled by feelings of genuine sympathy, did not congregate in front of the hospital, and endeavor by mysterious signals, and a sort of hieroglyphic alphabet, to express their feelings of sympathy with the "rebs," who omitted no opportunity which the vigilance of their custodians permitted, to acknowledge these testimonials of favor and consideration, from the noble women of the noblest city, north of the Potomac. On several occasions they were driven by the guard from the pavement, at the point of the bayonet, and on one afternoon we distinctly remember, they were driven away with rotten eggs by federal soldiers.

One incident during our sojourn at West B., which though purely of a personal nature, made such an indelible impression, that we may be pardoned for intruding it, even if it savor unduly of egotism. There was connected with the hospital a Massachusetts clergyman of the Congregational persuasion, who was in no repute even among his own countrymen. Through the kind and generous intercessions of a noble, unselfish, patriotic North Carolina lady, we had, in view of our destitution, obtained permission of the chief-surgeon, for the aforesaid noble young lady to furnish us a suit of clothes, which she promptly did, and transmitted to the hospital, having previously informed us by a note of the time of their delivery, in order with characteristic feminine delicacy, to afford us time for tranquil and sober reflection, that we might not be too suddenly transported at the prospect, of a "new suit of store clothes," a thing which dated back to "time out of

memory," and consequently expose ourselves by any extravagant and uncontrollable demonstrations. But alas for the wisest and best concerted schemes, of mere human devising. "By some misadventure, our clerical friend obtained access to the note in the surgeon's office, in which we were notified of the arrival of the articles the next day. With characteristic shrewdness, he immediately concerted a plan of operations, destined to prostrate our highly raised hopes, and leave us given over to hopeless despair.—He immediately presented himself to us, and informed us "that the introduction of the clothes, would be a *direct* violation, of positive orders," notwithstanding we had received explicit permission from the chief-surgeon, to obtain the articles in question. With a su-

perfluity of charity, however, he voluntarily tendered us, in view of our forlorn condition, the last visible relics of a battered hat, and a tattered coat, the very offer of which, would have *grievously* offended the pride, of the most *degraded* hero, in the days of his servitude. We indignantly declined this "free will offering," but suffice it to say, our *fine suit* on which our highest hopes were founded, has never been forthcoming to this day, and we trust we may be pardoned for even the semblance of malevolence, or uncharitableness, if we venture even most delicately to *insinuate* our belief that our Massachusetts friend, may this fine afternoon be luxuriating himself in the gorgeous suit, on the promenades of "Boston Common."

TO BE CONTINUED.

ROANOKE VALLEY.

The valley of the river Roanoke is one of the most fertile on the Atlantic slope, and a short review of its productions and capacity may not be unwelcome to the pages of a magazine, whose design is to illustrate and display the material as well as the moral and mental excellencies of the "Land we Love."

The river takes its rise from many small springs in the mountains of Virginia and North Carolina, known as the Alleghany and Blue Ridge, which after flowing through the numerous intersecting valleys, gathering and swelling as they go, gradually develop themselves into the two rivers Dan and Staunton. These rivers after flowing through a country of great fertility, form by their junction the river Roanoke, one of the longest, most tortuous, and richest of

Southern rivers. It may, geographically, be divided into two parts, the upper and lower Roanoke, the first comprising that portion which lies above, the latter that below the falls, which themselves extend for ten miles or more between Gaston and Weldon. This paper will treat principally of that portion known as the lower Roanoke. Before this however it may be stated generally, that the productions of the valley above the falls, are principally corn, wheat and tobacco, whilst below the falls, they are corn, cotton and but sparingly, wheat, and whilst in the upper valley tobacco is the market crop and very little cotton raised, so in the lower valley cotton is the sale crop, and but little tobacco produced. It will not do to stop here to investigate the causes of this difference

—suffice it to say, that while above the falls the lands are red, rolling, clayey, of granitic formation and more favorable to the cultivation of tobacco, below, they are flat and more alluvial, whilst the lands receded from the river being more sandy, are better adapted to the production of cotton.

One of the Indian names for this river is said to have been *Mahratoek* or *River of Death*, from the fact that in early times, before the clearing up and draining of swamps, which has since become general, it was distinguished, even beyond other Southern rivers, for the malignant type of its bilious and remittent fevers in the summer and fall, and for their grim successors pneumonia and pleurisy in the winter and spring.

The name *Roanoke* by which it is now known, is by some supposed to mean *topsy turvy*; in allusion to a characteristic of the river, which *narrows* as it approaches its mouth, (where most rivers widen,) and which is one cause why the freshets are so sudden, so high and so destructive. Another interpretation of the name, and which seems the most probable to me is, that it is meant to express the great fertility and value of its lands. In the old histories of North Carolina, we read that the Tuscarora Indians, who inhabited this region of country, used for their money a species of shell, which they polished and rounded by constant friction, and which they called *Ronoak*: and the wealth of an individual was estimated by the quantity of *Ronoak* which he possessed. It is easy to see how the synonym of riches, wealth, abundance, could be transferred to the river possessing all these qualities in so prominent a degree—the river on which they dwelt; from whose waters they gathered the shells which they made into their money and medium of exchange, and the fertile nature of the soil which

produced the stream, the coolness and delightful taste of its waters, “fit for kings to drink,” as says one of the old chronicles, the variety, and delicacy, and abundance of the fish,—the quantity of game of all kinds which frequented its valley; the deer, and bear, and other animals of the chase, which lived and fattened on its rich pastures, the luxuriance and endless variety of its vegetation, all tended to give it a character of wealth, fertility and abundance, which could be expressed by no name so appropriate as *Ronoak*. Of the estimation in which the Indians held it as a residence, the antiquarian might find many evidences; and in the bounds of her rich and varied valley a most interesting field of research. The plow as it annually turns the furrow, the rains as they annually descend, upturn and lay bare arrow-heads, stone hatchets, and axes, and pieces of pottery, all exhibit and explanatory of the character and habits of the former inhabitants, and in such quantities do these broken relics exist as to evince that at one time this rich valley maintained a dense, and in a savage sense, a thriving population. True they are rude in construction, but they possess an interest to the thinking mind, as being the only relics of a race now passed away forever.

Roanoke river in addition to the wonderful fertility of its low grounds and adjoining lands, has been always distinguished for its uncertainty of production, occasioned by the frequent recurrence of freshets;—in former times almost as far back as the memory of man runneth, the low lands were partially protected by embankments, which often enabled the farmer to harvest heavy crops of corn—but in the last 15 years the character of the river seems to have undergone a change. The freshets are higher,—more rapid,—and of more frequent occur-

rence. Hundreds of thousands have been expended in elevating the old embankments, in the hope of resisting these heavy floods,—but in vain,—the height of these freshets seems steadily to increase,—and the immense volume of water breaking through or overtopping every barrier, carries devastation and ruin to all in its course. Many causes have been offered for these hitherto unknown and extraordinary freshets,—such as the clearing and ditching of lands,—the elevation of the embankments,—and the more general system of these embankments, which by confining the river to a narrower channel—during its freshets,—of course causes a higher rise.—This is not the place to discuss these matters,—but I suspect the cause may be found in a probable fact, which it would require statistics to prove,—viz., that the quantity of rain has sensibly increased during the last few years, and that thus more serious floods have been occasioned. But however disappointing and blasting to the hopes of the farmer may be these floods—and however uncertain may be the character they give the river in the eyes of an agriculturist,—too much praise cannot be awarded her for the noble part she played in our war of Independence—lost though it be. When Burnside captured Roanoke Island, and it was supposed that he would press on with his boats into the interior, Roanoke came driving down with her angry and overwhelming torrents, and not one of the yankee pilots would venture to steer a vessel up that wild, foaming and tortuous stream. The danger thus averted, an attempt was afterwards made by gunboats, constructed for the purpose, which were to co-operate with the land forces under General Foster in an attempt to reach Weldon by the river route. But Roanoke on this occasion distinguished herself by

running her waters so low that the yankee gunboats could not ascend, and two of them having grounded on bars near Hamilton, gave signal, by their minute guns, to the federal commander that he could expect no assistance from them. A force in the meantime having been assembled under Gen. Martin to confront him, he retired, having effected nothing beyond the usual plundering of hen roosts, stealing of horses and carriages, and other movable property so familiar to yankee tactics. Once again, at a later period of the war, the bosom of old Roanoke was made the theatre of one of Leventhorpe's glorious exploits, when, by his well fought land batteries, and well handled forces, he sunk many of a fleet of gunboats attempting the ascent of the river,—and drove them back, crippled, defeated, and disheartened. This movement was made by the yankees in connection with their first attack on Fort Fisher; and if General Bragg had struck, at Wilmington, a proportionally decisive blow, the tale would have been told in very different words. But perhaps the most distinguished part borne by this great river, in these military events, was that she furnished to the Confederate cause the ram Albemarle; whose career under her brave and most noble commander, Captain Cooke, need not be repeated;—but one fact of interest in connection with that event may be mentioned. When it was determined to make an attack on Plymouth (at the mouth of the Roanoke) the co-operation of Captain Cooke, and the Albemarle, was sought and eagerly embraced; every preparation was made, but one difficulty lay in the way which might have proved insurmountable but for the opportune aid of old Roanoke. Between Fort Branch and Plymouth the river had been filled with torpedoes of a most destructive character, plac-

ed there to prevent the ascent of the yankee gunboats. The difficulty lay in passing the Albemarle safely over or through these obstructions. The river solved this question by taking, at this opportune moment, one of her heaviest rises, and the Albemarle was thus enabled to steam over these torpedoes and stretched chains, and to reach Plymouth in the very nick of time; and by her well aimed and well served guns to contribute largely to the glorious success which that day crowned the Confederate arms. Up to the time of Lee's surrender no yankee gunboat, save those captured by Cook, ever beat her turbid waters above Hamilton; and the whole country watered by the Roanoke between Hamilton and Weldon rested in comparative peace, its fields yielding rich harvests of grain, and its woods and pastures affording millions of pounds of beef, pork, and forage for the supply of Johnston's and Lee's armies in Virginia. This favored land bears none of the desolating traces of war,—but sleeps as peacefully and calmly as it did when the sullen roar of guns rolled along Crimean shores. It seems as though the river was in this instance made a passive instrument in the hands of a good God for our protection. But enough of the military history of Roanoke. We turn now to her agricultural, commercial, and economical history.

The section of country which comprises what is known as the valley of the Roanoke, forms the counties of Halifax, Martin and Washington on the west bank, Northampton and Bertie on the east bank. The lands immediately bordering the river, form the low grounds or alluvial lands, next what is called the second low grounds, then the uplands, and last the sandy region or piney woods. The character of these soils is all different. The low grounds are generally composed

of the deposits of the river, a silicious clay of the finest quality, formed from the washings of the annual rains, which as they pass down the mountain, and hilly lands of the upper valley, wash the surface soil, which being mingled with waters of the freshets overflow the low lands, and as this gradually subsides the silt or river mud is deposited. This process going on from time immemorial, has formed the low grounds of the Roanoke. I have seen leaves and wood brought up by the auger from a depth of 30 feet, and have known this deposit in some freshets to be as much as four inches in thickness;—sometimes, however, from what cause I have never heard explained, the freshets are what is called sand freshets, where the river deposit is a pure sand left in banks or ridges. In this manner some of these low river lands are composed of a fine sandy loam,—more especially the lands immediately on the margin, or as it is called “the river ridge.”—This river land or low ground, is very fertile, and best adapted for corn. I have no doubt that it will yield abundant crops of hemp, flax, rice, &c. It is not favorable for cotton, because the land is so rich that the plant runs too much to weed, and does not boll well. If these low grounds could be successfully leveed so that a more thorough and scientific system of farming could be adopted, their yield would be increased fifty per cent, their value would be quintupled, and the wealth and production of the State proportionably enlarged. Vast sums of money have been expended by individuals to make these lands safe from the incursions of the river. The embankments on both sides extend for miles; which levees have, from year to year, as the freshets increased in volume, been elevated and widened, but still the river surmounts or breaks through these obstacles, and the

freshet of 1864, overtopping all its predecessors, and coming as it did upon the heels of emancipation, convinced the farmers generally that it was a useless effort to attempt to cultivate the river lands with the changed system of labor. So that now, as a general thing, these fertile lands are thrown out,—given up to a growth of grass, weeds, and bushes; and where a few years ago half a million of bushels of grain were produced, there is nothing to be seen but a waste of the most luxuriant vegetation. It becomes a serious question in the economical administration of the State, as to what is best to be done with these lands, and it is impossible to say what is to be their future destiny and value. If they could be successfully embanked, there is no doubt that the wealth of the State would be vastly increased, but this cannot be done by private enterprise. The State or the general government must extend its aid, and by a regular and compulsory system of labor, to be sustained by an equal tax, construct and maintain an effective system of levees. With sufficient levees, these lands would be worth \$100 per acre,—as it is, they are not worth one dollar. If no action is taken by the State or general government to aid individual enterprise, the only thing which can be done with them, is to turn them into meadows, and grazing lands. Crops of hay will frequently be destroyed, and the horses of the grazier be disappointed when the freshets kill the grasses upon which he depends for the subsistence of his stock; but these losses will not be so heavy as if the lands were in cultivated crops, and the profit which his stock will bring him in favorable years, will be greater from the comparatively small amount of labor which the care of stock requires.

The second low grounds, or lands which immediately border

the river low grounds, are composed of a series of ridges and bottoms running generally parallel to the river. These lands from their greater elevation, are not so deeply submerged in the freshets, and from this cause do not receive so heavy a coat of deposit as the bottoms, and only in the very highest freshets, the ridges are washed and denuded of their surface soil by the shallow rippling water. They are consequently what is called *thin* lands, the subsoil of clay laying near the surface. When newly cleared, however, they are very fertile, and produce heavy crops of corn. Under a good system of cultivation they are susceptible of high improvement, and by drainage, deep plowing, and proper rotation, could be made to produce abundant crops of corn, wheat, oats, peas, and probably cotton; although for this latter crop they have hitherto been found to be rather cold, and late in bearing, and in our comparatively short cotton season do not advance rapidly enough to be ready for early frosts. The difficulty with these lands however is the same as with the low grounds,—they are accessible to the incursions of freshets, and although not altogether so unsafe, the uncertainty of the crop lessens their value, and makes the system of farming slovenly and careless. The effective embanking of the low grounds, would make these lands, highly remunerative to their proprietors, and add vastly to the wealth of the State. In Occaneechee Neck, in Northampton county, and on the plantation, of the late James Johnson, Esq., and Gen. D. C. Clark, in Halifax county, these lands have in favorable years, (i. e. years free from freshet,) produced enormous crops of wheat, and on other farms in both counties most beautiful crops of corn and oats; but of late years these favorable crops may be regarded as exceptional;

freshet years forming the rule with the consequent failure of crops.

The true wealth of the Roanoke valley lies after all in its fertile uplands. These sometimes rise in a high steep bluff immediately from the river and extend far back, but most generally they form as it were the third step, and rise gradually from the second low grounds which in this case they immediately border. They are composed of soils of various kinds and qualities making ridge and bottom, sometimes clayey, stiff and strong, sometimes sandy, light and comparatively weaker; but all of a fertile, highly improvable character; all producing in great abundance according to care bestowed upon them, splendid crops of corn, cotton, wheat, oats, clover, peas, &c. In Northampton county lies a body of land forming a portion of the uplands of that county and called the "meadow lands," which cannot be surpassed in fertility; nature always returning with the most generous profusion any care or improvement bestowed upon them. In Bertie county, too, lies a body of land called the "Indian woods," which is distinguished for its pleasant, kindly, free soil, producing in great abundance most of the above mentioned crops, and especially remarkable for the growth and production of the cow or corn field pea, which is said to grow better there perhaps, than any where else in the State or world. I wish I were more familiar with these lands, as I am satisfied, from what I know of them, that they would well repay a more intimate research, and if this paper should meet the eye of some of the proprietors in that section, as for instance *Mr. Stephen A. Norfleet*, I hope he may be induced to send you a detailed description of their history and character. An article from his pen, with his accurate knowledge of the country, would be most interesting and instructive. This body of uplands in

the river valley, form, as a general thing, the back lands of the river plantations; where the settlement, stock yards, provision, barns, &c., are mostly located, and where in times of freshet, every kind of animal retreats from the low grounds. The woodland is well timbered with a various growth of oak, pine, beech, poplar, and hickory. The cleared lands as above described, partake of the character peculiar to this various growth; always of course modified by the system of management, being best, as it ought to be, where the system and treatment is best, and worse where it is worst. If deep plowing, thorough draining, a judicious and generous rotation of crops, and plentiful manuring, were more generally adopted and more steadily adhered to, the results both to the general wealth of the State, and to the individual wealth of the proprietors, would be great and most encouraging.—Up to the commencement of the war, a large and thriving population of whites and blacks lived and prospered on these lands.—The crops under an improving and enlightened system of cultivation, annually increased in quantity and value, and the farmers and laborers felt the benefit of this increase; the one in the development of more enlarged and liberal views of life and education, the other in more extended privileges, greater abundance of the necessities and comforts of life, and a condition of progressive amelioration. But this point will be referred to hereafter. We complete now our history of these valley lands by a short account of the sandy region, or "piney woods," as it is most commonly called. It may be questioned by some whether these lands can properly be comprised in the valley of the Roanoke, but it seems to me, agriculturally and economically speaking, all that section of country

should be included in the valley of a river, whose streams direct their course to its channel and whose population depend upon it for commercial and other advantages, and who refer to it as the main stream and artery through which flows the life blood of the land.—

Viewed thus this pine region properly belongs to the valley of the Roanoke, and its productions and resources should be considered in the general estimation of her wealth and value. These lands for the most part rise in a gradual slope from the river uplands until they reach the crown or ridge dividing the waters which empty on the one side into the Roanoke, from those on the other which empty into the Tar and Chowan rivers. They are generally sandy in their character, of various degrees of lightness and fineness, and produce good crops of cotton, corn, and peas. Small grain such as wheat, oats, &c., do not succeed as well here. Their great value indeed is in their adaptation for cotton, the land when manured or composted yielding very fine crops. In addition to this, a source of great wealth lies in the pine forests which extend over its surface, producing most valuable supplies of lumber, tar, turpentine, rosin, shingles, &c. The value too of these timber lands, and their natural products, is increasing every year, and as the population of the State grows and their wants increase, they will become a most important feature in any estimate of the wealth of the Roanoke valley. Light and easily cultivated, high, dry, naturally well drained, and healthy; the masses of population will here first establish their houses, and it will only be when this section is filled up, that the lands nearer the river will feel the impulse of the overflowings of the population. In this pine region the proprietors of the large river plantations have their residences, where surrounded by the evidences

of wealth, refinement, and comfort, they pass their time in an interchange of pleasant civilities, in the enjoyment of agreeable society, in the dispensing of a large hearted and refined hospitality, in the excitement of the deer hunt, and field sports, varied by the more toilsome, but probably not less agreeable labors, which their daily avocations constantly demand.

The wives and daughters of such husbands and fathers, are all which such husbands and fathers could desire. By their refinement and courtesy, they refine and polish the society in which they move and of which they are a part; by their virtuous and amiable lives and deportment they give to it a tone of elevation and urbanity which nothing else can give, and by their beauty, grace, hospitality and ready sympathy with all that is noble, pure and good, they bestow upon it a charm which is peculiar in itself, and may with just pride be said to be peculiar to Southern women.

A description of the Roanoke valley lands would be incomplete without a reference to the large bodies of Pocosin which comprise a portion of the valley. These lands are generally very low, flat, cold, heavy and retentive of moisture. They are valuable now principally for the luxuriant, magnificent and valuable growth of timber which is upon them, and for the excellent range they afford for cattle, hogs, and stock of every description. This natural growth shows them to be strong and productive. They require, in order to the full development of their value, a thorough and heavy system of drainage, which, under the present system of labor, and with the sparse population would not be remunerative. Years hence, when a new order of things prevails, and the country becomes more filled up by the increase of population and emigration, they

will be esteemed at their true that wealth which characterizes
 value, and will be regarded as not the valley of Roanoke river.
 the most inconsiderable portion of

TO BE CONTINUED.

THE CROSS.

Je grosser Kreuz, je naher Himmel.

TRANSLATED BY J. J. GURNEY.

GREATER the cross, the nearer heaven ;
 Godless, to whom no cross is given !
 The noisy world in masquerade
 Forgets the grave, the worm, the shade ;
 Blest is yon dearer child of God
 On whom he lays the cross, the rod.

Best, by whom most the cross is known ;
God whets us on his grinding-stone ;
 Full many a garden's dressed in vain,
 Where tears of sorrow never rain.
 In fiercest flames the gold is tried,
 In griefs the Christian 's purified.

'Midst crosses, faith her triumph knows,
 The palm tree pressed more vigorous grows ;
 Go tread the grapes beneath thy feet,
 The stream that flows is full and sweet.
 In trouble, virtues grow and shine,
 Like pearls beneath the ocean brine.

Crosses abound, love seeks the skies ;
 Blow the rude winds, the flames arise ;
 When hopeless gloom the welkin shrouds,
 The sun comes laughing through the clouds ;
 The cross makes pure affection grow,
 Like oil that on the fire we throw.

Who wears the cross prays oft and well,
Bruised herbs send forth the sweetest smell ;
 Were ships ne'er tossed by stormy wind,
 The pole star who would care to find ?
 Had David spent no darksome hours,
 His sweetest songs had ne'er been ours.

ROAD-SIDE STORIES.

CHAPTER I.

Milly Brown and Algernon Hartwell were engaged to be married when he left home for the war. He had loved her long and truly, had seen her play "Will 'o the wisp" with other men until he was hopeless, then she came round with a charming mixture of timidity and grace to lure him on. Both were young and handsome. So bright and joyous a spirit beaming from brilliantly colored features seemed to indicate a creature of frankness, impulse and depth, while in reality it was a fancy wrapping which concealed mental mediocrity warped by pleasure and admiration into vanity and frivolity. She tossed the furbelows of fashion in the frothiest wave of society, content to be a servile imitator of style, ignorant of any aspiration higher than a long list of admirers. Her pretty face flitted about a man until bewildered by her arts he lost balance, fell on his knees to be kicked unceremoniously into his senses, or wept over with a storm of tender pity and self reproaches. The latter was her favorite style and the victim generally arose with a miserable feeling of having wounded the sweetest creature in the world, exonerated her from all blame and rushed from her presence with a vague idea of self destruction. Once beyond the spell, away from the voice of the syren, the tragedy fell into a farce, and the first actor laughed at himself for a fool. As far as she knew herself her deepest feeling was for Algernon; weaving her snares around others, she kept an eye on him. He was worth the winning, she had sense enough to see that, and knew also the necessity for concealing her most glaring faults,

while the most attractive part of her nature was paraded in an artfully artless manner to secure the prize. His weak point was an enthusiastic love of beauty, an artistic delight in light shade, grace and coloring ensnared him, an inferior woman was idealized into an embodiment of purity and loveliness by a superior mind whose strength became a weakness in her hand. Is it a new game? As new as the shearing in Delilah's bower. He was warned, but brothers are slow to perceive the fairness of sisterly advice. About the time when its justice began to dawn upon him, fate, that broad shouldered something on which we throw the responsibility of our actions, threw the two alone. A dangerous position on a fine night flooded with stars, when the summer wind heavy with tropic bloom, stirs the forests with its sighs, whirls the hazy drifts along the sky and toys a maiden's golden hair. Thus in an atmosphere of fragrance, softened light and witchery of sound, an image was enthroned for an idol, and a strong man bent the knee. There was a well arranged moment of silence, as if of solemn self-examination, broken by the tender appeals of an eloquent lover, followed by a timid avowal of love, then clinging kisses and words of sacred meaning, while the wind laughed and the stars hid their faces for the shame of lightly spoken vows.

Before a year had flown three new beaux were counted on the little white fingers—two carpet soldiers stationed at A—for home defence, and a wealthy Mr. Harper, a new catch, about whom she pirouetted in her refined process of captivation until the old fool

went at her bidding like a human shuttlecock, a laughing stock for younger aspirants, but steadily working his way into power and receiving positive encouragement in his devoirs at her shrine. While her plighted lover was winning laurels on the field she was weaving a pinchbeck crown of coquetry among a set of cowardly skulkers from the army. Letters failed sometimes, but when they did come, what elegant little specimens of chirography, bonbons of literature, so satisfactorily explaining silence, so playfully recounting rumors of her faithlessness and successfully refuting them that his faith knew no abatement but an increase in fervid beauty.

No one knew where Mr. Harper came from, he was a man of influence, received in public and private life as a gentleman before any one took the pains to inquire, what matter? "Harper and Co." was the most thriving business house in the place. Harper commanded more means than any other man. Harper was a gentleman, of course, or why did letters and circulars pass through the office with "Hon," prefixed to his name? He was "Hon. U. B. Harper"—who dared deny it? This farsighted wooer began a long ways off. Mrs. Brown was first won over by sundry presents. Mr. Brown had been the recipient of favors unnumbered, even to a co-partnership in business, before Milly was sure of conquest. In a short time the "Co." became a simple adjunct wound about the thumb of Mr. Harper. A certain rotundity of figure might suggest the impossibility of such a proceeding, nevertheless it was so. There had been another member of the firm who had worked early and late until he went into the army, came back to work as hard as ever until he coughed himself into the grave, and left a wife and three children upon the mercies of the world, committed to the care of

his partner and friend. If there is a duality of soul it existed in that man, one was the liberal hightoned magnificent gentleman whose name flourished at the head of charity lists in public, foremost in all things with an affectation of humility, while the other browbeat the wife of his dead partner out of her rights, and practised a regular system of frauds on every one connected with him. The widow haunted him for months urging a settlement, left it in his hands, came out with nothing, and then became a dependant on him for work. She consulted a lawyer who honestly required proof by which to defend her. It was proof sufficient to her that the statements were made by the man she loved and mourned, but alas, he was in his grave. The surviving partners might have thrown some light on the subject, but one knew it would detract greatly from the capital and standing of the firm, while the other, occupying the position already described about the thumb of the establishment, was supposed to be deaf, dumb and blind. Mrs. Smith with the usual accompaniment of poverty, three scrawny children at her heels, was seen going and coming at her master's will, working for him, gratefully accepting the smallest pittance as compensation, until she was more truly his slave than the negro who blacked his boots. His shirts were the admiration of the ladies and envy of all the fops in town, he covered up his black heart with their immaculate folds; the elegant merchant displayed them across the counters and in the drawing rooms of his customers, while the thin woman who made them waited his leisure, by previous appointment, when every moment was as precious to her as a dollar to him, in the terrible struggle to fill the mouths that cried to her for bread. His speculations were not confined to smuggling

cotton through the lines, importing Limerick overcoats, or any such bold undertakings. From a cotton bale to a paper of pins, every article for which there was a demand, came within his scope of trade. The whole country was ransacked for its resources, advantage taken of ignorance concerning market prices, articles obtained by artful deception in a free and easy manner and sold for exorbitant profits. No town, village or country store, neighborhood or plantation within his line of travel failed to furnish him supplies. His hand found its way in everything, forty or fifty looms supplied him with bolts of cotton or woolen goods, in exchange for shoes, sugar or coffee, while the goods were packed off to the best market, to be retailed at fifty or seventy five dollars per yard. He made salt in Alabama at sixteen dollars per bushel, and sold the same in Georgia at two hundred and fifty, at the very time he harangued the public, through his advertisements, upon the good accruing to the Confederacy, by bringing to the doors of her famishing people, the necessities of life. "True," he would say, "these prices seem unreasonable, but consider the toil, the danger, the self-sacrifice of the purchaser." Thus he argued his dupes into a conviction that he was a public benefactor, as he handled their money, with intense delight emblazoned on his countenance in the blandest of smiles. Some were doubtful of his benevolence, but women who toiled day and night, were glad to obtain a pair of boots or shoes for a barefooted husband or son, at any price. When the money was once in hand they eagerly paid over five hundred dollars for boots that cost Mr. Harper fifty, without inquiring into the principle of encouraging extortion by patronage. How speculators gloried in their gains and how cautiously every investment was

turned into money! Fortune prospered everything that man laid his hands on, from a negro slave to a plug of tobacco, except the victims in his way. Mrs. Smith grew paler and paler, poorer and poorer, day by day. Hard work and little pay, exposure and meagre diet wore the worker to a shadow, still the work went on.— Her little boy took pneumonia during the winter from running errands barefoot to the tan yard, where he saw piles upon piles of leather, rows on rows of shoes partly belonging to his father's estate. She left him moaning with fever to seek assistance. Mr. Harper smoked Perique in his fine meerschaum, over the morning papers, for an hour before she was admitted into his presence.— "Well?" he began inquiringly, "what will you have now?" There was a tantalizing air of condescension in his manner toward the poor, almost unendurable, but she had ceased to observe it.

"Jimmy is sick Mr. Harper"—she spoke timidly as if sickness was a fault for which pardon must be granted—"I must have a doctor—can I get a little money from you?"

"He, he!" giggled the tormentor ironically, "a little money? That's your eternal whine—no madam, it is as much as I can do to feed your young ones without paying their drug bills."

She was angry then and flushed up to retort, but hunger and dependence silenced her. She stood shivering near the door and he was half reclining in a scarlet damask easy chair drawn before the fire, which threw a soft yellow light across the carpet; she forgot his selfishness, his coarse unkindness in a picture it brought to mind where the firelight of another hearth once danced on sunny heads, laughing lips, rosy cheeks and dimpled hands. It softened and crushed her pride as she began huskily—"wood is high, pro-

visions scarce and I am forced by my helpless children to ask your help. Miss Milly came to see after Jimmy yesterday and,"

A gleam of cunning crossed his face as he muttered to himself, "There's a point made, I think I shall pay her."

"Sir?"

"How much do I owe you?"

"I cannot tell exactly, Mr. Harper, for last month's washing and mending, for making two bolts of domestic in shirts, for the linen suits, for the corn sacks"—

"Hold on for God's sake, do you want to break me? I paid you for the washing."

"When, Mr. Harper?"

"When?" echoed he. "What in the name of the devil do you think I have to do? Keep your own accounts madam. Those shirts were not made for me."

"You ordered them," was added timidly.

"For my customers if I did, when they pay me I'll pay you," growled he in reply. The shirts had all been disposed of and three hundred dollars booked as net profits on each bolt of domestic. Mrs. Smith would not have received a cent that day had not the gentleman's reflections on the impertinence of the poor been interrupted by a clear sweet voice in the adjoining room. He kept an eye on a mirror above the mantel conveniently adjusted for such occasions, handled his bank bills tenderly, selected a five and handed it over with a crisp sound of plenty, just at the moment Milly Brown's blue eyes were turned in that direction.

"Beware of tell-tale rumors Mr. Harper," said she nodding at him and playfully lifting her finger with the words, "beware, if you would practice charity on the plan of concealment." He turned to meet her with the blandest expression his parsimonious mouth could assume, as Mrs. Smith passed swiftly out of the back door,

with lips quivering with wounded pride at the knowledge of being paraded as an idle pensioner on the charity of a man who ground her to the earth in his pitiless tyranny. Merry greetings were exchanged, jests and a hackneyed set of compliments, before the soft gloved hand was relinquished with a parting pressure. The brilliant repartee of fashionable small talk flew from lip to lip, she glancing at him through her shining lashes and he on the watch with his small serpent eyes.

"By the way, you did not attend the concert last night," maneuvering slyly for an escort to the next, "I missed you."

"Did you really? How sweet an assurance!"

Both smiled and exchanged glances as he continued "the fact was that little protege of mine, yours too I believe, was so very ill that I sent some trifling delicacies around and"—

"How good of you now!" With a sweet languishing smile.

"Not at all, not at all, mere trifles the little fellow wanted—as I was saying, I waited for my boy's return to hear from the child and unfortunately it was too late to go, so I spent the evening quietly in my office." He winked at a swaggering fellow kicking his feet across a barrel, who blew a long whistle of amazement and walked out leaving the silly girl to flutter down into a snare. Men daily see deception and wrong, becoming participants in crime by concealment instead of boldly confronting deceiver and deceived with truth—so goes the world. The conversation assumed a tender tone over the goods strewn on the counters for Milly's inspection. Her hand was clasped fervently under the folds of a piece of merino, and though she had nearly lost the charm of blushing, there was a slight color on her cheeks as she shamed him playfully in the feeble effort to withdraw it—meanwhile

his disengaged hand held a diamond ring before her eyes.

"Will you wear it?" asked he entreatingly.

"Maybe so, yes, for awhile I will." The pretty tan colored glove was drawn to receive it.—There was a plain gold band bearing Algernon's name and hers, he knew it and his eyes lit up with triumph as he saw it taken hastily from her finger.

"What will you do with that one now?"

"Return it, throw it away, or something. He was positively the greatest dunce about me; do you know, Mr. Harper, he took a little silly flirtation we had on the night of his sister's party for a solemn engagement, and sent me this ring from Richmond?"

"I thought so too, Miss Milly—now tell me, were you not engaged? Upon honor now?" asked he, holding the diamond tantalizingly at the tip of her finger. She turned a shade whiter at the prospect of losing it, and it was so splendid!

"Why no! Did you believe it?"

"Everybody believes it—I have heard his sister say so openly."

"She is a mean contemptible woman, and has just told that to injure me. Mr. Harper she is dead in love with you."

"You think so? I have observed that she dislikes you very much, now it may be some feeling of jealousy."

"I know it is!" The ring was still held lightly on. "I declare," added she, "upon my word and honor as a lady I never entertained an idea of marrying him in my life!"

"Now, Miss Milly!"

"I don't care whether you believe it or not!"

The red lips pouted angrily, the ring was slipped securely on and the face settled into dimples and smiles as he kissed her hand.

"How long shall I wear it?" How changed and sweet grew her tone.

"Until you catch a new beau." She laughed and feigned to change the rings again, but he adroitly slipped the plain one from her hold held it above her reach as she stood on tiptoe, and stamped her feet impatiently to regain it."

"Now please!" pleaded she flushing with eagerness and glancing anxiously toward the street. "If you won't read that motto aloud, dear Mr. Harper, I'll do anything you ask me!"

"Anything?"

"Yes anything in the world!" His face was close to hers as he whispered.

"Will you be my wife?"

"Yes, give me back my ring!"

"Were you engaged to young Hartwell?"

The same hand that had worn his ring was lifted up, and the rosy lips began to swear.

"I hope God may strike me dead if—" Olive Hartwell with her thin nostrils dilating with anger and her lip curling in scorn stood before her. The silence of embarrassment was broken by Olive in a peremptory manner.

"Give me my brother's ring."

"Shall I do so?" Asked Mr. Harper turning to the other.—Her face was white with fear, but she faltered out,

"By what right do you take my ring?"

"By right of faithfulness to him." Neither had the courage to resist her, and the ring was given up.

"Come Ned," said Olive calmly, to a child in her company, "we will find Jimmy's crackers somewhere else." She was a trifle paler than usual but smiled in answer to the boy's bewildered look of wonder that Miss Olive could be so bad and so good all in one. Milly saw it, as they walked out, and directed Mr. Harper's attention to her hypocrisy.

"Did you see that smile? Can't she put on the *sweetest* ways? It is perfectly astonishing the amount of temper that girl has!"

"Perfectly astonishing," echoed he vacantly, for there was an inward groaning of the spirit over the loss of a customer. The wooing cooled for a time.

The Browns were on the brink of ruin. A weak headed, good hearted old man was driven to desperation by two worldly minded women who aspired only to cutting a dash. He went deeper and deeper in debt until there was a tremendous deficit against him in cash accounts of his own house, besides a long list of frightful bills pouring in from every house in town. The story of ruin was whispered at home, where he was borne down with reproaches, floods of tears and paroxysms of rage. Embezzlements of money and forgery was the consequence. Heated with wine and maddened by domestic troubles, in the same room where Smith's papers came to ashes, the wily serpent brought the poor old man to shame. Mr. Harper desired absolute power in the family of his intended wife. Her father would have scouted the proposal had it been made in plain

English, but it presented itself in another light. He had opposed the marriage from a feeling of kindness toward Algernon, who had been known to him from boyhood, but now it was a choice for her between poverty and shame, or concealment of his crime. The latter brought her wealth and position which he could not give when Harper became his enemy. All were against him, Milly herself. She scorned Algernon, why should he cling to him for her? And love? He shrugged his shoulders at a fancy of his youth, he had married on that principle, what was his home? A scale hung over the family hearth—in one side stood Harper, gold, and a splendidly attired woman of fashion, glittering with jewels—in the other crouched a haggard creature with Algernon and bitter herbs; specie brought the balance down. A daughter was signed and sealed as an instrument of trade, and the Browns fled off from the precipice snatched from ruin. The instrument was kissed for good behavior to her kind parents, and handed over to her master.

CHAPTER II.

There was a concert for the benefit of the soldiers. Miss Brown, radiant with smiles and gewgaws, entertained her set during the pauses in the music by ridiculing the severe style of Miss Hartwell, her affectation of wearing homespun when she could afford better, and other demonstrations of patriotism.

"Don't you think," asked one of her hangers on who was not quite bold enough to differ openly—"that, ah, the fact of her being enabled to dress better, renders the sacrifice more lovely?"

"Not at all, it is affectation."

"Perhaps a desire to attract attention"—suggested Mr. Weakly,

"Or a hook set out for a husband among the soldiers"—added a witty fellow with substitute papers in his hat; of course it was funny, everything he said was, and everybody was bound to laugh when Mr. Swagger opened his mouth. When he, he, he! and ha, ha, ha! and ho! ho! ho! went round as usual, Milly subsided into a giggle, threw a rosebud at him and simpered out:

"Oh, you are too wicked! You make me laugh at poor Olive when I don't want to."

Two gentlemen, one a gray haired chaplain and the other a soldier, sat directly in front of the group, and had been disturbed by

their clatter the whole evening.— At this moment the younger man spoke out suddenly. "Nonsense can be borne, but this is past endurance."

"I wonder why she isn't displaying herself this evening?" added Milly.

"Yes, this is a soldier's concert," said Mr. Harper, "she ought to patronize it."

"Oh," rejoined the wit, "her patriotism keeps outside of her pocket. I dare say the poor girl had no beau, she is getting ancient, you know." The laughter bid fair to be uproarious on this occasion, but had not progressed further than the wit's own outburst, when it was interrupted by the soldier in the next tier who waved conventionalities and requested permission to speak. It was a handsome face, and the young lady bent forward with a gracious smile to listen.

"I should be ungrateful indeed and undeserving of the friendship of a noble woman if I remained silent any longer. Miss Hartwell is as truly a sister of mercy as those who wear the cowl."

"God bless her, she is!" said the old man at his side.

"But of that I need not speak," continued the object of Milly's admiration—"an affectation of sacrifice is imputed to her, the extent of her sacrifices to the cause of the South can never be known. My own obligations to her are past enumeration. The greatest of them is the preservation of my life, the least is the shirt on my back. As the subject of dress is under discussion I am able to inform you that it is made out of the last woollen dress in her possession." He bowed with the same air of gentility he began, and observing the mortification of the lady, added kindly as he resumed his seat—"I trust your misrepresentation of her character arose from ignorance." An awkward pause fell on the group, but

Mr. Harper came to the rescue by resuming the conversation in an undertone. Mr. Swagger kindly revived the rest by giving some of Miss Hartwell's remarks on the political affairs of the country, her sarcasm on the speculators, and frequent suggestions in his presence that he and others could be spared at home. She was shewed up in so facetious a style that his listeners were convulsed with suppressed laughter at his successful imitation of her haughtiness. "Confound these high strung women," concluded he elegantly, "who won't let a fellow stay at home in peace."

Miss Brown sent Mr. Harper away in search of a glass of water. When he was out of sight her white kid touched the handsome stranger. "Permit me to ask you sir," her voice assumed the penitent accent—"how Olive came to save your life?" She had modest downcast eyes as she continued—"I am sorry I spoke that way, it was thoughtlessness. Olive knows I never mean half I say, when I'm with Mr. Swagger, he's so amusing, I run on for fun, you know!" While he was silently looking at her, she was thinking. "How very stylish! He may be richer than old Harper, who knows? What eyes! What a mouth. Sarcastic, it looks, too, with those white teeth sunk in the under lip—but the moustache! He must be a planter, I'm sure he is, he looks for the world like one!"

"She saved my life," said he softly, as if it were almost sacrilege to speak of her to that brainless woman, "by holding a bleeding artery in a horrible wound, from which I would have died in a few moments had she failed in courage or strength."

"Oh! How could she?" exclaimed Milly shrugging her bare shoulders. "Blood makes me so sick! She must have loved you very much," was added archly.

"You are mistaken." He turned away with an evident desire to discontinue the conversation, and when the artful coquette spoke again, he was engrossed in the music.

The subject of their brilliant satire was represented at the concert by two tickets she had purchased to give away and had refused the escort of the gentleman who had defended her so manfully.

At that hour while his mother slept, she sat watching Jimmy Smith, and thinking of Sydney Clarke. His face had been a statue in her memory since the moment it lay rigid and white before her, when she had wrought herself into superhuman strength and knew that one instant of weakness brought death. It had never been forgotten, and his life since that day through all its vicissitudes had known one ceaseless yearning to behold her face once more. In the imperative demands of her love she had left home in search of a missing brother, had found this man in her path bleeding to death. All natural horror at such a scene fled before the desire to save his life, the flowing artery was found, and by an accidental pressure of her fingers she discovered it could be checked. He was not dead, would it save him? It would be a fearful ordeal of human strength, but the slender hope could not be abandoned. She sat there calmly and quietly enough at first, but as the tension of the muscles increased, time waxed slow, and every instant alternated with confidence and despair. She bent over him with fixed eyes, scarcely breathing, her heart-throbs falling like a roll of muffled drums, afraid to move her colorless lips, afraid to lift her eyes lest that hand forfeit its part—no man ever held the sword with grander heroism than that woman kept that thread of life within her hold! Each atom of time was lengthened. Every instant was a moment, every

moment an hour, and hours would never end! There was a sound! Had her nerves been corded past their length and broken? She could not hear, her heart was leaping from her throat! There was roaring, roaring thunder! Was it wheels? An ambulance? Hush, world, and listen! She dared not look, nor speak.—Would they come that way? Would they see her? Oh weary, weary march of time! What a world hung on that sound? Coming brought life, going death? Would not God see? Must she cry aloud before He heard her agonizing? What was that man to her? Her life, her life! Her tongue was paralyzed, but the soul cried God! God! The universe might hear its moan. Every feature in its rigid pain spoke *miserere!* The sound came nearer, rolling, rolling on—she listened with her whole frame, every muscle tried its strength, eyes wildly dilating and the heart bounding like a wounded deer in the chase—life or death? It died away in the sand—two great hot tears dropped upon her bosom, her face grew old but the hand kept still as a dead thing at its post.

There was a waving she did not see across the plain, a shouting she could not hear.

"Holloa!"

It sounded afar off to this woman-warrior in the battle, it was the roar of conflict, the shock of armies and her hour had come.—Darker and darker grew the world, brighter and brighter the heavens! They two would die together, together live again—side by side reborn—wing bound to wing should cleave the great unknown.

"Holloa!"

Fainter and fainter still the sound, sweeter and sweeter, nearer and nearer the diapason from another shore—and this was dying; sweet, sweet pain! That hand should grow immortal by

her dauntless will, should be the last to cower at the tramp of death. *It never failed.* Help came at last, but their voices were unheard, their ministering unseen; not until they had corded the man's limb and drew her arm away did the revulsion come, and the overwrought senses relax into unconsciousness. He was breathing faintly, and dimly divining by the voices around him and dreamy memories that the woman lying lifeless on the dark green grass, with her long hair trailing across the path was his preserver. So vague were his returning sensations that he longed to die there close beside her and know no more. Men of his own command were chafing her hands and arms, and he saw the right one was traced with stagnant veins, knotted with swollen muscles, almost petrified in purple stain. So near to him through suffering, must she pass away? Must he stand without the aureole with folded arms? Was he not hers by right of pain? No, no! They were bearing her away, he would follow that white face through the world, life should not rob him of the love which death had given. He was lifted to the litter and they paused at his side with their precious burden. How deathly fair, the wondrous, matchless being! Strange and powerful is the influence of

purity, the modest man spoke in a whisper and would have guarded her with his life.

"Holy Mother!" said an Irishman crossing himself, "its no wonder we bate thim yisterday when the swate angels was camped about us!"

The surgeon's directions were obeyed promptly and silently.—With the first low tremulous breath every man expressed his thankfulness save one who laid his own weak hand on the stained fingers across the bosom with a quick tender gesture as if she were a holy thing!

They had met again, he had found her at last, did she love him? She asked herself the same question over and over again, keeping watch by the sick child, living over that watch in the Wilderness until her eyes glittered like kindled coals at memory.—No longer a nameless myth of the past, but a reality of the present. A strong, sinewy frame, graceful and quick in motion, deep set changeful eyes, well cut features portraying cultivation, mental and moral strength, stern justice and honor softened by benevolence and genial humor in expression and address—such a man was Sydney Clarke. What woman would not love him?

TO BE CONTINUED.

WILLIAM COWPER.

We will give a brief sketch of this remarkable man for three reasons. First, we learn from his biography that great things may be achieved late in life. He was fifty years old, when his first volume of poems was published.—He began real, earnest work at an age when most men think only of

quiet and repose. Let not those despair, then, whose early opportunities have been limited, or who like Cowper may have wasted the precious moments of youth, of yet performing noble deeds of usefulness and of gaining even a name that the world will not let die.—And let not those who have been

diligent laborers from the dawn of life, relax their efforts when they have reached its grand climacteric, under the mistaken impression that they have also obtained unto the full maturity of their mental powers. Richard Burke said of his brother when a boy that he was always at work. But Burke's mightiest speeches were delivered late in life. Sir James Mackintosh has left a note-worthy opinion in this connection. "The memorable instances of Cicero and Milton, and still more those of Dryden and Burke, seem to show that there is some natural tendency in the fire of genius to burn more brightly or to blaze more fiercely in the evening than in the morning of life." Humboldt and Sir David Brewster are familiar illustrations of this truth. Lord Brougham is still an effective lecturer in his seventy-eighth year. This does not surprise us in the statesman, the scholar and the philosopher. In the morning, mists and fogs obscure the vision; at mid-day, the glare of the sun dazzles the eye; but in the afternoon, objects are seen distinctly in their true forms, colors and dimensions. So, too, in the morning of life, the passions and prejudices of youth darken reason; in manhood, the pride of knowledge and confidence of strength may bewilder and betray; it is only in the evening of our day, when looking through the mellowed light of experience, do we see things as they really are and estimate them at their true value. It is not then strange to us that the great *thinker*, after his passions have been subdued by age and after his views of life have been chastened by its trials, should work out more profound and important truths than he had done in the glow and vigor of youth.—But we naturally associate the *poet*, the child of feeling, with the sparkling dew, the sweet fragrance and the roseate hues of the morning. The season of love

ought to be the season of poetry. The sweet strains of tenderness belong of right to youth. Is Cowper then, feeling the divine afflatus for the first time when past the age of romance, an anomaly in nature? By no means. Even while we write on this bright November afternoon, the forest with its variegated colors of red, purple and yellow presents a gorgeous picture, which no May morning ever saw. Trees and shrubs are arrayed in royal robes of richest dyes, which shame the sober liveries of spring. And thus it can happen that the flowers of poetic fancy may receive their loveliest tinge when the hand of decay is stamping its seal upon the mind that produces them.

The practical lesson taught is that no one should neglect the gift God has given him, however late discovered, lest he share the doom of the wicked and slothful servant, (wicked because slothful,) who went and hid his lord's talent and put it not out to usury.

Second. The life of Cowper gives an important hint to parents to cultivate courage in their children as an essential element of goodness, greatness and happiness. He was constitutionally timid, and many of his infirmities of temper and character were due to that weakness. In boyhood, it subjected him to years of misery from the tyranny of a mean, low boy. In manhood, it made him morbidly sensitive and unhappy, and on one occasion drove him to a desperate attempt at self-destruction.

"The cowardly are always cruel," is a proverb as true as it is old and universally received. The philosophy of it is simple. The coward is selfish, and selfish fear makes him wish to put out of the way, or render helpless, those he fears may injure him. We once heard an old and eminent lawyer in Virginia say that in his long experience, he had never known a murder which was not prompted

by fear or by money. Again, although the coward conceals all feeling of resentment at the time of receiving the real or supposed affront, he broods over it, ponders it and turns it over in his mind and strikes, when the offender is helpless or unsuspecting of danger. A friend told the writer of this that he was present in the Charleston Convention when young Smith, (son of Gov. Smith of Va.,) made an assault upon another member, who turned deadly pale and exhibited the most pitiable terror. The insulted man shewed no indignation then, but revenge lurked in his heart. He left the party with which he was then acting and joined that hostile to Smith and his countrymen. The coward of the Charleston Convention became, subsequently, the tyrant of New Orleans. And how painfully is the same principle illustrated now, when the men who fought the South so stoutly are extending the fraternal hand, while the Butlers, Schencks and Brownlows, who never heard the whistle of a hostile shot, are "breathing out threatenings and slaughter." All returned Southern prisoners testify that at the hands of *fighting* soldiers, they received humane treatment, but when they fell into the hands of "prison guards," recruited as such, they were treated like brutes. Doubtless, federal prisoners had identically the same experience. Thus it has been, is, and ever will be.

What language can be found in which "brave" and "generous" are not indissoluble words? Virtue, *i. e.*, manliness, (from *vir* a man) has been quietly assumed to be the type, representation and embodiment of all noble qualities. The translators of King James' Bible seem to recognize this, and have rendered the "goodness" of the Greek tongue into the "virtue" of the Latin.

Parents then should seek to repress timidity and to foster cour-

age in their children, not only that they may be free from tormenting fear, but that they may also be generous and magnanimous. A correspondent, in the November No. of this Magazine, tells of a brave Pennsylvania girl, who refused to take his hand when she was in the power of the Confederate Army, but nursed him with the tenderest care when he lay a helpless prisoner.

Third. The life of Cowper entirely explodes the fallacy that religious melancholy produces madness. It is often quoted in support of this foolish theory, and that too in spite of the uniform testimony of "mad doctors" and keepers of insane asylums, that religious melancholy is a phase assumed very often by insanity, but never a cause of it.

The assertion that religious melancholy tends to mental derangement can be demonstrated to be false from the nature of religion itself, which recognizes the hand of God in all the dealings of his Providence. Should these dealings bring sickness, bereavement, trial and poverty, they are acknowledged to be the chastisements of a merciful *father*, "who doth not afflict willingly, nor grieve the children of men."—"Like as a *father* pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear him." "For whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth, and scourgeth every son whom he receiveth. If ye endure chastening, God dealeth with you as with *sons*, for what *son* is he whom the *father* chasteneth not?" If a son perceive the love as well as authority of the father in the chastisement, he may be filled with the truest sorrow, but surely not with that despair, which drives to madness and suicide. The waves of affliction may rush in dark and turbid streams over the soul, but the bow of promise spans the black flood, and its radiance is derived

from the bright beams of the Sun of Righteousness. The eye of faith and love looks away from the waste and desolation of the waters to the glorious symbol tinged with the hues of Heaven, and erected as a triumphal arch over the ruin.

Should peace, plenty and prosperity crown the christian's days, each blessing is rendered more dear and precious because conferred by the hand of love. The son in a strange land on receiving a rich gift from the far distant father, would prize it, not at the world's valuation, but as a sweet token of that undying affection, which time and distance could not estrange. It would be a pledge too of that future inheritance, which as a son he would of right enjoy. The light in the homestead window does not merely serve as a beacon on a dark and stormy night to the returning son, but it tells of the comfort and enjoyment with the loved circle under the sacred roof.

Thus, true religion assuages and lightens the burden of grief, and enhances the pleasure of life. How absurd is it then to talk of religious melancholy as the cause of madness. The three considerations above given will be more fully unfolded as we proceed with the narrative.

William Cowper was born on the 26th November, 1731, at Berkhamstead, in Hertfordshire, England. His father was Rector of the church there, and also chaplain to George II. The grandfather of the poet was Hon. Spencer Cowper, Chief Justice of Chester and also Judge in the Court of Common Pleas. He was brother to the celebrated Earl Cowper, Lord High Chancellor of England. William Cowper refers to the royal lineage of his mother in those touching lines on her picture, beginning with

"Oh that those lips had language," &c.

Anne Donne could trace her de-

scend by far distant channels from Henry III. But though she died when the poet was but six years old, her piety had made such an ineffaceable impression upon his memory that he felt this to be a higher source of qualification than honorable birth.

"My boast is not that I deduce my birth
From thrones enthroned, and rulers of the
earth;

But higher far my proud pretensions
rise,
The son of parents passed into the
skies."

Like the Psalmist he could say, "I am thy servant and the son of thy handmaid." Amid all the waywardness of his life, he never forgot her example and her prayers. What an encouragement is here afforded to parental faithfulness. "For the promise is to you and to your children."

The child passed from the watchful care and tenderness of the mother to the companionship of rude boys in school. Here the cruelties of a young Turchin kept him in a state of torture for two whole years, and probably had a powerful agency in producing that nervous shrinking and that depression of spirits, which eventually culminated in madness. "I well remember," said he years afterward, "being afraid to lift my eyes upon him higher than his knees, and I knew him by his shoe-buckles better than by any other part of his dress." The sufferer was removed from school and had a season of rest until his tenth year, when he was sent to Westminster school and began the study of the classics. Here his progress was not remarkable in his studies and he learned to be idle and to tell falsehoods. The best translator of Homer left school forever in his eighteenth year, but a poor adept in classical lore. Nor does he seem to have had much regret for his deficiency when he discovered it. "A little experience of

the world," said he, "taught me that there were other attainments, which would carry a man through life more handsomely than perpetually revolving and expounding what Homer and Virgil had left behind them." A weighty truth, but the South has been slow to perceive it. When bordering on his nineteenth year, he was articulated to a London Solicitor, with whom he staid three years. But they were years of utter idleness and neglect of study. He says in a letter to his cousin Lady Hesketh, "I did actually live three years with Mr. Chapman, a Solicitor, that is to say, I slept three years in his house; but I lived, that is to say, I spent my days in Southampton Row, as you very well remember. There was I and the future Lord Chancellor constantly employed from morning till night, in giggling and making giggle, instead of studying the law. I am pleased about Lord Thurlow's enquiries about me. If he takes it into that inimitable head of his, he may make a man of me yet." His idle fellow-student (?), by the diligent application of his great faculties at night, repaired to some extent the losses of the day, and became Lord Thurlow, the High Chancellor of England. In Southampton Row resided his kind, indulgent uncle, Ashley Cowper, and the great attraction was the sprightly society of the uncle's two daughters, one of whom became Lady Hesketh. To the other, the poet gave the first fresh affections of his heart, the love was returned and his cousin Theodora became his affianced wife. He now removed to the Temple and there led the same idle life, pursuing nothing seriously but his love suit. Unfortunately for this affair, some eruptions broke out on his face and he applied to a quack for cosmetics to remove them, so that he might not appear less attractive in the eyes of his mistress. The remedy drove the disease upon the

brain and soon evidences of madness could be observed. Ashley Cowper peremptorily separated the lovers, and life's first sweet dream was over for the poet, never to return. Under the combined influences of his malady and disappointment in his hopes of the hand of Theodora, he became a moping melancholy man and subject to the deepest fits of despondency.— But he at length found relief by a contemplation of the goodness of God, as manifested in the beauties of creation. It is observable that when the Almighty wished to recall Job from his morbid misanthropy and contracted views of divine economy, he bade the complainer observe the wondrous works of God. Within our observation, a mother, who was inconsolable for the loss of her first-born, was first directed from her consuming grief by gazing upon the green fields and fresh flowers of spring. The Being, who adorns and beautifies all nature, must be a God of love. So felt the bereaved mother, and she recognized that goodness, even under her sore trial. The Being, who could lay the foundations of the earth, and form the leviathan and behemoth, the monster of the deep and the monster of the land, must be inscrutable in knowledge and power. So felt Job, and he bowed in submission to a stroke coming from Him, whose ways are past finding out. Overwhelmed with a sense of that wisdom and majesty, he cried out, "*I know that thou canst do every thing, and that no thought can be withholden from thee* * * * * * *Wherefore, I abhor myself and repent in dust and ashes.*"

During the next ten years, the poet led an idle, profitless life, reading much, but in a rambling desultory manner. He wrote, too, both prose and verse, but produced nothing worthy of preservation. "The poems he wrote during the first period of his author-

ship, which ended when he was thirty-one, are neither good in themselves, nor give the slightest promise of future excellence.—The thoughts are commonplace, the language bold, the verse without harmony.” (London Quarterly.) His slender patrimony was now exhausted, and he accepted the offer of a clerkship in the House of Lords. But his consent was given, only as a last resort to keep him from actual want. For his natural timidity, aggravated by the bullying he had received when a boy, made him dread the performance of any duty in public. “However much he was at home with his facetious and jovial companions, they had not helped to banish his native shyness. Many years afterwards, on warning a young acquaintance against the ‘vicious fear,’ which had proved ‘his own ruin,’ he told him that the mingling with men of pleasure would not cure it but would rather increase it in sober society.” (London Quarterly.)—But what was his horror on learning that not only were the functions of his office to be discharged in public, but that he had to stand an examination before the House of Lords, as to his qualifications for office. The state of his mind, for the next six months from his abject terror of the examination, was one of such exquisite torture that the agony of the rack could bear no comparison with it. “Lifting up his eyes to Heaven in a spirit of rancorous reproach, he cursed aloud the day of his birth.” (*Ibid.*) He wished for death and attempted suicide by drowning, by the dagger, and the poisoned bowl, but was always frustrated in his design, as he believed by the direct interposition of Providence. At length came the night preceding the dread day of trial, and it was a night of most fearful horrors. For three hours, he tried to kill himself with his pen-knife, but his trembling hand

struck feebly and wildly. At length the blade was broken, and he next made two attempts to hang himself. In the second, the garter by which he had suspended himself broke before life was gone, and he fell insensible upon the floor. On reviving, he mistook his own groans for the wails of the damned, and imagined himself in hell.

Well is it to pray to be delivered from “the fear of man which bringeth a snare.” Well is it to teach children to fear God and to have no other fear. The right fear of God will surely banish the wrong fear of man. How many, like poor Peter, have denied their Lord and Master through a cowardly dread of the blasphemers and persecutors.

Up to this time, Cowper had lived in almost heathenish ignorance of the cardinal doctrines of christianity. No Jacobin of the year of 1866 could know less of the Bible than he did. “To this moment,” says he, “I felt no concern of a spiritual kind. Ignorant of original sin, insensible of the guilt of actual transgression, I understood neither the law nor the gospel; the condemning nature of the one, nor the restoring mercies of the other. I was as much unacquainted with Christ, in all his saving offices, as if his blessed name had never reached me.” (Personal life.) In fact, nothing but his subsequent knowledge of the gospel, imperfect as it was at first, saved him from repeating the effort to destroy himself. “The sense of it (religion) secured me from the repetition of a crime, which I could not now reflect upon without horror.”—(Personal life.) His malady increased in violence until he felt one day, as though he had been suddenly struck on the head. He himself dates his second attack of madness from that day. For five months he believed himself a condemned sinner and hourly expect-

ted his doom. But a conversation with his only brother cheered him up, and with renewed hopes, he opened his Bible and the first verse his eyes lighted upon was the 25th of the 3d chapter of Romans. "Whom God has set forth to be a propitiation through faith in his blood, to declare his righteousness for the remission of sins that are past, through the forbearance of God." The effect was instantaneous. "Unless," says he, "the Almighty arm had been under me, I think that I would have died with gratitude and joy. * * * * * To rejoice now day and night was all my employment." In commenting upon these incidents in his life, the London Quarterly says, "the 'Personal Narrative' of Cowper is a complete refutation of the popular notion that religion made him mad. Both of his attacks arose from causes which had no connection with it, and when the subject engaged no part of his attention.—In the first visitation, it was only after the disease had taken root that he sought relief from prayer, which he abandoned the moment his health was restored. In the second and more terrible concussion of his mind, it was not until his phrenzy had driven him to attempt suicide that his conscience took alarm and directed his attention from what would have fed his disease."

With new views of the mercy of God through Jesus Christ, there came an entire change over Cowper. The wild olive was grafted upon the tree which grows by the River of Life. The old juices were there, but they flowed through different channels, and bore different fruit. The former timidity remained, but it now manifested itself in christian humility and gentleness. The old fondness for conversation was there, but the topics were no longer of the world; the constant theme was redeeming love. Thus those peculiarities of temper and character, which had been profitless to society and a blight to himself, under the vivifying influence of Divine grace became an ornament to the church and a benefit to mankind. The mists and fog, which in the valley are laden with malaria and death, when warmed and lifted up by the genial rays of the sun, gild, gladden and beautify the scene. So, cold, low and grovelling desires when warmed and elevated by the Sun of Righteousness may become a blessing to the world and to the cause of the Redeemer. Paul's persecuting energy was converted into untiring christian zeal. Peter's rude impetuosity became the calm courage of the martyr. Cowper's sensitive shrinking from the public gaze became the "walk with all loveliness and meekness" of the humble child of God.

SKETCH OF MECKLENBURG COUNTY.

As "THE LAND WE LOVE" is printed and published at *Charlotte*, its Carolina readers will consider some remarks upon the PAST of Mecklenburg and Charlotte as neither inopportune nor inappropriate.

Mecklenburg county began to be occupied about the year 1742.

That delightful section of North Carolina lying between the Yadkin and Catawba rivers, and for this reason not inaptly called Mesopotamia, was like most other frontier countries, first occupied by hunters, herdsman and shepherds. Pennsylvania, Maryland and Virginia, poured in their full contin-

gent to that flood of emigration which was soon to make the wilderness and the solitary places blossom as the rose. The primitive simplicity of the pastoral stage of society, with its calm, quiet and security, its freedom from care, from avarice and the rivalries of older communities, stamped the infant settlements with the impress of another Arcadia, pure, contented, free, enlightened, enterprising, virtuous and independent.

These beautiful and charming features of frontier society were soon followed by the agricultural, commercial and political stages. Lands began to be appropriated—farms cleared—villages erected—counties laid off—courts established—laws promulgated—schools and churches organized, and all the machinery of civilization and government put into motion.—Such was the condition of things west of the Yadkin, when in 1762, Mecklenburg county was formed, and its seat of justice laid off and called Charlotte, in honor of the new Queen, Princess Charlotte, of Mecklenburg.

As already remarked, the principal emigration to Mecklenburg was from the less remote colonies north of Carolina. Besides these, many of the emigrants reached the country direct from Europe through the Cape Fear river and the harbor of Charleston. Many of the Irish, Scotch-Irish and Huguenot families sought the interior sections of the Carolinas through these channels. But all of them came to the new country with the noble purpose and determination of bettering their condition. Few of them brought wealth with them. But what was better, they all brought enterprise, energy, industry—simple and frugal habits—physical strength and a manly self-reliance. Most of them, too, were intelligent and well informed—accustomed to subordination and obedience to law, while not a few of them were learned men, pro-

found thinkers—classical and thorough scholars of the olden time—the palmy days of Edinburgh and Nassau Hall. To these excellent traits of character must be added a strong development of the religious principle, their conscientiousness and their strict performance of social and relative duty.

Such, in brief, were the characteristics of the inhabitants of Mecklenburg a century since. These are the very elements from which to elaborate a destiny so illustrious—a future so glorious—a fame so eternal and imperishable. To these elements may be traced her sudden expansion and rapid growth in the arts of civilized life—her early efforts in the cause of learning, as well as her more recent educational enterprises, and her time-honored devotion to religious culture and improvement, her churches and her schools of learning. And to these elements, too, in the character of her first population, may be traced that careful vigilance for *right, conscience and liberty*—that stern defender of the *Representative Principle* and that bold assertion of the right of *self-government*. To these elements are to be ascribed her first Declaration of Independence, the unselfish patriotism which prompted and the lofty heroism which achieved it.

The whole record of Mecklenburg is a bright one. The reminiscences of her early patriots, and of her self-sacrificing soldiers, constitute a rich legacy which their posterity and their countrymen should never forget, nor undervalue.

The original boundaries of Mecklenburg embraced Rutherford county, and also Lincoln, then extending to the South Carolina line. The present counties of Cabarrus and Union belonged, at a still later period, to Mecklenburg—forming thus a magnificent area and princely domain, equal in superficial ex-

tent to New Jersey and Delaware, and surpassing that of Rhode Island. This wide area was beautifully diversified, and adorned by every variety of charming landscape, combining the same features of the extended champaign—the fertile valley—the river alluvial, with the grandeur of mountain scenery. It was an inviting theatre for the display of the highest phase of Anglo-American civilization.

The names designating the county and town imply the steadfast loyalty and devotion of the original colonists to the reigning family. As another proof of this loyalty they gave to the first institution of learning established west of the Yadkin, the name of Queen's Museum.

These repeated compliments to the King did not imply, however, a blind adherence and subserviency to his ministry at home—nor to his parliament—much less to his Colonial Agents in Carolina. Adherence to *right* was with the free-men of Mecklenburg, the condition of their obedience, and they took the earliest opportunity to disobey when that right was violated or disregarded. When Selwyn, a crown favorite, attempted, in 1766, to locate his large grants of land in this county, the people arose in arms, seized the surveyor and forced him to desist. A few years later the corrupt officials of the Colonial Governor, Tryon, by their fraudulent exaction of unlawful fees, exasperated even the law abiding colonists to armed resistance. He called upon the military of Mecklenburg to put down the insurgents, sustain his authority, and quell the rebellion. To the credit of Mecklenburg, one of her captains was so firm and so virtuous as to refuse to lead his company against his countrymen, who were resisting oppression and protecting their rights. This officer was Captain James Knox, the maternal grand-

father of the late President of the United States, James Knox Polk. The minions of Tryon continued, in many of the counties of Carolina, to collect fees not authorized by law and to perpetrate other acts of oppression and tyranny upon the poorer colonists. These again flew to arms. To subdue this incipient rebellion Tryon sent to Charleston for large supplies of ammunition. His wagons transporting these supplies, when passing through the Rocky river settlement, (now Cabarrus) were boldly intercepted by sterling patriots of that neighborhood—a train was set to the powder and the entire cargo destroyed by its explosion. This was near Phifer's Hill, afterwards Long's Tavern, in Cabarrus county, and occurred early in May, 1771. So early did Mecklenburg demonstrate her sympathy in resistance to arbitrary government. In the battle of Alamance, which took place on the 16th of May, 1771, we see the first blood shed in the American Revolution. The dawn of independence was already gilding the political horizon from New Hampshire to Georgia. The great question at issue between Great Britain and her American Colonies was that of Parliamentary supremacy. The latter held that taxes were the *gift* of the people to the crown or the government—that these taxes could not be laid or collected without the consent of the people, or their representatives chosen by themselves. The stamp act had been resisted successfully and repealed, but the insignificant tax of three pence per pound on tea was retained for the purpose, as the ministry said, of asserting the *right* of Parliament to tax the colonies. This assertion dissolved the charm of loyalty to the King, and allegiance to his government, and the colonies armed to resist. In the whole of Mecklenburg county, such were the frugal and inexpensive habits

of the people, there were perhaps not ten pounds of tea consumed in the year. This tax, inconsiderable as it was, the people considered as violative of the right to tax themselves, and they therefore resisted it with such entire unanimity that when the act for shutting up the harbor of Boston was made known to them they resolved, that "the cause of Boston was the cause of all," and proceeded to make liberal contributions of money and especially of beeves, which were immediately sent forward for the relief of the sufferers around Massachusetts bay.

In the meantime the organization of a Continental Congress was suggested. This was to be effected through the agency of the Congresses of the several colonies. That for North Carolina met at New Berne, August 25, 1774.—This was independent of and contrary to the authority of the existing Colonial Government, but Mecklenburg was represented in it. Benjamin Patton was the delegate, and it is tradition that he went the entire distance on foot paying his own expenses. In the preamble and resolutions adopted at New Berne, the Congress declares their regard to the British constitution, and their allegiance to the House of Hanover, but that allegiance from them should meet with the protection of government, that no person should be taxed without his consent, freely given by himself or his representative, &c., &c.

In support of these principles, the New Berne Congress appointed for Salisbury District, which then embraced Mecklenburg county, Thomas Wade, Colonel; Adlai Osborne, Lieut. Colonel; and Joseph Harden, Major. As committee of safety for the same District, Griffith Rutherford, John Brevard, John Crawford, Hezekiah Alexander, James Auld, Benjamin Patton, William Hill, John Hamilton, Charles Galloway, Wil-

liam Dent, Robert Ewart and Maxwell Chambers; and for officers of the 2nd, Battalion, Thomas Polk, Colonel; Adam Alexander, Lieutenant Colonel; and Charles McLean, Major. For the Council of Safety for the State in the same District, Hezekiah Alexander, and Wm. Sharpe. Of the committee on the Bill of Rights and the Constitution of the State, the members from Mecklenburg were Messrs. Alexander, Rutherford, Sharpe, Avery, Irwin and Hill.

All this had transpired in North Carolina before the battle had been fought at Lexington. That occurrence not only stimulated resistance to arbitrary power, but precipitated a severance from the British government. Hooper had said that "the colonies were fast sliding into independence," and Mecklenburg county was the first to sustain the declaration. In that county a convention was called, which met on the 19th of May, 1775, at Charlotte. Abraham Alexander was chosen chairman, and John McKnitt Alexander secretary. The second resolution is as follows: "That we, the citizens of Mecklenburg county, do hereby dissolve the political bands which have connected us to the mother country, and hereby absolve ourselves from all allegiance to the British Crown, and abjure all political connection, contract or association with that nation, who have wantonly trampled on our rights and liberties, and inhumanly shed the blood of American patriots at Lexington."

"III. Resolved, That we do hereby declare ourselves a free and independent people, are, and of right ought to be, a sovereign and self-governing association, under the control of no power, other than that of our God, and the general government of Congress; to the maintenance of which independence, we solemnly pledge to each other our mutual co-operation, our lives, our fortunes and

our most sacred honor." For the sake of brevity the other resolutions and proceedings are not here given.

ABRAHAM ALEXANDER,
Chairman.

John McKnitt Alexander,
Secretary.

A list of the delegates is here copied from Wheeler.

Ephraim Brevard, Hezekiah J. Balch, John Phifer, James Harris, Wm. Kennon, John Ford, Richard Barry, Henry Downe, Ezra Alexander, William Graham, John Queary, Hezekiah Alexander, Adam Alexander, Zaccheus Wilson, Waightstill Avery, Benjamin Patton, Mathew McClure, Neill Morrison, Robert Irwin, John Flannigan, David Russ, John Davidson, R. Harris, Thomas Polk.

Doctor Ephraim Brevard is the reputed author of the Mecklenburg resolutions.

Referring to the illustrious members of the Charlotte Convention, Wheeler says: "These men have long since gone to their final account; but their names, characters and services should be held ever in grateful remembrance by their countrymen. North Carolina is proud of their names, for with them is associated the most unsullied patriotism, uncalculating resistance to oppression, and chivalric daring."

At the next meeting of the Provincial Congress, which took place at Hillsborough, August 21, 1775, there were present, as delegates from Mecklenburg, Thomas Polk, John Phifer, Waightstill Avery, Samuel Martin, Jas. Houston and John McKnitt Alexander. The Royal Governor had fled from his palace at New Berne and taken refuge on board his Majesty's ship *Cruzer*, in Cape Fear river, from which he issued his harmless missiles, in the form of a proclamation, to intimidate the patriot freemen of North Carolina, specifying the delegates of the Charlotte Convention, whose "resolves sur-

pass all the horrid and treasonable publications that the inflammatory spirits of the Continent have yet produced." The Provincial Assembly having been prorogued by the Governor, no vestige of royal government was left, and a Whig Congress had assumed the control of North Carolina.

April 4th, 1776, the Whig Congress assembled at Halifax. The following extract from its journal shows that the first legislative recommendation of a Declaration of Independence by the Continental Congress, originated likewise in North Carolina. It is worthy of remark, that John McKnitt Alexander, the Secretary of the Mecklenburg Convention, Thomas Polk, Waightstill Avery, John Phifer, and Robert Irwin, who were conspicuous actors in the proceedings in Mecklenburg, were active and influential members of the Halifax Congress from that county. "Resolved that the delegates from this colony in the Continental Congress be empowered to concur with the delegates of the other colonies in declaring independence, and forming foreign alliances, reserving to this colony, the sole and exclusive right of forming a constitution and laws for this colony," &c., &c. This resolution was subsequently presented to Congress, May 27th, 1776, nearly six weeks before the National Declaration of July 4, was made.

Nor were the young ladies less determined than the men of Mecklenburg in the resistance of arbitrary power. Early in the year 1776, "the young ladies of the best families of Mecklenburg county, N. C., entered into a voluntary association that they would not receive the addresses of any young gentleman of that place, except the brave volunteers who served in the expedition to South Carolina, and assisted in subduing the Scovallite insurgents. The ladies being of the opinion that such persons as

stay loitering at home when the important calls of the country demand their military services abroad, must certainly be destitute of that nobleness of sentiment and that brave manly spirit which would qualify them to be the defenders and guardians of the fair sex."*

Such Spartan-like and noble devotion to the rights of the country commands our highest admiration and our grateful recollections.—With such advocates it cannot be strange that American Independence was achieved.

The military officers appointed in 1775, for Mecklenburg county, were Adam Alexander, Colonel; John Phifer, Lieut. Colonel; John Davidson, Major; Geo. H. Alexander, 2d Major.

The Provincial Congress held its next session also at Halifax. It met Nov. 12th, 1776. To this body was assigned the duty of forming a Constitution of the *State* of North Carolina. The members from Mecklenburg were John Phifer, Robert Irwin, Zaccheus Wilson, Hezekiah Alexander, and Waightstill Avery.

"A rapid detail has thus been given of the action and sentiments of Mecklenburg county in the cause of liberty and freedom, and in the Declaration of Independence. It is no ordinary achievement thus to have laid the foundation of free and independent government. Every review of these illustrious events increases our admiration of that enlightened love of freedom, that noble spirit of independence, and that self-sacrificing and lofty patriotism which glowed in the bosoms, animated the councils and nerved the hearts of those who, for the inestimable privileges we enjoy, pledged their mutual co-operation, their lives, fortunes, and most sacred honors."†

* South Carolina & American Gazette of February, 1776.

† Ramsey's Hist. Tenn., p. 133, et seq.

But the efforts of Mecklenburg for the welfare of the country were not confined to its political, civil and military condition. Simultaneously with what had been done in this behalf, a like activity and zeal were early manifested in laying, broad and deep, the foundations for learning and religion.—The seven churches (not of Asia) of Mecklenburg were organized contemporaneously with the permanent settlement of the country. Centre, Hopewell, Poplar Tent, Rocky-river, Sugar Creek, Providence, and Steel Creek congregations were the first religious organizations. The pastor and the church were always associated with the teacher and the school-house. In most, perhaps all, of these congregations, the minister opened a classical school, over which he presided. These schools have since been called log-colleges. They have exerted a potent instrumentality in the education of the great men of North Carolina, and especially of its christian ministers. Among these earlier pastors and teachers may be mentioned Thompson Houston, McRee, M'Corkle, Craighead, Hunter and McWhorter, Caldwell, Wallace and McCaule. Queen's Museum, at Charlotte, has already been mentioned. In 1770, its charter was obtained from the Provincial Assembly, but repealed by the King. It flourished, however, without the royal sanction. In 1777 it was incorporated by the General Assembly of the State, but under another name, Liberty Hall. The trustees were, Isaac Alexander, M. D., Pres't.; Thomas Polk, Abraham Alexander, Waightstill Avery, Ephraim Brevard, M. D., John Simpson, Adlai Osborne, John McKnitt Alexander, Rev. David Caldwell, Jas. Edmonds, Thomas Reese, Samuel E. M'Corkle, Thos. H. McCaule, and James Hall. The six last named were presbyterian clergymen—excellent scholars—and the

whole board zealous patrons of learning. Liberty Hall was erected on the beautiful lot corner of Tryon and Third streets, since owned by W. Julius Alexander, Esq., and is one of the historical places in Charlotte, not less as the earliest seat of learning and the muses, than as the head quarters, in 1780, of Lord Cornwallis and the cemetery of his dead. Minerva and Mars has each had there a temple and worshippers.

At subsequent periods Rev. Jno. Robinson, D. D., Rev. S. C. Caldwell, and Rev. James Wallis has each had his log-college at Poplar Tent, Sugar Creek, and Providence. Their Alumni have occupied with eclat and distinction the bar, the forum, the bench, the hustings, the clinique, and the pulpit of the surrounding country and of the far West everywhere.

But it is the pride of Mecklenburg, not only to have taken the novitiate in self-government and independence, but it is her glory, that her heroism, her valor, and her chivalry, have never been wanting in the hour of danger and battle. A volume could be written upon her martial achievements, in the war of the Revolution, in the war of 1812, in that with Mexico and in that most gigantic effort for the "lost cause." Of the former of these a brief mention only can here be made.

Her interior position gave to Mecklenburg, for the first few years of the Revolutionary struggle, an immunity from invasion. Still some of her sons participated in the heroic repulse of Sir Peter Parker in the harbor of Charleston, and in 1776 many of them went under Gen. Rutherford, a long and arduous campaign against the Middle Towns of the Cherokees, now the allies of England.

The butchery of Buford's force by Tarleton at Waxhaw, took place May 29th, 1780. To obstruct his further advance towards Charlotte, General Rutherford or-

dered out the militia en masse.— On the 3d June 900 patriotic men had assembled at Charlotte, and were harrangued by Rev. Dr. McWhorter, President of the College. Tarleton retrograded to Camden. The whig forces were then ordered to rendezvous at McRae's plantation, 18 miles north east of Charlotte, with the view of co-operating in the reduction of a body of Tories, 1300 strong, under Colonel Moore, near the present Lincolnton. On the 20th, after a desperate conflict, the Tories were dispersed. The loss on each side was nearly equal.

But the capitulation at Charleston led soon to the invasion and occupying of most of South Carolina, by the British army, which had advanced rapidly to Camden in that State. There the laurels won by the hero of Saratoga were withered, and Gen. Gates' whole army was captured, or destroyed. The surrender of Charleston and the disastrous defeat at Camden, left South Carolina an easy prey to the advancing British forces. On the 6th August, 1780, in the battle of the Hanging Rock, the centre, consisting entirely of Mecklenburg militia, was commanded by Col. Irwin, and contributed essentially in the achievement of the victory.

But notwithstanding this success, the aspect of the American cause was otherwise very discouraging. Gates had retreated with the fragments of his broken army, and left Mecklenburg exposed to the enemy, flushed, and exultant, by their recent successes. General Rutherford had been taken with many of his men prisoners, near Camden, and his successor in command had assigned to Col. Davie the defence of North Carolina against the approach of Cornwallis, who on the 8th of September, had reached Waxhaw, forty miles from Charlotte. Against this whole force of the British army, Davie's small command, with two

small companies of riflemen, under Major George Davidson, took post at Providence, and with this force annoyed the advance of Cornwallis, and for a short period this was the only armed body of resistance in the whole South, on which the eye of the patriot could rest. With the view of recruiting, and re-organizing the shattered battalions of Gates, whose head quarters were now at Hillsboro, Generals Sumner and Davidson had fallen back by Phifer's in the direction of Salisbury, ordering Col. Davie, with about one hundred and fifty men and some volunteers, under Major Joseph Graham, to hover around the advancing foe, annoy his foraging parties and skirmish with his light troops. In obedience to these orders, on the night of the 25th of September, 1780, Col. Davie entered Charlotte, the British army being but a few miles behind him. The town then consisted of about forty houses, the two main streets crossing at right angles, the court house in the centre. The left of the town was an open common, the right was covered with underwood. Davie determined next morning to give the enemy a warm reception.—He dismounted one of his companies and stationed them under the court house the upper part of which was occupied as a court room, the under part as a market house. The other companies were posted behind the garden fences on either side of the street by which the British advanced. Tarleton's Legion led the advance, the main body following. When within about sixty yards of the court house a sharp fire was opened by the Americans, which caused the enemy to recoil. Lord Cornwallis, vexed to see his whole army thus checked, rode up in person, and said, "Legion! remember, you have everything to lose but nothing to gain." Thus taunted, they returned, reinforced, to the charge, and Colonel Davie

ordered a retreat. The pursuit lasted for some time and for several miles, in which Colonel Locke, of Rowan, was killed, and Major Joseph Graham severely wounded, and about thirty others killed wounded and prisoners.

The King's troops did not come out of the skirmish unhurt. Maj. Hanger, Captains Campbell and McDonald wounded, and twelve non-commissioned officers and men killed and wounded.

To Major Graham had been assigned the command of these troops which sustained the retreat of Colonel Davie, and he, with his gallant volunteers, opposed Tarleton's Legion and a regiment of infantry for four miles up the Salisbury road. After a heavy and well directed fire upon the British from the court house to the Gum Tree, Graham's forces were compelled to retreat, but formed again on the plantation afterwards owned by McConaughy, and again attacked the advancing column of infantry.—Forced to fall back further, he again formed his men on the hill, above where Sugar Creek Church now stands. Here the skirmish was renewed, and kept up with such obstinacy, as to give time to a party of British dragoons who came up the road, leading from Captain Kennedy's, to engage and after a pursuit of two miles to overtake them. Here Locke was killed, on the edge of a small pond, still to be seen near the end of Kennedy's lane. Between that point and the house, since occupied by J. A. Houston, Major Graham was cut down, and severely wounded. He received four deep gashes of the sabre over his head, and one in his side, and three balls were afterwards removed from his body. His recovery, under the circumstances, was remarkable. Wheeler, from whom many of these details are copied, thus closes his account of this spirited affair in and near

Charlotte. "Thus at the age of twenty one years, we see this gallant officer leading a band of as brave men as ever faced a foe, to guard the ground first consecrated by the Declaration of American Independence, and when the foot of tyranny was treading it, and resistance proved unsuccessful, leaving his blood as the best memorial of a righteous cause, and of true heroism in its defence."

Lord Cornwallis, abandoning for the present, a further progress, established his head quarters in Charlotte. The army bivouacked on the field, near the house since occupied by Doctor Dunlap. The immediate head quarters of his Lordship were at the corner of Tryon and Third streets.

During his stay in the village, the daring spirit of the whigs of Mecklenburg held him in continued apprehension. A single instance of defection on the part of the delegates to the Convention of May 20, 1775, occurred. That was Duncan Ocheltree, a Scotch merchant living in Charlotte. In an evil hour the *auri sacra fames* seduced him from his allegiance, his duty and his honor. Rich, and a shrewd trader, as a condition of preserving his property he accepted the position of quarter master in the British service. He sent message after message to his old customers in the country to bring in supplies for the army, promising to pay for them in English sovereigns. No one was so unpatriotic, so corrupt, so venal as to accept his insulting bribe. *Timeo Danaos et dona ferentes* was the proud sentiment of every farmer in the country. All supplies were withheld. He sent out foraging parties to procure them. The bugles of the dragoons were only timely signals for the application of the torch to the well stored barns and granaries of the true patriots of Mecklenburg. "Cato," said McKnitt Alexander to his

trusty slave and foreman, "Cato, as soon as you see the red coats enter our lane, run quick and set fire to the stack yard and barn, and escape to the woods. Duncan Ocheltree shall not have one bundle of my fodder." And in loyalty to his master, and to genuine freedom, Cato and Ruth did burn to ashes the whole results of a year's agricultural labor. Ocheltree's foraging parties were daily sent out several miles around Charlotte, but without success. They were often way-laid and fired upon by the whig riflemen and pursued to their lines in town, and the place is yet pointed out, in the pine underwood near the first toll house, where black Bill Alexander often crept up and with his unerring rifle shot down the British sentinels. Quite a skirmish of this sort occurred at Goforth's on the old road above the present residence of Doctor J. McKnitt Henderson.— Another one at Polk's mill south of Charlotte, where the bullet marks are still to be seen. A still more serious one occurred on McIntire's Branch which is worthy of a more extended notice. This place is on the road to Beattie's Ford, and about seven miles from Charlotte. Cornwallis' supplies were nearly exhausted, and the provisions near town had been nearly all burned or otherwise destroyed. Ocheltree advised that an armed force should be sent up to the rich plantations on the Catawba river, then owned, as at present, by the Davidson family. The party was about four hundred men acting as a convoy for a long train of wagons. The whigs hastily embodied under Major George Graham to annoy, if not to repulse them. Graham allowed the enemy to advance unmolested until they should reach the narrow and rather intricate road near the branch. Placing some of his men on each side of the road, then a woodland, he boldly presented himself with twelve brave sol-

diers on the top of a small hill and delivered a deliberate volley upon the advance of the dragoons, in front. A lateral fire was simultaneously made by the men in the woods, along both sides of the road. The advance was repulsed by Graham and his spartans.—The British dragoons fell back upon the wagon trains—a scene of utter confusion took place amongst the teamsters, the soldiers, and the attaches of the command—the road was too narrow to admit the turning of the wagons—the drivers, in the panic which ensued, disengaged the horses from their harness, and the whole party made a dastardly, and rapid retreat to Charlotte.—The results of this ambushade were, that thirty two of the enemy were killed—many wounded, and with a very inconsiderable loss on the part of the whigs. Similar skirmishes occurred all over Mecklenburg, and it is not strange therefore that in a letter to Col. Balfour of the British army, Lord Cornwallis should write, “Charlotte is an agreeable village, but in a d—d rebellious county,” nor that he should in another place designate it as a *hornet’s nest*—nor that Tarleton should testify, that “the spirit of the people was such, that no force could overawe and subdue their rebel temper,” nor that their retreating squadrons on their return from their foraging enterprizes, should say as they said to poor Osheltree after the affair at McIntire’s, “that every bush on the road concealed a rebel.” This signal repulse took place on the 4th of October, 1780. His Lordship had now been nine days in his head quarters at Charlotte, where we shall for the nonce leave him, to contemplate briefly another enterprise at a not very distant point, which was to result in his sudden and almost unexpected evacuation of Charlotte, and his abandonment of Mecklenburg, and of North Carolina.

“At this period (Oct. 1780,) a deep gloom hung over the cause of American Independence, and the confidence of its most steadfast friends was shaken. The reduction of Savannah, the capitulation of Charleston, and the loss of the entire army of Gen. Lincoln, had depressed the hopes of the patriot whigs, and the subsequent career of British conquest and subjugation of Georgia and South Carolina, excited serious apprehension and alarm for the eventual success of the American cause.”

* * “At Waxhaws the command of Buford had been defeated, and his men butchered by the sabres of Tarleton. At Camden a second Southern army was dispersed, captured, and signally defeated by Cornwallis. But besides these disasters, there were other circumstances that aggravated the discouraging condition of American affairs. The finances of Congress were low; the paper currency had failed; its depreciation was sinking every where, sinking with a rapid proclivity still lower; the treasuries of the States were exhausted, and their credit lost; a general distress pervaded the country; subsistence and clothing for the furnishing and ill clad troops, were to be procured only by impressment, and the inability of the government, from the want of means, was openly admitted. British posts were established, and garrisons kept up at numerous points, in the very heart of the country, and detachments from the main army were with profane impudence, rioting through the land, in an uninterrupted career of outrage, aggression and conquest. Under the protection of these, the loyalists were encouraged to rise against their whig countrymen, to depredate upon their property, insult their families, seek their lives and drive them into exile upon the Western waters.*

*Ramsey’s Tennessee, page 221.

At the head of one of these detachments Cornwallis had previously to the invasion of North Carolina, sent Col. Ferguson, one of his most capable officers, with the view of rallying to his standard the loyalists of South Carolina and the adjoining counties of North Carolina, and with the further purpose of repressing and subduing the indignant spirits of the whigs. Ferguson took post near Rutherfordton, and there erected the standard of the King, and invited to it such a force as might enable him to co-operate with and support Cornwallis in his further invasion of North Carolina, which that enterprising commander considered as the stepping block to the easy conquest of Virginia.

In the meantime a storm of indignant patriotism had broken out in the trans-montane counties of Carolina—now Tennessee, which soon reached the contiguous part of Virginia. It was at this extreme crisis of the cause of American Independence, that the pioneers of the West, came uninvited to the rescue and defence of the mother state. At this crisis, they “evinced their devotion to the cause of the country and freedom. At this crisis western patriotism, projected the most daring expedition, and western valor achieved the brightest victory which adorns the page of our revolutionary history. Free as the air of their own mountains, and indignant that the land of freemen should be polluted by the footsteps of an invader, the patriots of the west flew to the rescue of their bleeding country—ascending the Alleghany, and precipitating themselves from its summit, they overwhelmed the enemy with discomfiture and death.*

To be more specific it may briefly be added, that the infant Hercules—cradled in the wilderness,

upon Watauga and Nollichucky—having passed a period of political orphanage, and struggled through it into a precocious but vigorous manhood, determined to rescue the mother state from the grasp of its invaders. Her volunteer riflemen under the command of Cols. Sevier, Shelby, McDowell, and Campbell, assembled at their camp on Watauga, September 25, 1780, crossed the mountain—were then joined by troops under Cleveland, Winston, Hambright, Chronicle, and Williams—and followed rapidly in pursuit of Ferguson, who had fallen back and taken post on King’s mountain. Nine hundred men only went into the fight. Of these twenty eight were killed and sixty wounded. The battle was begun at 3 o’clock p. m., of the 7th October, and lasted about an hour. The brave commander Ferguson was killed after a desperate conflict in which he manifested both skill and courage. He lost 225 killed, 180 wounded, 700 prisoners, 1500 stand of arms, besides many horses and wagons loaded with supplies. The victory was complete. Not one of the enemy escaped. Occupying the crest of the mountain, the volunteers surrounded them from the commencement of the assault and no one could escape. “This expedition against Ferguson was chivalric in the extreme. It was undertaken against a distinguished, and a skillful leader, at the head of a large force, which could easily have been doubled.” “The expedition was also eminently patriotic. When it was projected, disaster and defeat had shrouded the South with an impenetrable cloud of despondence and gloom. Ruined expectation and blasted hopes, hung like a pall, over the paralyzed energies of the friends of America. The expedition was moreover entirely successful. The first object of it, Ferguson, was killed, and his whole army either captured or de-

*Ramsey’s Tennessee, page 3.

stroyed. This gave new spirit to the desponding Americans, and frustrated the well concerted scheme of strengthening the British army by the Tories in the neighborhood.

The whole enterprise, reflects the highest honor upon the patriotism that conceived and the courage that executed it. Nothing can surpass the skill and gallantry of the officers, nothing the valor of the men who achieved the victory."^{*}

But, to follow this necessary digression no further, we return again to Mecklenburg and Cornwallis. So complete and overwhelming had been the victory of the mountain men over Ferguson and the loyalists, that no intelligence of the disaster at King's Mountain, reached Charlotte till the 10th of October, three days after the fight. His Lordship had sent his emissaries in advance, to inform the Tories further in the interior of the State, that they must not rise until Ferguson, and the large reinforcements under him, should have effected a junction with the main army at Salisbury, which was contemplated soon. But the disaster of the 7th, at King's Mountain, disconcerted all his schemes. "Rumor had magnified the number of the western riflemen, and connected their return with their prisoners, into a march upon himself, with a force three thousand strong. Abandoning for the present, his progress northward, he ordered an immediate retreat from Charlotte, marched all night in the utmost confusion, crossed the Catawba, and retrograded as far as Winnsboro, eighty or a hundred miles in his rear, nor did he attempt to advance until reinforced by General Leslie, several months after, with three thousand men, from the Chesapeake." "In the meantime the Whigs under General W.

L. Davidson, and Colonel W. R. Davie assembled in some force at New Providence and the Waxhaw.* The cloud that had, till the defeat of Ferguson, hung over the whole South and enveloped the country in gloom, was dispelled, and from that moment the American cause began to wear a more promising aspect."[†]

As the name of Ocheltree belongs to the reminiscences of Mecklenburg, it is introduced here for the last time.

It is tradition that on the evening when Cornwallis was making preparation for his hurried evacuation of Charlotte, his quarter master suddenly, again became uneasy about his property. How could he best propitiate his old Whig neighbors and save it? was now his greatest care. At dark he mounted his horse—gave the sentinels the counter-sign and rode rapidly to his once friend, and quondam colleague McKnitt Alexander, nine miles in the country. Arrived at the door he was refused admittance by Mrs. A., who also declined to tell where her husband and son were. He pledged the honor of a British officer that his intentions were patriotic, and reached his sword through the window, as a guaranty of his truth. Mrs. A. knew him before as a merchant, and recognizing his voice agreed to send a message to her husband who was then two or three miles off in Maj. Sharpe's camp. The message was entrusted to their eldest daughter Peggy, a little girl 13 years old, who was accompanied by her faithful maid, Venus, to the camp of the Whigs. The message was delivered and after speaking a word to Major Sharpe, Mr. A. quietly withdrew and returned to his house bringing the daughter and the servant with him. On his arrival at his house, Ocheltree told him that the

*Ramsey's Tennessee, pp. 245-3.

*Ramsey's Tennessee, page 248.

†Ramsey's Tennessee, page 243.

British army would evacuate Charlotte that night, that he threw himself for the protection of himself and his property, upon the generosity of Mr. A., and asked his advice and assistance in this critical dilemma. The reply was such as might be expected from John McKnitt Alexander. "Ocheltree! if I had met you any where else I would have killed you, under the circumstances as far as I am concerned your life is safe.— But neither your life nor property is safe in Mecklenburg. The whigs will take both. Your personal safety can be secured only by instant flight. I advise you to get to the Yadkin before daylight." That was the last seen of Ocheltree. It was reported that he reached Wilmington safely and afterwards escaped to East Florida. But the information given by him to Mr. A., was every way opportune and valuable. On his return to Sharpe's camp, he found that officer on the point of leaving it for the pursuit of Lord Cornwallis. At day break he overtook his baggage wagons inextricably mixed in the Sugar Creek swamps and captured a rich booty, besides the guard.

Thus, after an occupancy of fourteen days by the enemy, Charlotte ceased to be a British garrison. The horns of Mecklenburg had driven the last red coat from their nest, never thereafter to be molested by a *foreign* foe.

General Gates was superseded in the command of the Southern army by General Greene, who on the 3d December, 1780, established his head quarters at Charlotte, and took measures to oppose Cornwallis' further march northward. From this point he detached Gen. Morgan against Tarleton, whom he defeated so signally at the Cowpens on the 17th of January, 1781. To recover the loss and recapture the prisoners Morgan had taken, Cornwallis gave immediate pursuit with the whole British Army.

On this campaign His Lordship chose to avoid Charlotte, and leaving the hornet's nest to his right, to cross the Catawba river at Cowan's ford 18 miles above Charlotte. General Greene detached General W. L. Davidson to guard this ford, and to resist the passage there of the British army. Greene himself with most of the American forces had joined Morgan at another crossing place, several miles higher up the river.— General Davidson had thus but three hundred men, with which to impede the advance of the enemy. On the first of February, at day break, the army of Cornwallis entered the river at Cowan's. The morning was dark and rainy. The light infantry under Colonel Hall, entered first, followed by the grenadiers and the battalions.— The picket of General Davidson challenged the enemy; receiving no reply, the guard fired. This turned out the whole force of Davidson, who kept up a galling fire from the bank. The guide of the British, alarmed at the firing, turned about and left them. This caused an unexpected diversion of the enemy from the expected landing of the ford, and Colonel Hall led them directly across.— He was killed as he ascended the bank. Lord Cornwallis' horse was shot in the river, and fell as he reached the shore. Three British were killed, and thirty six wounded. General Davidson in riding from the point where he expected the enemy, to the point where they landed, was shot—the ball passing through his heart, and he fell dead from his horse. As he fell by a rifle ball (the British only using muskets) it is supposed he fell by the hand of some tory. Withered be the hand and forever cursed, that did this deed! Thus fell in the prime of life, and at a moment of usefulness, this noble and patriotic soldier. Worthily is his name bestowed on one of the most fertile

counties of our State; and a seat of learning near the scene of his death perpetuates his fame to the "last syllable of recorded time." The descendants of General Davidson still live among us. The spirit of patriotism, the heroic example, illustrious services, and chivalric death of their distinguished ancestor, are left as a rich legacy to their issue.* Davidson's body was found that night and buried in the grave yard at Hopewell Church.

In the engagement at the ford, the company commanded by Captain Joseph Graham, was the first to fire on the British as they advanced through the river. Graham's fire was resolutely continued until the enemy reached the bank, reloaded their muskets and commenced a heavy fire upon his men, two of whom were killed. Wm. Polk and Rev. McCall were also in the fight, and were near to Gen. Davidson when he fell.

During their march on the 1st, the enemy burned the dwelling house of Mr. John Brevard, and insulted the ladies of the neighborhood.

In all civilized nations, the wanton and unnecessary destruction of private property, and insult or injury to non-combatants, have been everywhere and by common consent condemned, as violations of the usages and laws of honorable warfare. These offences are as distasteful as they are cruel and cowardly, and are always repudiated by the chivalric and the brave. Yet such acts had been perpetrated frequently by Tarleton, or the loyalists in his camp, on the invasion of this country by Cornwallis. It is but justice to the memory of that honorable commander, and high toned gentleman, to say that such outrages received his censure and stern rebuke, and he issued the following order:

*Wheeler's History of N. C.

"HEAD QUARTERS, CROSS ROADS to Salisbury, 1st February, 1781.

Lord Cornwallis is highly displeased that several houses were set on fire during the march, this day—a disgrace to the army. He will punish with the utmost severity, any person or persons, who shall be found guilty of committing so disgraceful an outrage. His Lordship requests the commanding officers of corps to find out the persons who set fire to the houses this day."

The militia of North Carolina, after the fall of Davidson, were placed under the command Gen. Pickens, of S. C., and continued to pursue the British. At Torrence's there was a short but spirited resistance. Graham, with his Mecklenburg company, was in the celebrated fight with Colonel Pyles at the head of 350 Tories. At a later period Graham, as Major, commanded a troop of cavalry raised in Mecklenburg, consisting of ninety six dragoons and forty mounted infantry. With this gallant band he met and defeated, near McFall's Mills, six hundred Tories. The last service this youthful commander rendered in the American Revolution, was in defeating the celebrated Tory, Colonel Gayny, near Wacamaw Lake, a little before the close of the war.

Cornwallis having abandoned North Carolina, Greene made his celebrated campaign into South Carolina. Before he crossed the line he gave Mecklenburg the compliment of naming his camp for one of her patriot sons, *Camp McKnitt Alexander*. An early emigrant to the State, a Colonial surveyor, and an active business man in every thing relating to the public welfare, he was selected by Greene, though beyond the military age, for much of his secret and confidential services in all his campaigns, and especially in his celebrated and masterly retreat before Cornwallis. His familiarity

with the topography of the country—its roads—its ferries—its fords—his acquaintance with all its officers, and his thorough knowledge of the spirit and temper of its citizens, whether whig or tory, and his well known zeal in the cause, qualified him peculiarly as pilot and guide—financier or express, general adviser, and often one of his aides. In all these capacities Greene made him useful to the service, and for nearly a year kept him near his person.

In South Carolina the army of Greene, was often reinforced by Mecklenburg whigs. At the second battle of Camden, at Cheraw, and at Ninety Six, the county was represented, and in the decisive victory at Eutaw, Colonel William Polk, of Charlotte, bore a conspicuous part, and by his gallantry and his wounds reflected a high honor upon the place of his nativity. Like his youthful comrade, Graham, he too had been present at Charlotte, on the 20th of May, 1775, and there had doubtless, with the enthusiastic shouts of the by-standers, endorsed the first Declaration of Independence, and pledged their "mutual co-operation, lives, fortune, and sacred honor in its support." The pledge was nobly redeemed, and the Independence of the thirteen American Colonies was acknowledged.

Mecklenburg is proud that in her brilliant history every profession and every rank was well represented. Dr. Charles Harris, exchanging the gown for the sword, joined the corps of cavalry under Colonel Davie, and followed that active officer in his daring career. After the war he was unrivaled both as physician and surgeon, had a medical school, and educated nearly one hundred young physicians.

A citizen of Mecklenburg filled the Executive Chair from 1805 to 1807, viz: Nathaniel Alexander; and at the same period, another of

her sons, Hon. Samuel Lowrie, sat upon the bench of her Superior Court. At a very early period, 1777, Waightstill Avery was the Attorney General for the State.

Mecklenburg sent to Tennessee the ancestor of Hon. David Crockett—the self-made Legislator and Congressman and the martyred hero of the Alamo.

This rapid and imperfect survey of the agency of Mecklenburg in the great struggle for freedom, will scarcely allow any reference to the civil and political events which have illustrated and adorned her subsequent history, nor her participation in the war of 1812—the war with Mexico—or the more recent one for the Independence of the Southern States.

In all of her *past*, Mecklenburg is easily found with the freest of the free and with the bravest of the brave. Emigrants from her midst, and her descendants everywhere, have carried with them, to Tennessee and the South West, her loyalty to law and order, her spirit, her principles and her wise institutions of learning and religion. One of her sons has been Governor of Alabama. Two of them have occupied a similar position in Tennessee. According to her ancient southern boundary, Waxhaw was within the Mecklenburg line, and of course embraced the birth place of Andrew Jackson—the man of iron will—the hero of New Orleans, and the first President of the United States elected from the West. A similar honor she bears in the paterinity of James Knox Polk—the second President of the United States from the West, and whose ability and virtue reflect the highest honor, both upon his native and his adopted State.

Tennessee, the daughter of North Carolina, is proud of the Mother State, and in the hour of her greatest distress came with filial piety to her rescue from British invasion and occupancy

in 1780. "*Cæ'um, non animum, mutant qui trans mare (montes) currunt.*" Emigrants from North Carolina bore with them the principles they inherited from the parent State, and have every where proved themselves worthy of their ancestry. Tennessee, too, has her Raleigh—her Salem—her Murfreesboro'—her Rutherford—her Nashville—her Davidson—her Concord—her Alexander—her Hopewell, her Charlotte, and her Mecklenburg.

These reminiscences of Mecklenburg might be prolonged further, but it is time to bring them to a close. She received the honor on the 20th of May, 1861, of seeing North Carolina adopt her natal day on which again to exercise the right she so early asserted of self government, in her secession from the United States. It was in Charlotte, that Governor Vance, perhaps the last executive, or orator in the South who did so, uttered his clarion voice in tones of thrilling eloquence, and impressive pathos, in behalf of the expiring Confederacy, and with an earnestness and zeal never surpassed appealed to a Mecklenburg auditory, by the historic ground on which they stood and the sacred memories and associations that clustered around it, to rally to the defence of a now almost hopeless and lost cause. It was in Charlotte, that the exiled family of President Davis found a temporary home.

The following notice of the arrival of President Davis in Charlotte, and his welcome to the City, we extract from a statement published by Col. R. A. Alston:

'Dismounting from his horse, he was met by Col. William Johnston, a prominent citizen of Charlotte, and President of the Charlotte and Columbia Railroad, who said: 'Mr. President, in behalf of the citizens of Charlotte, I give you a cordial welcome to the hospitalities of our town.' Mr. Davis, who was dressed in a plain suit of grey, and wore a low crowned hat, nearly covered with crape, bowed low and gracefully, saying as he did so, 'I thank you,

sir.' The large crowd, consisting almost entirely of soldiers, with tearful eyes and overflowing hearts, said, with deep earnestness, 'speak to us,' 'let us hear from you.' He turned with his kind, benignant, dignified look, to the crowd, and said:

'My friends, I thank you for this evidence of your affection. If I had come as the bearer of glad tidings—if I had come to announce success at the head of a triumphant army—this is nothing more than I would have expected, but coming, as I do, to tell you of a very great disaster; coming, as I do, to tell you that our national affairs have reached a very low point of depression; coming, I may say, as a refugee from the capital of the country, this demonstration of your love fills me with feelings too deep for utterance. This has been a war of the people for the people, and I have been simply their Executive, and if they desire to continue the struggle, I am still ready and willing to devote myself to their cause. True, General Lee's army has surrendered, but the men are still alive, the cause is not yet dead; and only show by your determination and fortitude that you are willing to suffer yet longer, and we may still hope for success. In reviewing my administration of the past four years, I am conscious of having committed errors, and very grave ones; but in all that I have done, in all that I have tried to do, I can lay my hand upon my heart and appeal to God that I have had but one purpose to serve, but one mission to fulfill, the preservation of the true principles of Constitutional freedom, which are as dear to me to-day as they were four years ago. I have nothing to abate or take back; if they were right then, they are right now, and no misfortune to our arms can change right into wrong. Again I thank you.'

These were the last words of Jefferson Davis to his vanquished and scattered people, and few among that vast audience who will not remember them. God knows they sunk deep into my heart, and I can never feel again what I then felt, when I heard my noble chieftain bid us what I felt was his last adieu. Many of us could no longer restrain our sobs.

It was in Charlotte, that the unselfish and virtuous President of the Southern Confederacy called together his scattered Secretaries and held his last Cabinet meeting, and communicated to them the unwelcome intelligence of the surrender of the Confederate Armies. Previous to that surrender no part of Mecklenburg had been touched by a Federal invader—the old hornet's nest was yet intact and game to the last moment, the whole swarm buzzing,

and in angry tones prepared for the conflict. But she could not whip the world—the collapse of the Southern Confederacy had taken place, the congestion and chill was upon her, and Mecklenburg smoothly and almost imperceptibly and gradually, glided with the best grace possible into it. Unwelcome and distasteful as was her fate, she philosophically acquiesced in it. Mecklenburg will always

have her warm admirers, sincere eulogists, and grateful historians. To her heroes and patriots and their descendants everywhere, the injunction of Wordsworth is addressed:

"Let no mean hope your souls enslave;
Be independent, generous, brave;
Your fathers such example gave;
And such revere."

Mnemomika, near Charlotte, Mecklenburg County, N. C.

HAVERSACK.

The North Carolina soldiers were a good deal laughed at by other troops for the expression "you-uns," and to make it the more absurd, they called themselves "we-uns." By some means unknown to the Haversack, it got to be a bantering challenge to the "tar heels," "you-uns go ahead and we uns will follow." On a certain occasion, quite a diminutive specimen of Dixie land was indulging in this cry, when a big "tar heel" looking down with a comical mixture of pity and annoyance at the roaring pigmy said, "well, you are a *wee-un* sure enough, *wee* enough to need some one to follow after, but I think that you had better be following after your mammy at home."

In the good old times, before bummers became patriots, and gasbags were blown up into heroes, the draught horses for the South were often purchased out of droves from the border or western States. For the saddle, the native Southern horse was preferred, because of his superior activity, endurance, and sureness of foot. In the second year of the war, we heard one of our great cavalry leaders

say that his arm of the service had been very much improved in efficiency, by the introduction of horses captured from the enemy. This difference between the Southern born horse and that raised in other States being perfectly understood, when a gentleman wished to buy a horse, his first question always was, "did the horse come out of a drove or was he raised in this country." So much is given in explanation of an anecdote from High Point, N. C. "All aboard for High Point" was a cry often heard on the North Carolina Central before the war, but it was repeated by the soldiers so often during the progress of hostilities that it became a positive nuisance.—High Point is near to Randolph, a very loyal county, which though it sent out some magnificent soldiers to the Confederate Army, yet has been generally true to the North Carolina phase of loyalty, viz, opposition to the war and to the Confederate President in the first place, next opposition to peace and the U. S. President.—It cannot therefore surprise the reader to learn that there were a few men from this section of the country not in the C. S. service. One of these, as innocent

of war as Gens. Butler and Shenck, rode up on a certain occasion, unfortunately for himself, to the depot just as a train of soldiers arrived. He was soon surrounded by a group of "ragged rebels" coolly criticising his person, dress, age, occupation, manner of life, political opinions, &c., &c. A curious soldier kept going round him in that beautiful elliptical curve, which *did* so well at Port Royal, but which *did not* do at all at Sumpter. His curiosity seemed to be more and more excited by each revolution around the young hero; at length unable to control himself, he cried out, "Mister woz you raised about here or did you come out of a drove?"

Our next comes from Savannah, Georgia.

MR. EDITOR: Being much interested by incidents of the war related in your Magazine, I have concluded to drop you the following, which you can publish if it is deemed worthy:

After the battle of Shiloh, and the army had fallen back to Tupelo, Mississippi, on the Mobile and Ohio rail road and was then quietly being re-organized preparatory to being transferred to Chattanooga for the campaign into Kentucky, there was an order issued from Richmond that all appointed medical officers were to be examined by a Board, as to their qualifications. Dr. Yandell was President of this Board at Tupelo—and one must know Dr. Y., well to appreciate fully the following occurrence.—The writer was ordered to report, as surgeon of the 39th Alabama—the appointed surgeon refusing to go before the Board, and therefore throwing up his position—and the appointed assistant surgeon was ordered to appear before the Board. He was naturally a quick tempered young man—though one of good stern qualities both of head and heart. The President of

the Board took pleasure in touching the young man's testy temper, which he well knew was already worked into great excitement by the dread of being rejected; and he perplexed him as much as possible. The young man was soon thrown into such a state of confusion that he could scarcely appreciate the full meaning of the questions propounded. His feeling seemed to be a mixture of rage and diffidence, when the President asked him "what he would do for a man that he found on the field shot through the knee joint?" The young man said there were a great many things he would do for such a case, but that he thought the question a very broad one. Dr. Y.—again asked "but what would you do *mainly*," evidently trying to make him say that he would amputate at once. The applicant by this time was in such a state as not to understand a much more pointed question, and remained perfectly silent. Dr. Y.—thought he would take him on another tack, and said, "Now, Sir, what would you do for me, if you found me on the field shot right through there"—holding up his own leg and pointing to each side of the knee-joint. The applicant hesitated for a moment, and then his countenance brightening a little, with the light of the spirit of revenge, and recklessness of the consequences, he spoke out slowly but vindictively through his teeth, "Well sir, if it was *you* that was shot through there, I *would not do one d—d thing*." The President of the Board was a *little* put out for the moment and told the young applicant he could go; but he went "*by the Board*." J. G. T.

The soldiers had not the kindest feeling in the world towards the commissariat, the general management of which was a stupendous marvel of inefficiency. Zealous, competent and faithful offi-

cers there were, and for these the most friendly regard was entertained. But the commissary who thought more of his own personal comfort than of the rations of his troops, was sure to be reminded of his delinquency in a rather unpleasant manner. A Tennessee correspondent tells of a gentle reminder, one of this class received on the Kentucky campaign. In a country abounding in the finest mutton in the world, the soldiers of a certain regiment thought that their A. C. S. manifested undue skill in finding tough old ewes and venerable bell-wethers, they accordingly greeted him every time he appeared with a "ba-a, ba-a," as though all the sheep in Kentucky had begun an universal concert of bleating. After being entertained with this music for several days and serenaded with it for several consecutive nights, the A. C. S. suddenly disappeared.—Many were the tender inquiries for him, was he sick? had he got a transfer to another department? had he deserted to the enemy? No one knew where he had gone, but all knew that his prancing steed and fine equipments were no longer to be seen. At length the very regiment was drawn out in line, to fight the battle of Munfordsville. Men are usually grave under such circumstances, jokes are generally suspended, the most jeered at and worst persecuted martyr of the wags in grey may venture at such a time to hope for a little respite. The lost A. C. S. suddenly turned up. He was seen slowly riding along, his countenance showing a due appreciation of the solemnity of the occasion, and of the important part he was expected to play in the great drama about to be enacted. In the tremendous issues before him, he seems to have forgotten the Kentucky sheep, bell-wethers and all. But not so oblivious were the boys. A gentle lamb-like "ba-a,"

soft as an Eolian harp broke upon the solemn stillness. Then one of the slaughtered ewes seemed to have come to life and answered the lamb-kin's cry with a tender "ba-a!" The patriarch of the flock next bleated out a protecting "ba-a." The whole flock took up the chorus and "ba-a!" "ba-a!" "ba-a!" came from a thousand quarters! Such was the opening prelude to the battle of Munfordsville! Has the history of war another like it? Queer fellows were those in the C. S. ranks. If they failed in the great cause for which they fought, their gallantry in battle and cheerfulness under privation entitle them to the respect and admiration of their conquerors. Any one of them in his rags, faithful to his colors to the last, is worth a million of the latter-day-saints converted to the true faith by the battle of Gettysburg. All noble minds honor the sacrifice of fidelity as much as they despise the selfishness of vacillation.

From a well-known cavalry officer, we get the next incident.

The day after the great battle of Spottsylvania C. H., General Lee was standing near his lines, conversing with two of his officers, one of whom was known to be not only a hard fighter and a hard swearer, but a cordial hater of the yankees. After a silence of some moments, the latter officer, looking at the yankees with a dark scowl on his face, exclaimed most emphatically, "I wish they were all dead." General Lee, with the grace and manner peculiar to himself, replied, "how can you say so, General. Now I wish they were all at home, attending to their own business, leaving us to do the same." He then moved off, when the first speaker waiting until he was out of earshot, turned to his companion and in the most earnest tone said, "I would not say so before General Lee, but I wish

they were all dead *and in hell!*" When this "amendment" to the wish was afterwards repeated to General Lee, in spite of his goodness, he could not refrain from laughing heartily at the speech, which was so characteristic of one of his favorite officers. W. H.

Oxford, North Carolina, furnishes the next incident. Our friend G. is mistaken, however, in one particular. The six heroes alluded to in our September number, all exhibited their unselfishness at Petersburg.

In the September number of *The Land we Love* there appeared an article under the heading "SIX HEROES," which stated that during the war, there were six persons who threw shells over the rampart to prevent explosion amongst the men, and asks will some one furnish us their names? It is with high pride and sincere gratification that, as a friend and comrade, I am able to furnish the name of Albert Moses Luria,* as one of these immortal heroes. At Sewell's Point, in the first battle of the war, when men had not become accustomed to the din and roar of artillery, the Columbus City Light Guards were sent to hold the rude fort hastily thrown up at that place. The little garrison which held the fort were bombarded by the enemy's vessels. One of their shots struck an embrasure of the fort, and filled it up with sand so that the Confederate gun could not be worked. Sergeant Luria voluntarily went outside the fort to shovel the sand away. In the mean time the enemy concentrated his fire, and striking one of the logs it tumbled down, almost burying the gallant man in the sand. At this moment his comrades thought him lost; but Luria, rising and recovering himself, he put to his work again and in a short time gave the gun free play and

returned inside the fort. Soon after this hazardous enterprize comes the act which is wanted to be recorded. A nine inch shell falling into the fort, he seized it and threw it into a tub of water standing near where it fell. Sergeant Luria was in a short time afterwards elected 2d Lieutenant of company I, 23d N. C. T., though not known to a single man save through the report of the undersigned, his college friend. At the re-organization of the regiment Luria had won the love and respect of all the men. He was begged and entreated to accept promotion, but as persistently refused, saying he wanted *no promotion* except that gained on the battle field. He accepted his old position again. His sparkling intellect, high-souled generosity and bravery, attracted the admiration of all, and won for him friends each day. In command of the skirmishers, a day or two previous to the battle of the Seven Pines, he gained honors for which he was to be promoted. During the battle of Seven Pines, the regiment receiving conflicting orders, became very much disorganized and scattered. Lt. Luria seized the flag, planted it in the ground and commenced to rally the men. The enemy saw the flag and opened a very heavy fire. The men were ordered to lie down. Lieut. Luria remained in a standing position, and was soon struck in the head. He died the next night, and was then just nineteen years of age. He now lies buried on the farm of his father, (Maj. R. J. Moses, Chief Commissary, Longstreet's corps,) near Columbus, Ga. At the head of his grave, on a simple column, may be seen the shell referred to in this sketch, with the following inscription placed upon it by his comrades in arms, and sent to his mother soon after the incidents: "Sergeant Albert Moses Luria. The pride of his comrades, the bravest of the brave."

*At his father's request he adopted the ancestral name of Luria, which was becoming extinct.

We have wished to make our Magazine the organ of the late Confederate Army, and to preserve through its columns, the memory of those glorious deeds, which should never be forgotten. We believe that the soldiers, generally wish to encourage the enterprise and to become our constant readers. But the large majority of the true men of the South came out of the war ruined in fortune; and the urgent necessity of first securing the indispensables of life, has kept some of our best friends from lending us a helping hand.—For the encouragement of this class of persons, we give the annexed letter of one who seems to have had, likewise, his little difficulties in procuring Treasury notes. We give his letter *verbatim et literatim*. The writer is personally known to the editor as one of the best soldiers and truest men in the good, true and gallant “old North State.”

August 19, 1866.

MESSRS. HILL & IRWIN:

Gentlemen. I herewith send you \$3 50, legal tender, to pay for “The Land we Love” for one year. I have received the June, July and August numbers, and send the fifty cents, to pay for the May No. which never reached me. I want the volume complete to have it bound at the end of the year. I also received the circular note, inquiring whether I subscribed to pay at the beginning of the year, or the end. To tell the plain truth, gentlemen, I subscribed for neither, but to pay when the wheel of fortune should turn the “legal tender” up—and for these four long, weary, sultry, summer months, have I been most assiduously in pursuit of the said article. In the pursuit of my profession, (the law,) I had vainly hoped that some unfortunate fellow sinner would need my service to that amount, and that in the “midst of counsel” and ante war

notes, I should soon be able to make the desired remittance; but all my hopes were raised to be blasted. My clients always have some ready way of paying me off without calling on the U. S. treasury. Some month or so ago, I thought I was safe, when the fellow turned off on me, for my pay, an old broken buggy, harness and all. These, I should have sent you, but as I am a rebel, the U. S. mail refused to transport such articles on a credit. My next effort was on an administration. I thought that the heir would certainly pay, but sorrows never come single handed, “but in battalions,” and this man coolly tendered me a cross-cut saw for my fee. I thought, “Shades of the departed,” “The Land we Love” is gone. However it is a long lane that has no end, and a high Hill that can never be surmounted. August court has come at last, and with it my day of rejoicing.—A pale, tallow faced, union-loving, rebel-hating, cow-stealing, sheep-killing, hog-hunting, bacon-eating, flea-bitten, cave-cutting-deserter stalked into my office, and says, “Mister Lawyer, what do ye charge for talking a little for a man what’s indicted for something he did ‘in them war times?’” I told him, considering it was he, and the times hard, and this was a land we all loved, I would take his case for \$5. Says he, “Clare me, and here’s your money.” Gentlemen, there was talking done to that jury, and here is your money. Your humble servant can be seen turning over the remaining three fifty cent bills, like a child looking at the pictures in Webster’s spelling book, and singing, “Hail Columbia, Heaven born band, the land we love is a happy land.” Success to your enterprise.

It would be interesting too to learn, who first started the expression “spilin’ for a fight.”—

Did he ever get into a fight? If so, did he "spile" for a second? It is time that every species of cant and humbug should be exposed.—The affectation of an uncontrollable desire for a battle was not one of the least of the shams at the beginning of the war, which its horrible reality cured or demonstrated to be false. Still under the impression that the war would be brief, there were thousands and tens of thousands sincerely afraid that it would be over before they had an opportunity of feeling "the stern joy of battle."

The Southern soldiers are interested to learn the name of him, who first used the expression "Southern Confederacy." In a former number of the Magazine, it was shown that Brownlow was among the first at the South to avow the determination of "dying in the last ditch," for the preservation of slavery. In his fifth letter to his revered brother Pryne, he favors an alliance with France as a means of establishing a "Southern Confederacy." Hear the holy and consistent martyr from Tennessee.

I, sir, would favor an alliance with France as a means of more effectually punishing and starving out the Abolitionists of the North. This far-seeing monarch of the French would unite with us on our own terms, as it would afford him an opportunity to crush the commerce and manufactures of Old England, and make her feel that she is dependent upon her ancient enemy, as well as atone for villainous treatment of his illustrious uncle, Napoleon Bonaparte.—Dissolve this Union, you infamous vil-

lains, and we shall make this proposition at once to Louis Napoleon, a most sagacious monarch, and he would quarter at New Orleans 200,000 Frenchmen, and at Chesapeake 200,000 more; we would then command the Mississippi Valley, whip the Northwestern States into OUR SOUTHERN CONFEDERACY, and we would then turn upon the New England States, and cause the hurricane of civil war to rage and sweep from Mason and Dixon's line to the cod fisheries of Maine, until we would extinguish the last Abolition foothold on the continent of America! Face to face, knife to knife, steel to steel, and pike to pike we would meet you, and as we would cause you to bleed at every pore, we would make you regret, in the bitter agonies of death, that you had ever felt any concern for the African race!

From whom did the new "apostle of liberty" borrow the phrase? The Haversack wants to know his name, his career during the war, and his present status, if he is still living.

Just before the battle of Knoxville, a little Dutchman in Kershaw's brigade received a letter from his parents in "Vaterland," begging him to quit the army.—On reading the letter, he exclaimed, "my brudder wrote dem dat, I vips him for dis." A few days afterwards, he lost his leg at that battle, and with the writer, also wounded, was left in the hands of the enemy. As soon as he was able, he concluded to reply to his father, winding up his letter by telling his parents that he had procured his discharge and would fight no more. "Why B—" I said, "don't you intend to tell them you have lost your leg?"—"No," was his reply, "that would make them sorrow for no good."

EDITORIAL.

When the observer turns his face towards sunrise in a clear morning, a long shadow will be projected towards sunset. At noon, a shorter shadow falls just before him at his feet. In the afternoon, a lengthened shadow

returns towards sunrise. The German poet has beautifully likened this change of shadow to a picture of life. In youth, the thoughts are projected far forward into life, and all the conversation of the enthusiastic young, is about

the future, glaring with the colors of hope. In manhood, the busy present occupies the attention; the contemplation is more groveling and dwells upon the brief passing moment. The middle-aged man talks and thinks of events now occurring. In old age, the thoughts go back to early life. Scenes and incidents, long since passed out of the memory, once more revert to the mind.—The venerable man becomes garrulous in the descriptions of his childhood. The shadows have lengthened backward, and they dwell lovingly upon the green sward where the boy played, and the dark forest where he gathered nuts and hunted for game.

The grand thought of the poet makes a living impression upon the mind, and all recognize its truth as well as its beauty. But we think that the rule above enunciated fails to apply to the Southern Jacobins, better known as "mean white men." They are generally past the meridian of life, but it is not probable that they love to dwell upon the incidents of the past, and to bring up the sweet memories of the years preceding the war. It seems that Jack Hamilton presided over a meeting in Texas, at which resolutions were adopted expressive of thanks to Preston Brooks, of South Carolina, for the chastisement of Charles Sumner, of Massachusetts. Does that little piece of past history ever form a subject of conversation between Jack and Charley? Do the shadows go backwards for these loving friends and linger tenderly over that interesting scene? When the charitable, and christian John W. Forney talks out of the very fullness of "the great heart of humanity," of destroying all the men, women and children of the South, does Jack remind his friend of certain secession speeches of his in Texas, advocating the wholesale slaughter of the North?

When Beecher and Cheever and all the holy men talk of the horrible sin of selling "a man and a brother" into slavery, does Judge Underwood tell them of a little experiment in that line made by himself? Does the shadow go back in the dial of Ahaz for the righteous Judge, and does it give a sombre hue to his spotless ermine? Does Brownlow find it pleasant to talk of the past with his present allies? Does he and brother Pryne talk over that friendly discussion in the city of brotherly love, when "liar," "cut-throat," "villain," were exchanged between them in the most loving and brotherly manner? When the reverend Tennessean meets an honest abolitionist, one so from principle and not from political motive, does he read extracts to the negrophilist from his letter to brother Pryne? Does he delight in showing his abolition friends this brief extract from his past utterances?

"Now, Mr. Pryne, may I ask you and your fellow-laborers in the *cause of the devil* to pause and lift the veil of the future, not a quarter of a century ahead of you, and use your influence to *stay the fanatical hand raised to strike the blow of ruin to your country!* Call around you a council of your head men and warriors—Senator Seward, Joshua R. Giddings, Chase, and Fred Douglass—for whom you are doing journey-work, and go to that victim in the lunatic asylum, Gerrit Smith, whose tool you have been for years, and upon whose money you have lived and fed your wife and children—ask them all if you had not better change your programme. If the response is not satisfactory, call a prayer-meeting, and have Wendell Phillips, Beecher, Cheever, and all the long-faced hypocrites who insult God and mock religion by calling upon Him for mercy—pray old John Brown and his confederates out of hell, where the whole batch of you are going with lightning speed! Ask God to forgive you for your wickedness—praying morning, evening and noon, with your face towards Harper's Ferry! Ask him to wash your filthy garments from the stain of the blood of your Kansas and Virginia murders, and importune Him until you get your answer—'go and sin no more—sin no longer against conscience and your country's laws and Constitution.' Don't pray for Heaven, for no power can qualify you to walk the streets of the New Jerusalem! Don't

ask for Mercy, for the winged messengers can never light on such mean and detestable creatures. Don't ask to be punished in Hell, for that would be inadequate to your crimes! Ask to be *annihilated*, or banished to the utmost verge of astronomical imagination, where the ghost of a negro may never rise up to remind you whence you came!"

Do the reverend brethren, so kindly alluded to, enjoy these precious reminiscences? Do they talk over them and make merry at the change of faith in the godly Tennessean? We happened to know some clergymen at the South who became captains in the rebel ranks, but wisely left before bullets began to fly. Each of them was called "Havelock" by his men, and talked eloquently of bringing a religious influence to bear upon the minds of the rebel soldiers. They now receive pensions from those they then so severely denounced, and are known at the North as "union martyrs of the South." What do these men talk about with their recently formed friends? Do they love better to talk with the clergy or the military? Have the shadows gone backwards for these ex-captains, and do they become garrulous in talking with Butler, about the scenes of the late war? When he tells them how with a powerful glass from his Observatory on Cobb's Hill, he once saw a live rebel soldier with a rifle in his hand, not more than three miles off, do they in return tell him how they raised companies and made war speeches, till they heard that rebel soldiers were getting hurt by union bullets? We confess that we have great curiosity to know what the new converts and the old saints talk about? Is the past entirely ignored, and, school-boy like, do they think only of the roseate future?

The wonderful German, the true poet of nature, has doubtless given a rule in regard to the conversation of men, which will not apply to the Southern Jacobin. But it

is only because he is an anomaly, a nondescript, not subject to the usual laws governing mankind, and guided by one rule only in heart, speech and behavior,—that of supposed self-interest.

The sketch of Bishop Polk in the November number of this Magazine, came to us through a member of the family and therefore may be relied upon as entirely accurate.

At a time when the desire is general to perpetuate the fame and memory of beloved leaders, Editors are often tempted to publish biographies from persons entirely competent, but not fully apprised of all the facts. This error, which leans to virtue's side, we will try to avoid.

The first armed rebellion against the authority of the U. S. was organized by Daniel Shays, of Massachusetts. We quote from a loyal book. "A heavy debt lying on the State in 1786, and almost all the corporations lying within it; a relaxation of manners; a free use of foreign luxuries; a decay of trade; a general scarcity of money; and above all, the debts due from individuals to each other; these all were primary causes of this sedition. Heavy taxes, necessarily imposed at this time, were the immediate excitements to discontent and insurgency." Shays confined his operations mainly to interrupting the action of the Courts. He finally attempted to seize the arsenal at Springfield, then having 1,100 men under his command. He was opposed by Gen. Shepard with an inferior force. A skirmish ensued and Shays lost three men killed and one wounded. He retreated and his men soon after dispersed.

The next rebellion was in Pennsylvania, and is known as the "Whiskey Insurrection." "In 1791, Congress had enacted laws

laying duties upon spirits distilled in the U. S., and upon stills.—From the beginning of the operation of these laws, combinations were formed in the four western counties of Pennsylvania to defeat them; and violences were repeatedly committed." In 1794, the marshal of the district and the inspectors were compelled to flee from the country. President Washington issued his proclamation on the 7th August, ordering the insurgents to disperse, warning all persons against giving them aid and comfort, and calling upon good citizens every where to assist in quelling the disturbance. Gov. Lee, of Va., at the head of a respectable force marched into the disaffected counties and soon reduced them to obedience. The once threatening state of things ended almost without loss of life.

The third rebellion was that of Dorr in Rhode Island in 1843.—This proved to be quite a harmless affair.

The fourth rebellion, in order, was the secession of Massachusetts, upon the annexation of Texas. This was quite an innocent little insurrection. "Nobody was hurt" on either side.

We call attention to these four Northern rebellions, for several reasons. First, the States which nurtured rebels in their own bosoms, ought to exercise a little charity towards rebels born beyond their borders. Second, in the four first rebellions, the passions of men were fully as much heated as in the Southern rebellion, their threats were as violent, their resolution seemed to be as strong to win or die. But they passed off like a summer gale with some expenditure of wind, but with little of life. The Southern rebellion lasted for four years, and was at length suppressed, after rivers of blood had been poured out, by the active co-operation of Ireland, Germany and

the other powers of Europe.—Does not this show that the distinguished author of the "Barbarism of Slavery" was slightly mistaken in his estimate of the imbecility and effeminacy of the Southern character? Third, the prompt dealing with all these revolts manifests the determination of the American people to preserve the integrity of the Union. The language of a Southern President was used as a battle cry against the South, "the Union must and shall be preserved." *We have no doubt that more men of Southern than of Northern birth rallied to this cry and enrolled themselves in the Federal army.* Kentucky alone furnished 93,000 men, Missouri, Tennessee, West Virginia, North Carolina, &c., sent out large quotas. We see it stated in the Atlanta Monthly that the best scouts in the army of Rosecrantz, and afterwards of Sherman, were from Tennessee.—The formidable cavalry of Sheridan came from West Virginia.—We of the South accept as final the determination of the American people that the Union shall be perpetuated. The disunionists will learn the same lesson in good time. The experience of the past shows that to them it will be a bloodless lesson. The windy hero of Lackawana will yield as readily as did Shays at Springfield and Dorr at Chepachet. Butler will become quiet when he learns that the bummers have taken all the silver spoons. Burnside will become an Union man, when he hears that there are no more pianos to capture. Schenck will cease to have military aspirations, when he finds out that it is not usual now to make military reconnaissances in rail-road cars. When these renowned warriors have grown calm, the civilians will abate their fury and the "Stars and Stripes" will once more float over the South, as an ensign of protection and not of subjugation. So may it be!

The Brooklyn (N. Y.) *Standard* takes us to task for admitting an article "likening Mr. Davis to Jesus Christ." Now this Republican paper sought an exchange with us, and we have been surprised and gratified at the absence of all bitterness and rancor towards our people in its columns. This very unfair criticism has therefore taken us quite aback.—Had our correspondent compared any mortal man with our Saviour in purity of character and freedom from sin, it would have been most horrible blasphemy. Jesus of Nazareth was a man; is it blasphemy to liken any man to him in respect to his human nature? He died for the sins of his people, is it blasphemy to say that Mr. Davis, in like manner, has been called upon to suffer for the South? And yet this is all that our correspondent said. This is the full measure of the "likening." If the Brooklyn Editor can perceive, blasphemy in this, his theological acumen is sharper than ours. It would be an awful sin to claim for Mr. Davis freedom from the corruption of human nature; but it is the simple truth to say of him that he, like the Divine Nazarene, is the vicarious sufferer for his people. We have heard of an expression that not only savored of blasphemy, but was blasphemous—"the gallows of John Brown shall be as glorious as the cross of Jesus Christ." Did the Brooklyn *Standard* ever rebuke this outrageous wickedness? We would rather have our tongue palsied in our mouth than utter anything so frightfully profane. We would rather a thousand times see our Magazine perish than to admit in it a similar sentiment in regard to the cell and the manacles of Mr. Davis. When we shall have

learned that the *Standard* has condemned *real* blasphemy, we will take in good part his tenderness of conscience towards an expression of our correspondent, who, by the way, is a devout member of the Episcopal Church.

Many of our people believe that those who fought them for this idea of a perpetual Union, are their personal enemies. This we believe to be a mistake in regard to the real union men of the North. We know no one, who has been more active in working, giving sympathy with the suffering South, than a gentleman of Northern birth and union principles residing in a border State. The heart of many a widow and orphan has been gladdened by his bounty, without knowing the hand which gave it. Our monthly is distinctively and avowedly Southern, but it has received a most generous patronage from the North. No one in the United States has procured us so many subscribers as Mullaly, of the Metropolitan.—The despairing feeling which comes over the desolated South at the seeming desertion by all the world, is, we hope founded in error. Our enemies are those in the army, who were bummers, marauders and house-burners; and those at home, who hounded on others to the battle but remained behind themselves to enjoy fat contracts and grow rich upon the miseries of their common country. The brave, conscientious soldier, who believed that he was fighting for the right, is elevated above the meanness of malignity, and the cowardice of oppressing the weak. The dangerous men are the Butlers, Schencks and Forneys, who never heard the whistle of a hostile shot.

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THE LAND WE LOVE.

NO. III.

JANUARY, 1867.

VOL. II.

GEN. JOHNSTON'S REPORT OF THE BATTLE OF MANASSAS.

H'D-QRS, Army of the Potomac, }
Fairfax C. H., Oct. 14th, 1861. }
To the Adjutant and Inspector General,
Confederate States America:

SIR: I have the honor to submit to the honorable Secretary of War, a report of the operations of the troops under my command, which terminated in the battle of Manassas.

I assumed command at Harper's Ferry on the 23d of May. The force at that point then consisted of nine regiments and two battalions of infantry, four companies of artillery with sixteen pieces, without caissons, harness or horses, and about three hundred cavalry. They were of course undisciplined; several regiments without accoutrements, and with an entirely inadequate supply of ammunition.

I lost no time in making a complete reconnoissance of the place and its environs, in which the chief engineer, Major (now Brigadier General) Whiting ably assisted. The results confirmed my preconceived ideas.

The position is untenable by any force not strong enough to take the field against an invading army, and to hold both sides of the Potomac. It is a triangle, two sides being formed by the Potomac and the Shenandoah, and the third by

Furnace Ridge. The plateau thus enclosed, and the end of Furnace Ridge itself, the only defensible position, which, however, required for its adequate occupation double our numbers, was exposed to enfilade and reverse fires of artillery from heights on the Maryland side of the river. Within that line, the ground was more favorable to an attacking than to a defending force. The Potomac can be easily crossed at many points above and below, so that it is easily turned. It is twenty miles from the great route into the valley of Virginia from Pennsylvania and Maryland, by which General Patterson's approach was expected. Its garrison was thus out of position to defend that valley, or to prevent General McClellan's junction with General Patterson. These were the obvious and important objects to be kept in view. Besides being in position for them, it was necessary to be able, on emergency, to join General Beauregard.

The occupation of Harper's Ferry by our army perfectly suited the enemy's views. We were bound to a fixed point. His movements were unrestricted. These views were submitted to the military authorities. The continued occupation of the place was, how-

ever, deemed by them indispensable. I determined to hold it until the great objects of the Government required its abandonment.

The practicable roads from the West and North-west, as well as from Manassas, meet the route from Pennsylvania and Maryland at Winchester. That point was, therefore, in my opinion, our best position.

The distinguished commander of the army of the Potomac was convinced, like myself, of our dependence upon each other, and promised to co-operate with me in case of need. To guard against surprise, and to impose upon the enemy, Major Whiting was directed to mount a few heavy guns upon Furnace Ridge, and otherwise strengthen the position. I was employed, until the 13th of June, in continuing what had been begun by my predecessor, Colonel (now Major General) T. J. Jackson, the organization, instruction and equipment of the troops, and providing means of transportation and artillery horses. The river was observed from the Point of Rocks to the western part of the county of Berkeley—the most distant portions by the indefatigable Stuart with his cavalry.

General Patterson's troops were within a few hours of Williamsport, and General McClellan's in Western Virginia were supposed to be approaching to effect a junction with Patterson, whose force was reported, by well informed persons, to be eighteen thousand men. On the morning of the 13th of June, information was received from Winchester, that Romney was occupied by two thousand Federal troops, supposed to be the van-guard of McClellan's army.

Colonel A. P. Hill, with his own (13th) and Colonel Gibbon's (10th) Virginia regiments, were despatched by railway to Winchester. He was directed to move thence towards Romney, to take the best position and best meas-

ures to check the advance of the enemy. He was to add to his command the 3d Tennessee regiment, which had just arrived at Winchester.

During that day and the next, the heavy baggage and remaining public property were sent to Winchester by the railway, and the bridges on the Potomac destroyed. On the morning of the 15th, the army left Harper's Ferry for Winchester, (the force had been increased by three regiments since the 1st of June) and bivouacked four miles beyond Charlestown. On the morning of the 16th, intelligence was received that General Patterson's army had crossed the Potomac at Williamsport, also that the United States force at Romney had fallen back. A courier from Richmond brought a despatch authorizing me to evacuate Harper's Ferry at my discretion.

The army was ordered to gain the Martinsburg turnpike, by a flank movement to Bunker's Hill, in order to place itself between Winchester and the expected advance of Patterson. On hearing of this, the enemy recrossed the river precipitately. Resuming my first direction and plan, I proceeded to Winchester. There the army was in position to oppose either McClellan from the west, or Patterson from the northeast, and to form a junction with General Beauregard when necessary.—Lieutenant Colonel George Stewart, with his Maryland battalion, was sent to Harper's Ferry to bring off some public property said to have been left. As McClellan was moving southwestward from Grafton, Colonel Hill's command was withdrawn from Romney.—The defence of that region of country was entrusted to Colonel McDonald's regiment of cavalry.—Intelligence from Maryland indicating another movement by Patterson, Colonel Jackson, with his brigade, was sent to the neighborhood of Martinsburg to support

Colonel Stuart. The latter officer had been placed in observation on the line of the Potomac with his cavalry. His increasing vigilance and activity was relied on to repress small incursions of the enemy, to give intelligence of invasion by them, and to watch, harass and circumscribe their every movement. Colonel Jackson was instructed to destroy such of the rolling stock of the Baltimore and Ohio rail-road as could not be brought off, and to have so much of it as could be made available to our service brought to Winchester. Major Whiting was ordered to plan defensive works, and to have some heavy guns on navy carriages mounted. About twenty five hundred militia, under Brigadier General Carson, were called out from Frederick and the neighboring counties, to man them.

On the 2d of July, General Patterson again crossed the Potomac. Colonel Jackson fell back before him. In retiring, he gave him a severe lesson, in the affair at Falling Waters. With a battalion of the Virginia regiment (Harper's,) and Pendleton's battery of field artillery, he engaged the enemy's advance. Skillfully taking a position where the smallness of his force was concealed, he engaged them for a considerable time, inflicting a heavy loss, and retired when about to be outflanked, scarcely losing a man, but bringing off forty five prisoners.

Upon this intelligence the army strengthened by the arrival of General Bee and Colonel Elzey, and the 9th Georgia regiment, was ordered forward to the support of Jackson. It met him at Darksville, six miles from Martinsburg, where it took up a position for action, as General Patterson, it was supposed, was closely following Colonel Jackson. We waited for him in this position four days, hoping to be attacked by an adversary at least double our number, but unwilling to attack him

in a town so defensible as Martinsburg, with its solid buildings and enclosures of masonry.—Convinced at length that he would not approach, I returned to Winchester, much to the disappointment of our troops, who were eager for battle with the invaders. Colonel Stuart, with his cavalry, as usual, remained near the enemy.

Before the 15th of July, the enemy's force, according to the best intelligence to be obtained, amounted to about thirty two thousand. Ours had been increased by eight southern regiments. On the 15th of July Colonel Stuart reported the advance of General Patterson from Martinsburg. He halted, however, at Bunker's Hill, nine miles from Winchester, where he remained on the 16th.

On the 17th, he moved his left to Smithfield. This created the impression that he intended to attack us on the south, or was merely holding us in check, while General Beauregard should be attacked at Manassas by Gen. Scott.

About one o'clock on the morning of July 18th, I received from the Government a telegraphic dispatch, informing me that the Northern army was advancing upon Manassas, then held by General Beauregard, and directing me, if practicable, to go to that officer's assistance, sending my sick to Culpepper Court-house. In the exercise of the discretion conferred by the terms of the order, I at once determined to march to join General Beauregard. The best service which the army of the Shenandoah could render, was to prevent the defeat of that of the Potomac. To be able to do this, it was necessary, in the first instance, to defeat general Patterson, or to elude him. The latter course was the most speedy and certain, and was therefore adopted. Oursick, nearly seventeen hundred in number, were provided for in Winchester. For the defence of that place, the

militia of Generals Carson and Meem seemed ample; for I thought it certain that General Patterson would follow my movement, as soon as he discovered it. Evading him, by the disposition made of the advance guard under Colonel Stuart, the army moved through Ashby's Gap to Piedmont, a station of the Manassas Gap railroad. Hence, the infantry were to be transported by the railway, while the cavalry and artillery were ordered to continue their march. I reached Manassas about noon on the 20th, preceded by the 7th and 8th Georgia regiments, and by Jackson's brigade, consisting of the 2d, 4th, 5th, 27th and 33d Virginia regiments. I was accompanied by General Bee, with the 4th Alabama, the 2d and two companies of the 11th Mississippi. The president of the rail-road company had assured me that the remaining troops should arrive during the day.

I found General Beauregard's position too extensive, and the ground too densely wooded and intricate, to be learned in the brief time at my disposal, and therefore determined to rely upon his knowledge of it, and the enemy's positions. This I did readily, from full confidence in his capacity.

His troops were divided into eight brigades, occupying the defensive line of Bull Run. Brigadier General Ewell's was posted at the Union Mills Ford; Brigadier General D. R. Jones's at McLean's ford; Brigadier General Longstreet's at Blackburn's ford, Brigadier General Bonham's at Mitchell's ford; Colonel Cocke's at Ball's ford, some three miles above; and Colonel Evans, with a regiment and battalion, formed the extreme left at the Stone Bridge. The brigades of Brigadier General Holmes, and Colonel Early, were in reserve, in rear of the right. I regarded the arrival of the remainder of the army of the Shenandoah during the

night as certain, and Patterson's junction with the Grand Army on the 22nd as probable. During the evening it was determined, instead of remaining in the defensive positions then occupied, to assume the offensive, and attack the enemy before such a junction.

General Beauregard proposed a plan of battle, which I approved without hesitation. He drew up the necessary order during the night, which was approved formally by me at half past four o'clock, on the morning of the 21st. The early movements of the enemy on that morning, and the non-arrival of the expected troops, prevented its execution. General Beauregard afterwards proposed a modification of the abandoned plan—to attack with our right, while the left stood on the defensive. This, too, became impracticable, and a battle ensued, different in place and circumstance from any previous plan on our side. Soon after sunrise, on the morning of the 21st, a light cannonade was opened upon Colonel Evans' position; a similar demonstration was made against the centre soon after, and strong forces were observed in front of it and of the right. About eight o'clock, General Beauregard and I placed ourselves on a commanding hill in rear of General Bonham's left.—Near nine o'clock the signal officer, Captain Alexander, reported that a large body of troops was crossing the valley of Bull Run, some two miles above the bridge. General Bee, who had been placed near Colonel Cocke's position, Colonel Hampton, with his legion, and General Jackson, from a point near General Bonham's left, were ordered to hasten to the left flank. The signal officer soon called our attention to a heavy cloud of dust to the northwest, and about ten miles off, such as the march of an army would raise. This excited apprehension of General Patterson's approach.

The enemy, under cover of a strong demonstration on our right, made a long detour through the woods on his right, crossed Bull Run two miles above our left, and threw himself upon the flank and rear of our position. This movement was fortunately discovered in time for us to check its progress, and ultimately to form a new line of battle nearly at right angles with the defensive line of Bull Run. On discovering that the enemy had crossed the stream above him, Colonel Evans moved to his left eleven companies and two field pieces, to oppose his advance, and disposed his little force under cover of the wood, near the intersection of the Warrenton turnpike and the Sudley road.—Here he was attacked by the enemy in immensely superior numbers, against which he maintained himself with skill and unshrinking courage. General Bee, moving towards the enemy, guided by the firing, had, with a soldier's eye, selected the position near the Henry House, and formed his troops upon it. They were the 7th and 8th Georgia, 4th Alabama, 2d Mississippi, and two companies of the 11th Mississippi regiments, with Imboden's battery. Being compelled, however, to sustain Colonel Evans, he crossed the valley and formed on the right and somewhat in advance of his position. Here the joint force, little exceeding five regiments, with six field pieces, held the ground against about fifteen thousand United States troops for an hour, until, finding themselves outflanked by the continually arriving troops of the enemy, they fell back to General Bee's first position, upon the line of which, Jackson, just arriving, formed his brigade and Stanard's battery. Colonel Hampton, who had by this time advanced with his legion as far as the turnpike, rendered efficient service in maintaining the orderly char-

acter of the retreat from that point; here fell the gallant Lieutenant Colonel Johnson, his second in command.

In the meantime, I awaited with General Beauregard, near the centre, the full development of the enemy's designs. About 11 o'clock, the violence of the firing on the left indicated a battle, and the march of a large body of troops from the enemy's centre towards the conflict, was shown by clouds of dust. I was thus convinced, that his great effort was to be made with his right. I stated that conviction to General Beauregard, and the absolute necessity of immediately strengthening our left as much as possible. Orders were, accordingly, at once, sent General Holmes and Colonel Early, to move with all speed to the sound of the firing, and to General Bonham to send up two of his regiments and a battery. General Beauregard and I then hurried at a rapid gallop to the scene of action, about four miles off. On the way, I directed my chief of artillery, Colonel Pendleton, to follow with his own and Alburtis's batteries. We came not a moment too soon. The long contest, against five-fold odds and heavy losses, especially of field officers, had greatly discouraged the troops of General Bee and Colonel Evans. Our presence with them under fire, and some example, had the happiest effect on the spirit of the troops. Order was soon restored, and the battle re-established, to which the firmness of Jackson's brigade greatly contributed.—Then, in a brief and rapid conference, General Beauregard was assigned to the command of the left, which, as the younger officer, he claimed, while I returned to that of the whole field. The aspect of affairs was critical, but I had full confidence in the skill and indomitable courage of General Beauregard, the high soldierly qualities of Generals Bee and Jackson, and

Colonel Evans, and the devoted patriotism of their troops. Orders were first dispatched to hasten the march of General Holmes', Col. Early's, and General Bonham's regiments. General Ewell was also directed to follow with all speed. Many of the broken troops, fragments of companies, and individual stragglers, were reformed and brought into action, with the aid of my staff, and a portion of General Beauregard's. Colonel (Governor) Smith, with his battalion, and Colonel Hunton, with his regiment, were ordered up to reinforce the right. I have since learned that General Beauregard had previously ordered them into the battle. They belonged to his corps. Colonel Smith's cheerful courage had a fine influence, not only upon the spirit of his own men, but upon the stragglers from the troops engaged. The largest body of these, equal to about four companies, having no competent field officer, I placed under command of one of my staff, Colonel F. J. Thomas, who fell, while gallantly leading it against the enemy. These reinforcements were all sent to the right, to re-establish, more perfectly, that part of our line. Having attended to these pressing duties, at the immediate scene of conflict, my eye was next directed to Colonel Cocke's brigade, the nearest at hand. Hastening to his position, I desired him to lead his troops into action. He informed me, however, that a large body of the enemy's troops, beyond the stream and below the bridge, threatened us from that quarter. He was, therefore, left in his position.

My headquarters were now established near the Lewis House. From this commanding elevation, my view embraced the position of the enemy beyond the stream, and the approaches to the Stone Bridge, a point of especial importance. I could also see the advances of our troops, far down the

valley, in the direction of Manassas, and observe the progress of the action and the manœuvres of the enemy. We had now sixteen guns, two hundred and sixty cavalry, and a little above nine regiments of the army of the Shenandoah; and six guns, and less than the strength of three regiments, of that of the Potomac, engaged with about thirty five thousand United States troops, amongst whom, were full three thousand men of the old regular army. Yet, this admirable, and brave infantry and cavalry, lost no foot of ground. For nearly three hours they maintained their position, repelling five successive assaults, by the heavy masses of the enemy, whose numbers enabled him continually to bring up fresh troops, as their preceding columns were driven back.—Colonel Stuart contributed to one of these repulses, by a well timed and vigorous charge on the enemy's right flank, with two companies of his cavalry. The efficiency of our infantry and cavalry, might have been expected from a patriotic people, accustomed, like ours, to the management of arms and horses, but that of the artillery, was little less than wonderful. They were opposed to batteries far superior in number, range and equipment of their guns, with educated officers, and thoroughly instructed soldiers. We had but one educated artilleryman, Colonel Pendleton—that model of a christian soldier—yet they exhibited as much superiority to the enemy in skill as in courage. Their fire was superior, both in rapidity and precision.

About two o'clock, an officer of General Beauregard's Adjutant General's Office, galloped from Manassas, to report to me that a United States army had reached the line of the Manassas Gap rail road, was marching towards us, and then but three or four miles from our left flank. The expected

reinforcements appeared soon after. Colonel Cocke was then desired to lead his brigade into action, to support the right of the troops engaged, which he did with alacrity and effect. Within a half hour, the two regiments of Gen. Bonham's brigade, (Cash's and Kershaw's) came up, and were directed against the enemy's right, which he seemed to be strengthening. Fisher's North Carolina regiment was, soon after, sent in the same direction. About three o'clock, while the enemy seemed to be striving to outflank and drive back our left, and thus separate us from Manassas, General E. K. Smith arrived, with three regiments of Elzey's brigade. He was instructed to attack the right flank of the enemy, now exposed to us. Before the movement was completed, he left, severely wounded. Colonel Elzey at once taking command, executed it with great promptitude and vigor. General Beauregard rapidly seized the opportunity thus afforded him, and threw forward his whole line. The enemy was driven back from the long contested hill, and victory was no longer doubtful. He made yet another attempt to retrieve the day. He again extended his right, with a still wider sweep, to turn our left. Just as he reformed, to renew the battle, Colonel Early's three regiments came upon the field. The enemy's new formation exposed his right flank even more than the previous one. Colonel Early was, therefore, ordered to throw himself directly upon it, supported by Colonel Stuart's cavalry, and Beckham's battery. He executed this attack bravely and well, while a simultaneous charge was made by General Beauregard in front. The enemy was broken by this combined attack. He lost all the artillery which he had advanced to the scene of the conflict. He had no more fresh troops to rally on, and a general route en-

sued. Instructions were instantly sent to General Bonham, to march by the quickest route to the turnpike, to intercept the fugitives; and to General Longstreet, to follow as closely as possible upon the right. Their progress was checked by the enemy's reserve, and by night, at Centreville.—Schenck's brigade made a slight demonstration towards Lewis's ford, which was quickly checked by Holmes's brigade, which had just arrived from the right. His artillery, under Captain Walker, was used with great skill.

Colonel Stuart pressed the pursuit on the enemy's principal line of retreat, Sudley Road. Four companies of cavalry, under Colonel Radford and Lieutenant Colonel Munford, which I had held in reserve, were ordered to cross the stream at Ball's ford, to reach the turnpike, the line of retreat of the enemy's left. Our cavalry found the roads encumbered with dead and wounded, (many of whom seemed to have been thrown from wagons,) arms, accoutrements and clothing.

A report came to me from the right, that a strong body of United States troops was advancing upon Manassas. General Holmes, who had just reached the field, and General Ewell on his way to it, were ordered to meet this unexpected attack. They found no foe, however. Our victory was as complete as one gained by infantry and artillery can be. An adequate force of cavalry would have made it decisive. It is due under Almighty God, to the skill and resolution of General Beauregard, the admirable conduct of Generals Bee, E. K. Smith and Jackson, and of Colonels (commanding brigades) Evans, Cocke, Early and Elzey, and the courageous and unyielding firmness of our patriotic volunteers. The admirable character of our troops is incontestably proved by the result of this battle; especially when it is remembered

that little more than six thousand men of the army of the Shenandoah, with sixteen guns, and less than two thousand of that of the Potomac, with six guns, for full five hours successfully resisted thirty five thousand United States troops, with a powerful artillery, and a superior force of regular cavalry. Our forces engaged, gradually increasing during the remainder of the contest, amounted to but ——— men at the close of the battle. The brunt of this hard fought engagement fell upon the troops who held their ground so long, with such heroic resolution. The unfading honor which they won, was dearly bought with the blood of many of our best and bravest. Their loss was far heavier, in proportion, than that of the troops coming later into action. Every regiment and battery engaged performed its part well. The commanders of brigades have been already mentioned. I refer you to General Beauregard's report, for the names of the officers of the army of the Potomac, who distinguished themselves most.— I cannot enumerate all of the army of the Shenandoah, who deserve distinction, and will confine myself to those of high rank. Colonels Bartow and Fisher, (killed,) Jones, (mortally wounded,) Harper, J. F. Preston, Cummings, Falkner, Gartrell and Vaughan; J. E. B. Stuart, of the cavalry, and Pendleton of the artillery, Lieutenant Colonel Echols, Lightfoot, Lackland, G. H. Stewart and Gardner. The last named gallant officer was severely wounded.

The loss of the army of the Potomac was, 108 killed, 510 wounded, 12 missing. That of the army of the Shenandoah was, 270 killed, 979 wounded, 18 missing.

Total killed,	-	-	-	378
" wounded,	-	-	-	1,489
" missing,	-	-	-	30

That of the enemy could not be ascertained. It must have been

between four and five thousand. Twenty eight pieces of artillery, about five thousand muskets, and nearly five hundred thousand cartridges, a garrison flag and ten colors were captured on the field or in the pursuit. Besides these, we captured sixty-four artillery horses, with their harness, twenty-six wagons, and much camp equipage, clothing, and other property, abandoned in their flight.

The officers of my staff deserve high commendation for their efficient and gallant services during the day and the campaign, and I beg leave to call the attention of the Government to their merits.— Major W. H. C. Whiting, Chief Engineer, was invaluable to me, for signal ability in his profession, and for his indefatigable activity before and in the battle. Major McClean, Chief Quartermaster, and Major Kearsley, Chief Commissary, conducted their respective departments with skill and energy. Major Rhett, A. A. General, who joined me only the day before, was of great service. I left him at Manassas, and to his experience and energy I entrusted the care of ordering my troops to the field of battle as they should arrive, and forwarding ammunition for the artillery during the action.— Captain C. M. Fauntleroy, C. S. Navy, T. L. Preston, A. A. A. General, and Lieutenant J. B. Washington, A. D. C., conveyed my orders bravely and well, on this their first field, as did several gallant gentlemen who volunteered their services—Colonel Cole of Florida, Major Deas of Alabama, Colonel Duncan of Kentucky.— Lieutenant Beverly Randolph, C. S. Navy, aided Col. F. J. Thomas in the command of the body of troops he led into action, and fought with gallantry. With these was my gallant friend, Captain Barlow Mason, who was mortally wounded. I have already mentioned the brave death of ord-

nance officer Colonel F. J. Thomas. I was much indebted, also, to Colonels J. J. Preston, Manning, Miles, and Chisholm, and Captain Stevens, of the Engineer Corps, members of General Beauregard's staff, who kindly proffered their services, and rendered efficient and valuable aid, at different times during the day. Colonel G. W. Lay, of General Bonham's staff, delivered my instructions to the troops sent in pursuit and to intercept the enemy, with much intelligence and courage.

It will be remarked that the three Brigadier Generals of the army of the Shenandoah, were all wounded. I have already mentioned the wound of Gen. Smith. General Jackson, though painfully wounded early in the day, commanded his brigade to the close of the action. General Bee after great exposure at the commencement of the engagement, was mortally wounded, just as our reinforcements were coming up.

The apparent firmness of the United States troops at Centreville, who had not been engaged, which

checked our pursuit; the strong forces occupying the works near Georgetown, Arlington and Alexandria; the certainty, too, that General Patterson, if needed, would reach Washington, with his army of thirty thousand men, sooner than we could; and the condition and the inadequate means of the army in ammunition, provisions and transportation, prevented any serious thoughts of advancing against the capital. It is certain that the fresh troops within the works were, in number, quite sufficient for their defence; if not, General Patterson's army would certainly reinforce them soon enough.

This report will be presented to you by my Aid-de-Camp, Lieutenant J. B. Washington, by whom, and by General Beauregard's Aid, Lieutenant Ferguson, the captured colors are transmitted to the War Department. Most respectfully, your ob't serv't.

(Signed) J. E. JOHNSTON,
General.

(Official)

R. H. CHILTON, A. A. General.

HOME LIFE.—Even as the sun-beam is composed of millions of minute rays, the home light must be constituted of little tendernesses, kindly looks, sweet laughter, gentle words, loving counsels; it must not be like the torch-blaze of unnatural excitement, which is easily quenched, but like the serene, chastened light which burns as safely in the dry east wind as in the stillest atmosphere. Let each bear the other's burden the while; let each cultivate the mutual confidence which is a gift capable of increase and improvement, and soon it will be found that kindliness will spring up on every side, displacing constitutional unsuitability, want

of mutual knowledge, even as we have seen sweet violets and primroses dispelling the gloom of the gray sea-rocks.

VASTNESS OF THE UNIVERSE.—If we suppose the earth reduced to the size of the smallest mustard seed, and the sun to the size of a walnut, their proportionate distance from each other would be 8 feet, and the solar system would be contained within about an acre of ground. The nearest fixed star in this proportion would be, *one thousand miles distant*; the north star would be as far as *India*, and small telescopic stars as distant as the moon now is!—*Country Gent.*

COUNT HUGO.

A BALLAD FOR THE TIMES.

Once,—so runs an ancient legend,—
Fast beside the castled Rhine,
Dwelt a Baron, bold and fearless,
Haughtiest of his haughty line.

When upheld by feudal minions,
Forth he sallied from his hold,
Many a peasant's cheek grew pallid—
Many a mother's heart grew cold.

Ruthlessly the fierce marauder
Drained their scant resources dry ;
All was lost—the fleece—the vintage,
If it pleased Count Hugo's eye.

Who were they that dared oppose him ?
They, a weak and hapless band,
Feared to match their strength against him—
Quailed beneath his mailed hand.

Long they bore his lawless rapine—
Long they saw their fields despoiled—
Long beheld the harvests trampled,
Where their weary hands had toiled.

Many a time by pandering vassals,
Flocks were rifled from the fold ;
Many a time the petted chamois,
Had been loosened from its hold.

Oft at sound of harness'd horsemen,
Trembling matrons caught from view
All the fairest of their darlings ;
—‘ What if he should seize *them* too !’

But at length there came a night-fall ;
From the Rhenish mountain-top,
Scarce the last, red ray had faded,
Ere there flew from lip to lip,

Tidings startling—tidings fearful,
Ringing down the vallies wild ;
—From the widow's lonely *chalet*,
Had been snatched her only child.

“ Rouse, ye Switzers ! to the rescue !
By our hopes for those we love,
From the vulture's bloody talons,
Let us wrest the fluttering dove !”

Such the words that woke the echoes—
Such the burden of the tale,
As it swept, a fiery current
Kindling all the quiet vale.

“Ho ! ye men of stalwart courage,
Steadfast as your Alpine rock,
Make ye ready for the onset—
Gird yourselves to bide the shock !

“We will beard and brave Count Hugo—
We will drag him from his den :
Dastard despot !—dare he meet us ?
We are fathers !—we are men !

“We will tear him from his wassail ;
Blood shall mingle with his wine :
We will dash him from his ramparts,
Headlong in the rushing Rhine !

“Say not that ye want for weapons,
Bring the scythe, and bring the maul ;
Bring the broad blade of the hunter—
Ye shall find there’s use for all.

“Let his seneschals withstand us—
What can stem our fury’s might,
When it rises like a whirlwind—
Rises to avenge the right !”

Onward rolled the stormy impulse,
Every sinewy artizan
Clenched his iron hand defiant—
’Twixt his teeth the threatening ran ;—

“We are ready !—from his bulwarks,
Down shall every stone be hurled,
And the tyrant who has scourged us,
Shall be hunted from the world !”

On they marched,—and stern and steady
Fell the ruthless, vigorous blows,
Till the embattled bastions yielded,
And they faced their hated foes.

Then outburst their frantic vengeance,—
“Show no mercy !”—was the cry ;
“They have earned the fate of felons,
And like felons, let them die !”

—When across the Rhenish mountains,
Broke the morning’s rosy smile,
Where had frowned Count Hugo’s castle,
Yawned a black and roofless pile.

But the direful retribution
 Did not seal its sentence here ;
 And the peasants told the story—
 Crouching round the fires in fear.

Told how in the ghostly midnight,
 Midst the gorges, they had seen
 Oft a haggard, hurrying spectre,
 With a demon's scowl and mien :

That it fled pursued, affrighted,
 Looking horror-stricken back,
 As a Nemesis-like phantom
 Ever followed on its track :—

That the phantom was a maiden,
 And one pale, uplifted hand
 Held a scourge, while high the other
 Tossed a bright and blazing brand :

That they heard its imprecations,
 Muttered moans and shriekings wild ;
 And they shuddered,—“Tis Count Hugo,
 Haunted by the widow's child !”

—Thus it runs—that quaint old legend ;
 Yet there's meaning in the lay ;
 For a fiercer than Count Hugo,
 Riots through the land to-day.

He, a despot false, relentless,
 Fast beside the peopled stream,
 Rears his grim and grated fortress,
 Strong with welded bolt and beam.

Reckless are his base retainers,
 Mad of brain—a rabble crew ;
 Well the warmest blood may curdle,
 At the desperate deeds they do.

Truth and honor—they are baubles
 All unworth the picking up ;
 Costlier pearls than Cleopatra's
 He dissolves within his cup.

Rank and greatness, name and station,
 Guerdon of our fathers' toil—
 Hear his envious tongue malign them—
 See him trample, spurn, despoil !

In the madness of his revels,
 Blood his ranc'rous nature craves,

And with brutal hand he spills it,
Till the land is ridged with graves.

And he plies with sneer and laughter,
Undismayed, his fiendish arts,
Mocking at the sobs of orphans—
Jeering widows' broken hearts.

With a clutch unclean, unholy,
Freedom's self he hath defiled,
Till the heart that gave her being,
Scarce can own the lawless child !

And the still compliant orders,
Brow-beat, daunted, yield their all,—
Cringing, where they should defy him—
Cursing, when the shackles gall.

Can ye bear it ?—Oh, ye peoples !
Rise in your sublimest power ;
Storm the faction's moated fastness—
Scale the ramparts—raze the tower !

Drag the craven from his shelter,
Lay his reeking chambers bare,—
Strip the mask that hides his features,—
Show the treason skulking there.

Let an angry, outraged nation,
Strong the daring deed to do,—
With the deadly sword of justice,
Thrust the traitor through and through !

Lexington, Va.

MARGARET J. PRESTON.

THE MINERAL WEALTH OF VIRGINIA.*

Gold.—So far as gold mines have been opened and worked, and so far as any considerable traces of gold ores have yet been discovered, they are confined to a geological belt running from N. E. to S. W., through the middle of what we have denominated the Piedmont Section of the State.—It is almost coincident with the first belt of iron ore above described, though in many places, much wider in extent. The region in which most of the gold has been obtained is embraced within the following counties, covering a zone of considerable width, stretching from the Potomac on the N. E. to the North Carolina line on the S. W.; viz: Fauquier, Prince William, Stafford, Spotsylvania, Culpepper, Orange, Louisa, Goochland, Fluvanna, Buckingham, Appomattox, with some traces in the other counties covered by the same zone and extended to the

* Continued from page 99.

North Carolina line. It also extends across North Carolina, and embraces the richest gold mines of that State. In several of the counties above named, mines have been profitably operated for many years, beginning as far back as 1830, and some of those formerly abandoned have been re-opened lately, under the influence of improved modes of reducing the ores.

In nearly all of the so-called ores of gold, the metal is found in an uncombined condition, that is, in the form of pure metal. To some extent, however, the metal is found combined with sulphuret of iron, in the form of what is known as "auriferous pyrites."—This is especially the case where veins have been opened to a considerable depth. In the earlier operations at these mines, surface washing—that is washing the metal from the soil formed by the disintegration of the gold-bearing rocks—was the chief mode of mining; but more recently the *veins* of ore have been opened in many places, and promise to be almost inexhaustible.

"The material of the veins, is a variegated quartz, sometimes translucent, at others opaque. It is generally of a cellular structure, fractures without much difficulty, and in many instances contains a considerable proportion of water dispersed through its substance. Its surface, recently exposed, displays a variety of tints of brown, purple and yellow, of such peculiar aspect as to resemble a thin lacquer spread unequally over the rock.—The cavities are often filled with a bright yellow ochre, or hydrated per-oxide of iron, which generally contains gold in a state of minute division. Sulphuret of iron (pyrites) is another accompanying mineral, which in many mines occurs in considerable quantities.—At Morton's mine (Buckingham.) it is peculiarly abundant, and there, as in other places, generally

contains a portion of combined gold. * * * This pyrites, in all probability, was, at some former period, more generally diffused throughout all the auriferous veins, and by its decomposition, gave rise to the per-oxide of iron, with which the quartz is always more or less imbued, while the gold existing in it was deposited in the cells and fissures of the quartz. Silver is occasionally found in connection with the gold, and the sulphurets of copper and lead have been discovered in a few instances in the auriferous rocks." (Rogers.)

The ease or difficulty of working these mines is determined very much by the thickness of the veins, and the character of the stratified rocks by which they are bounded. The wide veins are easily managed, but the majority are narrow, and enclosed in talcose and other forms of slate easily quarried, in many cases without blasting, yet often very hard and difficult to overcome. One great difficulty, heretofore attending the mining operations here, has been the want of adequate means for crushing the quartz so completely as to expose all the contained gold, but this obstacle has been overcome in other parts of the world, and there is no reason for its not being soon overcome in all the mines of Virginia and North Carolina. A beginning has already been made in this direction, from which we may hope for great results. Science is bringing additional forces to bear upon this, as well as other industrial pursuits.

In regard to the value of this vast gold field, the extent and geological position of which we have already defined, no certain estimate can yet be made. We have long been impressed with the idea, that it contains a store of wealth, far exceeding in value the highest estimate ever placed upon it. In this opinion we are not singular.

Overman in his "Practical Mineralogy," speaking of this region, says, "there are gold-bearing localities in Virginia and North Carolina, which if not equal to those of California at present, will be of greater importance in the future, and, I predict, more sure and lasting." We hope that this prediction may be fulfilled.

Silver.—This precious metal has been found in connection with gold in several of the mines in this State. It has also been found in Patrick and some other counties, but not in sufficient quantities to induce any one to undertake the business of mining for it to any extent. The lead ores of Nelson county, to be noticed hereafter, are said to contain several per cent. of silver, and were formerly worked for that metal, as well as for lead.

Copper.—Virginia abounds in deposits of rich ores of copper, but they have been opened only to a very limited extent. The largest and richest veins are found in or near the Blue Ridge. In nearly every one of the counties, forming the long belt which covers the eastern slope of this remarkable mountain, copper ore has been discovered—in many places abundant in quantity, and almost always rich in quality. Veins have been found in Madison and Green counties, of sufficient extent to promise profitable mining; while in Nelson and Amherst similar veins were worked long ago, and although now abandoned, may yet prove highly valuable under improved systems of mining and smelting. In Floyd and Carroll counties, which occupy an elevated table land, or plateau, between two branches of the Blue Ridge, mining for copper was carried on to a considerable extent for several years previous to the war, and will doubtless be prosecuted on a larger scale in future. Ores of this metal have also been discovered at several points along the western

slope of this mountain, but not in very large quantities; some have also been found on the western side of the valley; but no extensive deposit has yet appeared.

From what has already been developed, we may with confidence look forward to a time when stimulated enterprise will open up the rich and extensive stores of this valuable metal, now lying as dead capital beneath the hills and mountains of this favored State.

Lead.—The late Confederacy found the source of much of its strength in the lead mines of Virginia. Those of Wythe county played a conspicuous part in our recent struggle, furnishing, as they did, a very large proportion of the lead used in the army. But their importance has not been limited to periods of war. They have long been worked in times of peace with profit to their owners, and advantage to the community.

A brief description of the ores of these mines may be of service to those who may be looking out for similar minerals elsewhere.—In the first place we shall say a few words in regard to their geological position. They are found in the lower limestones of the valley, belonging in the geological series to what are called the "old silurian" formation. The mineral is not interstratified with the limestone, but consists of veins thrust upward from beneath, in a molten condition, and following, to some extent the strata, but at the same time filling such crevices as it found in the overlying rocks, whatever might be their shape or size. Three varieties of ore are found here, each varying somewhat in appearance and form, and often mingled together in different proportions. These are the "sulphuret" (galena,) "carbonate" (white lead) and the "oxide." The galena is the most abundant, has a bluish lead color, fine metallic lustre, and is either crystalline or granular in structure. In this

form the miners call it "blue ore." It is also found in a finely granular, pulverulent condition, and is then of a dark color, and called "black ore." The carbonate is often found in beautiful white crystals, and called "cat's tooth ore;" or in compact heavy masses of a greyish white color, and called "grey ore." The oxide is of a yellowish grey color, but is commonly found mingled with the carbonate, and more or less clay, giving a reddish brown mass, called "brown ore."

Indications of ores, similar to those in Wythe, have been found in Montgomery and other counties of the valley, but no extensive veins have yet been discovered.

A lead mine was opened in Nelson county some years ago, and worked for a while; but the vein being narrow and bounded by very hard metamorphic rocks, the labor and expense of mining was found to be very great, and it was abandoned. The ore here is rich in lead, and, as heretofore stated, contains a considerable quantity of silver. It may yet prove to be valuable. A vein of similar kind, and in the same geological formation, has been long known to exist in Patrick county, but, so far as we know, its extent and value have not been satisfactorily tested.

Zinc.—But little of this metal has been discovered in Virginia, except in connection with the lead ores of Wythe. Zinc was obtained from that region on a small scale during the war, but the extent to which it may become worthy of attention in future, remains to be demonstrated.

Tungsten, Tellurium and Titanium are metals just now occupying the attention of manufacturers of iron and steel. It is believed, that if properly managed, they may all prove valuable when alloyed with iron. These metals are all found in Virginia; the last, (titanium,) in considerable quantities, among some of the metamorphic rocks in the Piedmont section. In regard to this metal, a celebrated English manufacturer, (David Mushet,) says; "By alloying small quantities of titanium with iron and steel, I obtained surprising results, which at once convinced me that I was on the right track at last. I now had the iron ore of the districts I have named carefully examined for titanium, and I found that all of them contained titanitic acid, (an oxide of titanium,) and that, whichever ore most abounded in titanitic acid, the iron and steel produced from that ore was the most celebrated and valuable."

TO BE CONTINUED.

APTITUDES IN MEN.—It is very certain that no man is fit for every thing; but it is almost as certain, too, that there is scarcely any one man who is not fit for something, which something nature points out to him by giving him a tendency and propensity to it. Every man finds in himself, either from nature or education (for they are hard to

distinguish,) a peculiar character; and his struggling against it is the fruitless and endless labor of Sisyphus. Let him follow and cultivate that vocation, he will succeed in it, and be considerable in one way, at least; whereas, if he departs from it, he will, at least, be inconsiderable, probably ludicrous. *Lord Chesterfield.*

PROMETHEUS VINCTUS.

Prometheus on the cold rock bound,
The vulture at his heart,
In you, oh ! Southern Chief, has found
A fitting counterpart.

The Titan by his wondrous skill
Fashioned a man from clay ;
You formed a nation at your will,
And bent it to your sway !

He made a dull insensate thing,
A form without a soul ;
Your spirit with life-stirring spring
Electrified the whole.

Like him, your greatness did you wrong,
Your virtue was your bane ;
Each soared above the common throng,
Each found a prison chain !

Your aims alike were noble ; well
Ye battled, till at length
Each, having done his utmost, fell—
Dragged down by Force and Strength !

Ye fell but gained a height sublime,
And more than mortal fame,
Binding upon the breast of Time
An ever glorious name !

No farther may the semblance go.—
Consumed by Zeus' frown,
Prometheus with supernal woe
In agony bowed down.

While you, oh ! gentle sufferer, feel
Though bending 'neath the rod,
A holy joy, the sign and seal
Of a sustaining God !

Within your grated prison cell
A gracious guest abides,
And by the same low-spoken spell,
Which stilled the raging tides

Of fierce Tiberias, He exerts
A spirit-soothing calm,
And heals the sting of earthly hurts
With heavenly peace and balm.

Around you in unending play
 The bounding billows roar,
 And white with crests of seething spray
 Break thundering on the shore.

These ocean-surges well express
 The love, the hopes, the care
 Which to you in your loneliness,
 Your faithful people bear.

Chains and a prison cannot wrest
 Your empire from its throne ;
 You find in every Southern breast
 A kingdom and a home !

The stately land you strove to save,
 In sable robes arrayed,
 Majestic mourns beside the grave
 Where all her hopes are laid.

But though she weeps her cherished dead
 With sorrow deep and true,
 No tears of bitterness are shed
 Like those that fall for you !

You hold her heart-strings in your hand,
 And every blow and slur,
 That strikes you as you helpless stand,
 Falls doubly hard on her !

Heaven help us all !—The New Year dawns
 Again with glad some birth ;
 God grant ere many smiling morns
 Have glorified the earth,

That one may break amid the stars,
 Which by His blest decree,
 Beaming across your prison bars,
 Shall shine upon you FREE !

FANNY DOWNING.

NORTHERN PRISON LIFE.*

On the night of the 29th September, we were deposited on the shores of Johnson's Island, an obscure locality, but destined through all future time to possess an interest scarcely second to St. Helena, and consecrated by the heroic endurance of thousands of the best and bravest of our countrymen. We were first deprived of our money and other valuables, and then escorted into the "pen," with unlimited discretion to partake of its hospitalities, and to

* Continued from page 167.

commune with the 3000 obdurate "rebels," who were here provided with food and lodging at the expense of the U. S. Government.—It was our good fortune, however, to fall in with kind and sympathizing friends, who generously ministered to our necessities, and initiated us into some of the mysteries of prison-life, in order that we might not become the victims of ignorance and inexperience.

Johnson's Island is situated in Lake Erie, at the entrance to Sandusky Bay, and previous to its conversion to the purposes of a military prison, we believe was uninhabited, and untenanted by any human being, save the owner, who cultivated a vineyard, for which the Northern lakes are so famous. It would have been beyond the range of possibility, to have selected a locality so admirably devised by nature for the purposes of a prison, and which so completely thwarted every avenue of escape, and succor. Had we been placed there alone, and unmolested, we should then have been almost as securely lodged, and beyond the power of escape, as Robinson Crusoe on the Island of Juan Fernandez. And in addition to these natural obstacles the vigilance of our captors, had added the most elaborate defenses for our security and safe detention. A thoroughly constructed earth work, mounting heavy pieces, was trained directly upon one flank of the prison, while a federal sloop of war, mounting 18 pieces, trained directly on our quarters provided for our security in that direction, and in addition to these, other well trained batteries were in range, and we do not suppose we over estimate, when we affirm that not less than 40 or 50 pieces of heavy artillery could have been at a moment's intimation, brought to bear upon 3000 disarmed and helpless prisoners, surrounded by strong artificial and natural defenses, and encom-

passed on all sides by a great inland ocean. But this is not all. From 1500 to 3000 disciplined troops were constantly stationed upon the Island, and we deem it by no means improbable, that the U. S. Government employed the services of as many troops, in securing this one point, as were required for the safe keeping of all, or nearly all, the prisoners of war held by the Confederate States.—

When we first arrived at Johnson's Island many privileges of a valuable character were accorded the prisoners, but as the representations of Southern brutality and diabolical cruelty grew more and more aggravated and inflamed, all these relaxations of the rigor of our captivity, were removed at "one fell swoop," and a plan of retaliation, conducted in the most systematic manner, proceeding from one extreme to another, was inaugurated, which continued during our protracted captivity, with but one interruption, and then only to be resumed again with even more unrelenting severity. We will endeavor to preserve a rigid adherence to truth; and if from imperfect or inaccurate recollection, we shall in the most minute degree militate against its *slightest* details, we trust that we may confide to some of those who shared these toils and sufferings in common with us, to rectify and "set right" the most insignificant departure from inflexible and incontrovertible truth.

And first, as to that part of prison treatment which has been more discussed than any other perhaps, namely: the all important article of FOOD.

Our rations received from the commissary at Johnson's Island during the greater part of our imprisonment consisted of beef, pork, and baker's bread. The first two mentioned articles were the refuse of the Sandusky markets, and nothing but the mere dread of utter starvation could have in-

duced the most vitiated appetite, to have partaken of either. Both were of a quality which defy adequate description, and the quantity was as limited as the quality was bad. The bread to a great extent would have served admirably for paving stones, and was frequently so rat-eaten as to make it even intolerable to our starving natures. The suffering produced by the absence of all vegetable food was intense, and in many cases produced its natural consequence, in the shape of that malignant disease—scurvy. We cannot by mere force of language pretend to convey to the reader, anything even remotely approximating to an idea of the suffering, the agony, the gradual diminution of both mental and physical strength, produced by successive months of abstinence, of famine, and deprivation of the prime necessities of life. Weeks and months rolled by, and yet no feeble ray, no glimmering of hope appeared to the prisoner, no prospect of relief from what seemed a protracted, but a fearfully aggravated and inevitable death. Abandoned apparently by friends to his fate, and delivered over bound hand and foot to the power of his enemies, it almost seemed that the Almighty had hid from him the light of his countenance, and the last resource of humanity withdrawn from him. If he laid down to rest, it was to be tortured by tantalizing visions of gorgeous banquets, of sumptuous viands, receding in mockery from his eager grasp, or to be transported in imagination to familiar scenes and loved faces, to the old hearth-stone and family circle, oblivious under the force of temporary illusions, to past sufferings and bygone toils and dangers. If he awaked from his delusive dream of bliss, it was but to sink in more hopeless despair, and to renew the same unending round of physical suffering, of mental agony.

To him, "hope never comes, that comes to all." With nothing to look for, from the experience of the past, with nothing but abject despair and stoical resignation to the ills of the present, clouds and darkness obscured the future from his vision, and had his unassisted penetration been able to look beyond the veil, he felt assured that for him, it contained only a transition to other scenes of suffering.

The treatment of prisoners of war in hospitals, has been one view of the subject which attracted perhaps as much attention as any other, and in regard to which the most flagrant and atrocious cruelties have been imputed to those having the supervision of this department of Southern prisons. With regard to the merits of the case, we do not propose to express even an opinion, in accordance with the line of policy we avowed at the commencement of this article.

But with regard to the prison Hospital at Johnson's Island, we cannot forbear at least an allusion. When we were first consigned to the hospitalities of the Island, the hospital was a "chief den of horrors," a very earthly pandemonium, and though a sense of justice constrains us to admit, that some amelioration and improvement was effected subsequent to this period, yet during our residence, it was miserably and scantily furnished with the simplest remedies. The Federal surgeons seemed to allow and to prescribe for our sick and wounded only such medical supplies, as were allowed, as they alleged, to Federal prisoners in the South.—And in a spirit of rigid adherence to this principle, they received scarcely none, and great suffering, and we entertain no doubt many deaths, ensued in consequence, while the most abundant medical stores were accessible. The Confederate officers were required to perform all the scavenger and

menial duties connected with the hospital, and daily details were made for this purpose. As to the merits or defects of Southern hospitals, we can affirm nothing of our own personal knowledge, but we are confident, that any one, whose misfortune it was to be immured at Johnson's Island, will recognize this as an unvarnished picture of the hospital for Confederate officers.

We were indulged with the privilege of writing three letters per week, being restricted to 28 lines of letter paper, which must first be submitted to the censorship of the Federal examiner, and secure his approval, before transmission. We suppose one half ($\frac{1}{2}$) would constitute a very liberal estimate of the number received by prisoners and their friends, of those actually written. Communication with the South, was at long intervals, and we cannot attempt to portray the excitement and suspense caused by the arrival of a "Dixie" mail, which was to convey to us, some tidings of those from whom we had been so long separated. Our Southern letters were frequently detained for days, to all appearances unnecessarily. But worst of all, if they sometimes exceeded by a few lines the prescribed amount, the letter was retained by the inspector, and the envelope, endorsed with the writer's name, transferred to the prisoner, as "from your father," "mother," "sister," as the case might be? Imagine if you can, the feelings produced, after months and years of separation, of suspense and anxiety, by such a procedure. Yet such was the uniform practice at Johnson's Island, and though we believe in some instances this rule was mitigated, yet such was the prevailing custom, and with these exceptions, it was rigidly adhered to.

The laws and usages of civilized warfare regard as sacred and inviolable the right of prisoners to

effect their escape, and as equally binding and imperative as the right of the captor to detain them. Yet when the attempted escapes of Confederate officers at Johnson's Island were frustrated by the vigilance of their captors, they were in some instances allowed to select one of two alternatives, either a parole of honor to make no future attempts, or to be immured in a lonely cell, to expiate their presumption in endeavoring to assert this indefeasible right.— And in some instances, not even this choice of evils was permitted, but the most degrading and revolting personal indignities, worthy only of criminals and felons, were substituted in their stead.

The most menial and debasing duties, to which even a moderate regard for common delicacy, forbids a direct allusion, such as were performed by the villeins of the middle ages, and were sometimes inflicted upon deserters and criminals in our own army, as the most complete stigma, and brand of indelible infamy, were exacted with daily punctuality from all grades of prisoners. The nature of the subject forbids an elaborate description, and this mere passing notice will serve to convey but an imperfect conception of them to the reader.

We should fall short of the task, were we to attempt to convey any conception of the rigor of this inhospitable climate, and the suffering endured in consequence.— They can only be imagined, and must be experienced, in order to be appreciated. Miserably provided with fuel, and enduring the pangs of unceasing hunger, produced by the utter absence of all nourishing food, the horrors of a winter at Johnson's Island so far transcend our powers of description, that we refrain from attempting the task.

Every expedient of inventive genius, developed and stimulated by the force of emergencies, was

resorted to, to vary and relieve the intolerable languor and tedium of prison-life. Following the bent of their individual whims and inclinations, some gambled, some played chess, others enlightened their suffering compatriots with profound speculations on "exchange," or the next Presidential election, some indulged in conjectures about the day's rations, another writes to his Yankee "cousin," or "aunt," while another reads a leader from the "New York News," to a crowd of admiring listeners, or exults over some flaming extract from the "Richmond Examiner," another wishes for the mail or sings the "Southern Cross," while another smokes bad tobacco, punches the fire, and indulges in sad reveries, or pictures to his diseased and depraved fancy, the sumptuous "bill of fare," he will order and devour when he "gets to Richmond."

During the former portion of our residence at Johnson's Island, it had been the prevailing custom to allow the relatives and friends of prisoners of war, in the event of their death in bondage, to claim and to receive their mortal remains, in order that at some future time, they might be returned, to find their last resting place at home. Such a course was eminently proper, and we are grieved to be unable to record, that to the honor of humanity, it was allowed without molestation, or interruption. Yet in the winter of 1864-5, there was issued from head quarters of the Government itself, a positive and explicit order, directing that in future, the remains of no prisoner should be delivered to, and received by his friends, but be interred and remain in the prison grave yard, the solicitations, and entreaties of families and relatives to the contrary notwithstanding.

In the grave there is no treason. In the dead there is no disloyalty. To the grave there is im-

puted no political heresy. To that great temple of silence and reconciliation, where repose together in undisturbed and tranquil serenity, the enormities, the jealousies, the recriminations, and the heart burnings of many generations, the usage of all civilized nations, and all civilized ages has uniformly accorded the most profound, sacred, and hallowed reverence. We propose no comment. Gladly would we envelope the whole transaction in the obscuring mantle of a charitable oblivion.— But it stands forth in characters of living light, and we should be sadly recreant to every sense of honor, to every sentiment of justice to the living and the dead, did we fail to record it. One or two more incidents will serve to conclude this imperfect description of Johnson's Island. The most brilliant descriptive powers would fail to do more than convey an idea of its horrors, and we can only presume to claim for our efforts the one merit of truth.— Among those who shared with us the sufferings of our protracted imprisonment, was a gallant and high toned young officer of the 1st Virginia artillery, the son of a Virginia clergyman, who had earned honorable and well merited distinction on many hardly contested fields. Dr. Stuart Robinson, an eminent Presbyterian divine of the conservative stamp, then in exile in Canada, fleeing from the fanaticism and persecution of his Presbyterian brethren, had transmitted to our young friend, in order to solace his imprisonment, a volume of admirably selected hymns, containing many beautiful exhortations to patience, endurance, and fortitude in time of adversity and affliction. We did not conceive that the most intolerant, could have protested against this species of theoretical "aid and comfort," to the enemy. But our conceptions and our estimate of

human magnanimity were overdrawn, and the volume was indeed turned over to our friend but not until every word and every syllable, which by any species of distortion and subtle perversion, could be construed into a remote approximation to relief, solace, or consolation to the hapless prisoner had been carefully cut out by the knife of the Federal inspector.

Another example will tend to illustrate the animus which pervaded religious sects, and ecclesiastical assemblages, and preëminently the Northern Presbyterian Church. We do not propose these allusions in any spirit of disparagement or detraction, but we will be pardoned at least for observing, that with such lights before their eyes, we are at a loss to imagine, how a fraternal union can ever be accomplished between the two divided branches of this church, without a sacrifice of independence, and of dignity, and a spirit of servility on the part of the Southern Church, as disgraceful, as it would be detrimental. Into the Presbyterian General Assembly, in the Spring of 1864, there was introduced a resolution, asking in unqualified terms, that a petition might be presented to the President of the United States requesting the suspension of the appointment of a day of prayer and humiliation throughout the land, for fear it might exert a tendency to dampen the enthusiasm and ardor of the people in the cause of the suppression of the rebellion. Comment is unnecessary. The story carries its own moral with it. In justice to them, we cannot fail to record several acts of courtesy and charity to our destitute prisoners by Dr. Plumer, and Dr. Hodge of Princeton. But these, though honorable, were isolated exceptions, "*rari nantes in gurgite vasto.*"

In the month of February, 1865, in view of the early termination of the rebellion, the system of regu-

lar exchanges was resumed, after a suspension of nearly two years.—As precedence was justly yielded to priority of capture, it was our fortune to be placed among the first lists, and having signed a parole not to resume service in the armies of the Confederacy, until regularly exchanged, (which parole has been faithfully observed to this day) we in company with 300 others, regained our freedom, not like the "prisoner of Chillon," and taking our stand on the deck of the steamer, on the 14th of March 1865, the same day on which the army of General Sherman evacuated Fayetteville, the dim outlines of the Island soon receded forever, thank God, "from our vision." The details of our trip to Fortress Monroe would possess no interest, and suffice it to say, that on the night of the 20th of March, we anchored quietly in the mouth of James river and before the morning sun shone upon the countless vessels, and the broad expanse of waters, we were rapidly proceeding up to Aiken's Landing, our point of destination. On the 22d we were transferred to the tender mercies of the Confederate Commissioners, and proceeded to Richmond in a crazy steamer, and in the kindness and courtesy of generous friends, found more than solace for the years of absence, of peril, and of suffering, more than consolation for the melancholy past, in this happy and triumphant issue out of all of our afflictions.—To the God of the rebel and the captive, be all the honor and the glory, for this signal deliverance, from the power and dominion of our enemies.

Two years, fruitful in changes, prolific in great results, two years the most memorable in the history of the American Continent, had been numbered with past ages since we marched in the van of a mighty army, buoyant with hope, animated by the remembrance of a

series of brilliant and unparalleled successes, flushed with the pride of a successful invasion, and seeking only new fields of glory and of fame. Two years had wrought the work of two generations. The aged Israelite, when returned from Babylonish captivity, who wept when they compared the inferior dimensions, the insignificant proportions, of the new temple, with the glory of the ancient edifice where they and their fathers had worshipped; the seven sleepers of the legend who fell asleep when the pagans were persecuting the christians, and awoke when the christians were persecuting the pagans; the aged princes of the line of Bourbon, restored to, and sustained upon a tottering throne by the bayonets of combined Europe, beheld not a transformation more wonderful, more complete. Events had come thick, misfortunes had multiplied, reverses had followed in hopeless and irresistible succession, disasters had culminated, the popular ardor was forever gone, the ancient spirit of our hitherto invincible legions was forever extinct, a sombre and death-like gloom pervaded the nation, in marked and melancholy contrast with the peaceful development of external nature—the goddess of “wingless victory” had taken her flight from the Acropolis, and the very atmosphere seemed to bode disaster, as the March winds whistled ominously of the consummation of this great tragedy, the last scene of which was so soon to be enacted upon the plains of Appomattox. A moment’s observation served to convince us, however repugnant to our sensibilities, our pride, and our patriotism, that four years of more than Spartan endurance, of more than Roman fortitude, had been ineffectual and unavailing. The melancholy nones of April were nigh at hand, and the death-knell of a great nation was sounded, as the shattered

remnants of the mightiest army the world has ever seen, submitted to the dictates of a magnanimous foe, and the decrees of an irreversible destiny. Faithful even unto the end, they yielded all save that which the power of no enemies could overcome, nor the might of all conquerors subdue and vanquish—their ancient and unsullied honor; and when they fell, the republic fell with them, like the Ipswich Wolsey, “unwilling to outlive the good that did it.” Noble army of martyrs! if ever prejudice shall give way to reason; and intolerance and bigotry be dispelled before the light of justice and truth, then the brightest page in the unwritten annals of the grand drama of revolutions, is reserved for thee.

One or two reflections will serve to draw this already protracted article to a close. It cannot be otherwise than evident to every reflecting mind, that by the force of inevitable circumstances, our fate and our fortunes are inseparably connected and bound up with the Federal Government.—And that we are in honor bound to yield a faithful obedience and allegiance to that Government, we regard as equally certain.—These propositions we hold to be indisputable. But in the next place, if the lessons of the past five years, do not exert a marked tendency, to teach us independence in some things, then experience has availed us nothing.

It must be evident that the surest and most speedy method of regaining our position among the nations of the earth, is by the cultivation, the sustaining, the developing of a Southern literature. In this should consist our independence preëminently. No one can but remember the servile dependence upon Northern literature, which characterized the course of the Southern people in former times, to the almost utter neglect and

exclusion of native efforts and native genius. And surely, no one not entirely abandoned to every sense of ordinary self respect, can ever forget or forgive, the vile caricatures, the billingsgate, and the degrading libels, so lavishly heaped upon Southern institutions, and even Southern women, by those very creatures whom our money and our patronage had sustained and created. In this respect at least, let us assert and maintain our independence, and we will find in it, the surest and speediest source of national greatness. If, on the other hand, we return with debasing sycophancy, to nourish these vipers, who have so lavishly poured out their venom on

those who have sustained and developed them, we shall indeed have shown ourselves worthy of a harsher fate than that which has been accorded us. But if on the contrary, we shall vigorously and zealously sustain, cherish and perfect a native literature, if we shall succeed in presenting to the view of an impartial world the record of our heroism, our sufferings, our triumphs, untarnished and unsullied by fanaticism, we may find in the glories of the future, at least some compensation for the calamities of the past and the ills of the present.

SIGMA CHI.

Fayetteville, N. C., May 8th, 1866.

MARY.

Shall I whisper a name that was lovely of old,
When the tale of the infant Redeemer was told,
The honored of God, in her sorrow sublime,
Still haunting the heart through the twilight of Time ?

O'er the star-light of Judah the night-mists were chill,
On the Galilee's bosom the shadows lay still,
When it woke on the midnight, so solemn and dim,
With the flame of a star and the sound of a hymn.

And bright with the lustre, and sweet with the tone
Of the angels that sang, and the glory that shone,
Its echoes are soft through the haze of the years,
With the breath of her sigh and the dew of her tears.

And still at the altar, and still at the hearth,
From the cradle of Christ to the ends of the earth,
As gentle in glory, as steadfast in gloom,
It serves at His side, as it waits at His tomb.

And many shall bless it, as many have blest,
From the morning of life till the morrow of rest,
And its fulness of meaning, its music shall keep,
While a Mary shall watch, or a Mary shall weep.

ROANOKE VALLEY.*

In taking a view of the system of agriculture which prevails in the Roanoke valley; it would be very interesting to be able to give an accurate, or even approximate estimate of the productions of this region—but first from the entire absence of all statistics in this State on these points, and next from the fact that we have no seaport to which her products would naturally flow, and that therefore they are conveyed by river navigation and by rail road, to various ports in Virginia and other States, it is impossible to arrive at any just or accurate idea of the exports of the State. It may however be generally affirmed that excepting Edgecombe county, those counties, which form the lower Roanoke valley, are the principal cotton producing, and excepting perhaps Tyrrell county, they are the principal corn producing counties in the State; and when the value of the three products of cotton, corn and peas are taken, as exported from them, they will probably be found to exceed the agricultural exports of the same number of counties from any part of North Carolina. When to these sources of wealth is added the exports of the productions of the forests, such as lumber, tar, turpentine, staves, shingles, &c., their exported wealth, and importance to the State as a source of revenue, will be found to be second to none within her borders. As far up as Hamilton in Martin county, the river is at all times navigable for vessels of a large size; beyond this point up to Weldon, the navigation is uncertain, the channel of the river being obstructed by frequent bars. Efforts have been made at various times by com-

bined individual enterprise, and with the aid of the State, to remove these bars and so improve the navigation, but the State, I believe, has always refused to aid, and no valuable or permanent benefit has even resulted from other efforts. If the bed of the river could be properly dredged, and the navigation made more certain by the construction of vessels and steamers of light draft, the advantages commercially, to the country drained by the Roanoke, as well as to those seaports to which her products flow, would be very great. It would be instructive here to be able to give even an approximate idea of the value of these products, but the long occupation of Plymouth by the yankees during the war, and the fact that a large portion of these products are carried by rail to Petersburg, Wilmington, and other points, as well as a larger portion by both routes to Norfolk, which was also in the possession of the yankees, render it impossible to furnish any correct idea of its commercial importance. If Mr. Ramsay, the courteous and exact collector of Plymouth before the war, has preserved his books, and these pages should meet his eye, he would no doubt furnish your journal with some valuable statistics on this point. The system of farming prevailing in these counties is one of great simplicity, varied in kind and degree by the character of the soil. Corn is the principal grain crop and this is cultivated in alternate years on the same fields, that is, each field is one year in corn, one year rest, this is more particularly the case on the thin light lands. On the river lands, and more fertile uplands, corn is often cultivated for successive years

* Continued from page 114.

without manure. Wheat is raised very generally in small quantities for home consumption, and produces very good crops. It is not raised for export, except in a few instances, as those mentioned before and some others, and in these cases the results have been very favorable. Some wheat farmers manuring their wheat lands by compost or bought manures, and in some cases by an improving rotation of grass crops, peas or weeds. But it may be stated with truth and at the same time with a feeling of mortification, that the planters and farmers of the Roanoke valley, do not bestow that attention to the cultivation of grain crops, whether of corn, wheat, oats, peas, or any other grain, which either their actual importance demands, or a judicious view of their own interests would seem to require. But whilst they disregard in a great measure the claims and importance of the grain crops, they cannot be accused of late years, i. e., years before the war, with a neglect of cotton, which in all this region of country is the principal sale crop. On the land designed for the production of this article, as a general rule all the manure is put, and all the extra labor of the farm expended. Compost heaps are heaped up, ditch banks levelled, fence locks cleaned up, swamp earth and wood soil hauled, ashes burned, lime, guano, and other fertilizers bought, to improve and increase their yield. And it is a fact which may here be mentioned, that under this system of management, the same lands have been cultivated in cotton, for periods of time running in my own knowledge from twenty to forty years with no diminution, but on the contrary with a regular increase of production. Some farmers and (probably the most successful) are those who adopt a mixed system; who cultivate less cotton, and who sell some corn,

some wheat, some peas, some pork, in addition to their cotton. The farms where this system prevails are generally in the best condition; a little opportunity is afforded for a lengthened and judicious rotation of crops, where each portion of the land receives in turn its share of manure, and where the farmer, in case of failure from unfavorable seasons or other disasters to one crop, still has other sources from which he may derive an increase. The general system referred to, as prevailing before the war, however unfavorable to the general improvement of the land, or to the solid advancement of the farmer, was nevertheless, one of great ease, plenty and comfort. Although it might take a larger breadth of land to afford him room for alternate crops of corn and 'rest,' although his cotton land might be the only portions of his soil favored by annual dressings of compost and other manures; although too dry a year might shorten his corn crop, and too wet a year cause his cotton to fail, still his life and that of his family, was sure of comfort; his negroes happy and contented in the enjoyment of all those blessings which make life pleasant, spent their days in healthful easy employment, their powers never overtasked, their nights under good shelters in healthful sleep, with plentiful supplies of food, with no thought of the past, no care for the morrow to disturb their peaceful slumbers. And this life of quiet easy contentment, varied by frequent holidays, in which free scope was given to the enjoyment of their innocent and simple desires, and privileges granted and liberties indulged which were rendered not the less valuable from the fact that they were enjoyed under a mild and beneficent restraint, which whilst it admitted full and free enjoyment, permitted no excesses full of remorse and bitter consequen-

ces. A cheerful, happy, thriving, contented people thus dwelt in this happy valley, adding by their simple and honest labors to the general wealth of the country, while at the same time they accumulated individual stores; leading generally simple virtuous lives; where the master regarded the slave as one of his family to be clothed, fed, sheltered, and governed as he would one of his children; and where the slave looked to the hand of his master as the arm that would protect him in distress, and defend him from all harm, and where in return for this friendly patriarchal care and protection, he cheerfully rendered a faithful service, obedience and affection. But alas! how changed. This happy valley, like other happy valleys and homes of the South, has been invaded by the envious yankee, this system which he could not understand or make his own, this happiness and content which he could not appreciate or enjoy, he must therefore upturn and destroy. Most effectually has this been done. Where once dwelt scores and hundreds and thousands of happy whites and blacks, now may be seen deserted dwellings and desolated upgrown fields; where once was plenty, comfort and ease, may now be found want, vice, misery. The fruit of long years of industry, labor and economy has been in four short years swept away, as a fire consumes the dry grass; nothing is left to the whites but their virtue, courage, and determined reliance upon God—to the poor blacks nothing but hard labor, a degraded position, vice, want, prostitution, misery, and final destruction; and withal the change from Southern to Yankee masters. To give some idea of the condition of this country, I may state here as a fact, that if a colossus were to stand at Norfleet ferry on the Roanoke river, (a point about half way between Plymouth and Wel-

don,) and with a wand representing a radius of thirty miles describe a circle, there would be found within that circle areas of land equal to forty thousand acres, now deserted, which five or six years ago were cultivated, in fields of corn, cotton, wheat, peas, and other products, furnishing food for man and beast, and adding to the wealth of the nation and individuals.

A serious question now for the future of this country, is to decide what shall be done with these and other deserted fields in the South to make them remunerative, what done with the black population to make it not only self-supporting, but beneficial to the State and the proprietors of the soil, or in other words how shall the system of labor be regulated amongst us, under the changed condition of affairs, to make it profitable, respectable and happy.

This might well be made a subject of lengthened inquiry and examination, but the limits of this paper, already too far extended, will not admit of other than a cursory and suggestive view. I trust some more able writer seeing, this paper, may give your journal and its readers the benefit of a thorough and well considered essay on this point. The facts to which the South has now to address itself and fully meet, are—1st. That the whole system of labor upon which her life, prosperity and happiness rested has been suddenly and violently upturned and destroyed; that those who with the strong hand committed this destruction, have offered no help, nor put any labor in its place, but on the contrary have placed every hindrance in the way of improvement, and have used every means and every effort to make the destruction they have wrought, and the ruin of the Southern people, complete. Nor can we look for aid to any other quarter, for in the same way that the rest of the

world by an unsympathizing, impassive calmness, witnessed and silently aided in our destruction, so now do they view the completeness of that ruin with the calmest complacency. The Southern people have then to look for aid to none but themselves—they must, by God's help, work out their own deliverance, and out of the elements of ruin which surround them gradually and surely erect a new system, and build up for themselves a future happiness, wealth and greatness. The day of 'Northern capital,' and 'Foreign Immigration, and white labor is a delusion. True the latter may come and in the course of long years will come; but it will only be after the partial if not the entire disappearance of the negro. At present the South has the negro, and the negro only, to deal with as the element of labor, and the question is, how is he to be made profitable, orderly, and effective. The bitterness which now exists among the Northern people—with their radical and hostile action, and with the disorganizing presence of the Freedmen's Bureau, makes it impossible to expect much from State Legislation; all the States have already done what they could, to frame laws suited to the new order of things, and with a desire to make the black man a useful and happy laborer; but this does not satisfy the views of the radicals, and they wish him to be suddenly transformed, by no other agency than the Freedmen's Bureau, into citizens, who without intelligence, education, or means, shall have all the rights, all the privileges, and the same social position, as those who were a year ago their masters, who possess every thing which they lack, and who are superior to them in every thing which can constitute a difference between men, in addition to the difference of race and color. The only hope in my view at present, in order to keep the black man

in his best position, and thus make of him a profitable laborer, and useful member of society, is to oppose to these efforts of Northern radicalism, a calm, peaceful, lawful and determined passive opposition. If the negro will not work as a laborer fairly and honestly for A, then let not B employ him without the consent of A. If C gives his laborers fair wages and good treatment, let not D entice them away by offering or giving a little more. Let all agree upon that which is fair and just, and kind, but without combination, and let all honorably adhere to this understanding. Further, let it be understood, that the negro is a laborer, and must like all laborers in all countries, lift himself by labor from that position. The plan which some have adopted (as far as I can learn, without profit,) of farming on shares, renting them land, &c., is injurious to the negro both as a laborer and a man, and contrary to a wise public policy. It may be said that these matters will gradually regulate themselves, and that individual interest will very soon dictate what is best for itself. But in the mean time, while this individual interest is pursuing its interested and contradictory course, what becomes of the labor of the country? and is not something due from each individual for the good of the whole? There is no doubt of the fact, and there is no fact which can be sustained by more abundant and various proof, that any other system of hire among the laboring classes in all countries than that of stipulated wages has been found to be disadvantageous to the public, the landholder, and the laborer; to the public because it fills the poor houses, and makes idleness, vagrancy and crime more frequent; to the landholder, because he has more poor rates and taxes to pay, and the laborers are injured; to the laborer, because he is demoral-

ized. This is the experience of Great Britain, of France, Germany, of the Northern United States, and every civilized country where free labor has prevailed for many years. Why should we not profit by the experience of others? Why should we hope to succeed in experiments which they have tried over and over again, and have as often failed? Have we not lost enough already, that we wish to venture more? Have we so much to lose that we can afford to be the victims of experiments? No—the true position of the negro is that he is a laborer, made so by events over which he (once) had no control; let him understand that it is his interest to labor well and faithfully in the position in which the events have placed him;—and by his industry and good conduct endeavor to earn a good name, and if possible to raise himself into a more elevated position, where his wealth and character will secure him all the respect to which he is entitled.—To make the matter more practical; there should be meetings held in every county in every State, where the views concerning labor would be fully interchanged; where a fair price for the different grades of labor would be settled upon as a general opinion, and where without any combination, it would be generally understood that these wages and no more would be given, and that the laborers would be discouraged from violating contracts or wandering about in search of day's work.

A second fact which has to be met by the Southern people is, that there is not labor enough now in the country to supply its wants, or to support its population, and furnish exports. This deficiency in the agricultural wants of the country (which are its most important) would be startling in its character could they be exhibited in one view and I regret that I have not the statistics by

me to prove it conclusively. But it is a fact so patent to any man of common observation, as to need only the simple announcement for its admission. It may be stated generally that since the beginning of the war, (and this by Northern accounts,) the black population of the Southern States has been decreased by one million; this leaves three millions. From this number, of the women who formerly labored in the field and who now refuse to labor, one fifth may be deducted or 600,000;—In the army say 200,000. These women and children who might labor in the field, but who now earn a precarious support in cities and towns 400,000,—number of children too young to labor 1-5, or 500,000; vagrants, and idlers, rogues, &c., 100,000; making in all to be deducted from the 3,000,000, 1,800,000, leaving as laborers, 1,200,000. Take from this $\frac{1}{3}$, to represent small and feeble hands, and we have 800,000 full laborers now standing, out of a population of four millions who four years ago could produce a force representing full laborers to the amount of two millions. But when is added to this deduction $\frac{1}{3}$, to be taken from the 800,000 full laborers, as the amount which they lose by irregular and slack work, lost time, visiting, &c., &c., it leaves actually only say 550,000 black laborers in Southern fields. But the evil does not stop here, for those who have heretofore been producers, are now mere consumers, so that the amount of laborers to produce food for these consumers has become a fearful necessity. It is now, as if upon a population of 550,000 laborers, there had been suddenly and in the course of one night, thrown an additional population of one million and a half of people, who refuse to work, and quietly sit down and say "I've done, and feed me well." But the bread that these laborers are making is needed to support the six

millions of whites or upwards, (deducting white laborers) for whom it was planted and who are to pay them for it. Is it not plain that to these laborers and to all classes there must come comparative want and to many misery and starvation? This is a fearful problem the South has to work out. How is this 1,800,000 idle people to be supported without making all suffer. Whence is the labor to come which shall maintain them in their idleness, if thus to maintain them is to be the policy forced on us by our Northern brethren. Suppose from this 1,800,000 withdrawn from the fields we take say 600,000 who earn in cities, towns, and elsewhere a support; leaving 1,200,000 to be supported, at an average price say one dollar a bushel for corn, and 20 cts. per lb. for bacon, and an average allowance of 13 bushels of the former and 150 lbs. of the latter to each person, we have for each to expend \$43.00, and for the 1,200,000, \$51,600,000, add as much more for their clothing, fuel, house rent, sick bills, stealage, &c., and we will have to lose and expend upon this worse than worthless population, who a few years ago were more than self-sustaining, a sum equal to one hundred millions of dollars. The way in which these difficulties may be met and overcome, or greatly remedied, is—1st. By communities and individuals refusing to give shelter and food, and protection to any who are able to work and will not work. 2d. By the passage of State laws requiring all persons who are able to earn a livelihood, but who are living in idleness, to be hired out, or placed on public work. 3d. The passage of laws and making appropriations encouraging immigration from foreign countries.

The first of these plans is the surest and now most in our power; if the people will stand by each other a few months would prove its efficiency. The 2d would be

most curative and effectual, but in the present state of our country it is impossible for the South to protect herself by laws of her own. Some future day may come—and God grant that it be not far distant—when a sense of justice and virtue may visit the minds of the Northern people, and force them to grant the Southern States the common right of making their own laws. In the meantime, all, or the most, that the States can do to increase its producers, is by the passage of judicious laws regulating and encouraging immigration—by levying taxes and making appropriations to induce a good class of foreigners to dwell among us, and by aiding the formation and establishment of corporations and companies for this purpose. It is by this means that the north and west have been built up, and it is by the introduction of this element that they have gained that overwhelming political and material ascendancy which enabled them to work our complete destruction. I would rather stand upon the ancient ways, but it is the best we can do. It is said the best way to fight fire is with fire. We should then go heartily into the work, and our legislatures frame such laws, as would negotiate and make most profitable the introduction of this kind of labor. But if the Southern people would sink party and seek the common good, if they would sternly set their faces against fraud, corruption, and selfishness, whether it exhibits itself in the Freedmen's Bureau or elsewhere, if with the high purpose to treat with justice and kindness the unfortunate race of ignorant wretches suddenly turned loosed upon them, they yet determine to maintain their true position of virtuous, mental and social superiority, and if in the maintenance of this position they honorably, firmly, and peacefully sustain each other, and without combination, and without temper,

offer a manful, passive resistance to those indignities, insults, and oppressions which a radical party is forcing upon them, I believe the day will soon come, and this action on their part would hasten it, when this party would be swept from power into a political abyss deeper than any into which wicked fanaticism ever sank; and when the South, her rights acknowledg-

ed, her political freedom established, would be at liberty to make in State legislation her own laws for the government of her own people, and where as a component and equal part of the great Confederacy of the United States she would march and lead them on to a greatness, power, prosperity, and happiness, hitherto only dreamed of by men and nations.

TRUE NOTIONS OF EQUALITY. The popular notion of equality is no less superficial than that of liberty. The democrat prizes an outward material equality; not that essential inward equality that is rooted in man's humanity, and that exists in spite of all outward differences. Hence he is not satisfied with essential equality; he must have an outward monotony of condition. The people must all ride in the same cars, and sit at the same table, and vote at the same polling place. It is considered a degradation for one to serve another; and the very name of servant is abominated. In all this there is a want of true dignity and worth of manhood, but it is a weakness and a folly to rebel against those civil and domestic distinctions which originate in the nature of things, and which, therefore, carry no real dishonor with them. Why should not a poor man consent to ride in a less luxurious car, paying a proportionate fare, as well as live in a less luxurious house, paying a proportionate rent? So with service. There is nothing essentially degrading in one man performing certain menial offices for another. The degradation arises only when the office is performed in a menial spirit. In itself, all labor, even the most menial, is honorable, when performed in the true spirit of duty. The Americans will cease to disparage domestic service, when they learn to

take a higher view of human equality. The false views of equality now rife, leads to contradictions and compromises that are sometimes almost ludicrous; for the force of things is always in contest with false ideas.

A distinction of class is pretty generally maintained among the traveling and hotel-living public, by virtue of the national chivalry for the ladies. On some lines there is a ladies' car; in the hotels there are ladies' parlors, ladies ordinaries, a ladies' saloon, and so on; in all of which I could easily see that part of the object, if not the whole, was to get quietly and decently over the theoretical equality among the sovereign people. It is rather curious to hear their modes of address; a laborer is always this gentleman; whereas a gentleman in dress and appearance is this man. In the one case the poor man must be raised to a level with the gentry; in the other, the gentleman must be leveled to an equality with the people. To be called a man, therefore, is an acknowledgement of your gentility; to be called gentleman, infers your want of position. A master-tailor said to me to-day, pointing to a coatless, cross-legged snip—'this gentleman will fix your button.'

Had he told the man to sew on my button, he would have said, 'Sam, fix this man's button.'—*Stirling's Travels in America.*

ROAD-SIDE STORIES.*

CHAPTER III.

Some serious reflections arose to Olive Hartwell the day she closed Jimmy Smith's eyes. It was over, and she left them to seek Milly Brown. She was a woman in peril, and should hear a cry of warning. It is better thus, thought Olive, as she met them both and asked them to drive by Mrs. Smith's lodging. "How is that child, Miss Olive?" asked Mr. Harper.

"Better," was the prompt reply.

"Oh, I hate to go to such places!" whined Milly.

"We all do," added Olive—"but I particularly desire you to go." They were ushered into a chilly room lit by a sepulchral looking tallow candle. "We mustn't stay long, it is quite dark already," shuddered the lady in bright warm wrappings. A few pine poles smouldered on the hearth—something undefinable filled the room with heaviness, an invisible oppression that kept both guests silently shrinking. A pretty tasselled gauntlet grasped Olive's arm, and a stifled voice whispered, "Indeed, Olive, I see what is wanted here—I'll go home and send some wood and food, it is so late mamma will be uneasy, I had better not stay longer, it might disturb—" Her words died away in a dim fear that the sufferer was beyond disturbance now.

"Yes," chimed in Mr. Harper, fumbling in his pocket,—"anything that I can do, let me know, but I really think at such a time a visit is inappropriate."

"I need you now," answered Olive, "sit down." They took the two split-bottomed chairs, patch-

ed with rags and cords, and she stood with her hand on the shelf, that served for a mantle, above the newly kindled fire, looking down upon them. There were two children, covered with a shawl from which protruded four rough little feet, among the ashes in the opposite corner.

"The father of those children," began Olive, "invested everything he owned in the firm of 'Harper & Co.' He was a good man and a brave one, who served his country until he took consumption, of which he died. Mr. Harper," said she abruptly, "I have statements to make against you; when I have finished you may reply to them."

"He left his wife and children in a pretty, tasteful cottage on Front Street, No. 10. You remember the place. When household stores and money gave out, the widow went to remind her husband's friend and partner of some papers of which he had spoken.—Her memory was good, she remembered the spot in the desk where he kept them and explained the contents which would secure to her competence at least.—Mr. Harper's memory was at fault, he listened kindly, but could not recall any such conversation or any such papers—would look however, and see what could be done for her—in the meantime advised her to go to work—no more was coming to her from the firm—in fact Smith, poor fellow! died in his debt. She went to him again—was sorry to trouble him, but her work failed to support her. He opened the desk she described—she looked for herself and found no papers there—his mind must have wandered, poor fellow!

* Continued from page 124.

Another visit, Mr. Harper's sympathy was redoubled, but duty was inexorable, it was due to the public to satisfy its claims. Not his—oh, no indeed! If the debt was to him, she should never be troubled by it, but the house and lot must be sold for other men's claims. Smith was a good fellow, so honest and liberal, but he died insolvent! She had better sell furniture also, and if anything was realized beyond the claims, she might invest it—he would attend to it all—she must go home to work and bear it like a woman."

The man writhed before her, but smiled ironically in her face as she paused in her narrative to remember figures.

"Mrs. Smith took herself, three children, one bed, a trunk and a few chairs out of the house; everything else was sold for six thousand dollars. She never saw one dime—kind Mr. Harper regretted the sacrifice—real estate was a drug in the market—the sales were four thousand dollars behind his calculations, but he would give her work to do and she must keep up bravely.

"Whole months of toil went for barely enough to sustain life. Jimmy became a white slave, and ran errands, built fires, held Mr. Harper's horse and blacked his boots, for a piece of tainted meat, a cast off garment, or a pan of meal as his wages. He died of pneumonia, and his mother made shirts by his death-bed, stitching, stitching away with stooped shoulders, hollow cheeks and dim eyes, at the rate of fifty cents per day.—Small item but worthy of record when meal is fifteen dollars per bushel, and the poor must live on meal."

"Why in the world didn't she let her circumstances be known?" asked Milly. "I carried some tracts there when I was on the visiting committee, but she never said a word about starving."

"She was too proud to beg—did she ask you for work?" inquired Olive.

"Yes I believe she did, oh yes, I remember now, she did, but I had my dresses all made at Madame Gillette's, she always tricks one up so stylish."

"Many benevolent persons" continued Olive ignoring Madame Gillette's existence, "would have assisted her, had she not been paraded by Mr. Harper as his especial charge, and represented by him as doing well. You have pledged yourself to him for a few gaudy ornaments, to pamper your besetting sin, when he is an extortioner, a speculator upon the wants of helpless women and children, whose protectors are defending him, and you and me, in honorable warfare. You smile as if it were a trifling accusation, but it stands as a heavy sin at the highest tribunal of justice. '*Nor thieves, nor covetous, nor drunkards, nor revilers, nor extortioners shall inherit the kingdom of God.*' This is only one family—God only knows how many more will bear witness against him there! There were comforts in that other home—look around you, what is here? There, were luxuries of life—here, is hunger for its necessaries. When I returned from Richmond, they were famishing on one meal a day, and the mother working on for a *promise to pay*. I have heard him speak of the evils of slavery—what is this? Hunger, cold, thirst, ignorance, nakedness and pain inflicted on his own race, by the usurer, who has withheld the wages of honest toil."

Her face glowing with earnestness, Olive lifted the shawl and pointed to the pinched faces, that months of wholesome food and care could scarcely restore to the roundness of childhood.

"Look on these, but there are witnesses more terrible—come!"

They rose mechanically—her strong will carrying its way

across the narrow room—following her where a faded curtain waved to and fro in the shadowy light—behind its folds to the table where it was, *that* which they dared not whisper, which lay like a glacier upon the spirit. She laid back the thin white muslin, and held the dim light close that they might see two faces vying with each other in stony whiteness—mother and child were dead. Under burdens too greivous to be borne, two weary toilers had fallen into rest!

"My last witnesses are before you—answer them!" They were unanswered except by Milly's tears—she pleaded like a child to be taken away. At the door, with a feeling akin to remorse, the man turned to offer money.

"Keep your unholy gains," said Olive scornfully, "money was not my object in bringing you here. I would save her from deeper perjury, and you from the curse of the living and the dead."

The door closed on them—to profit by, or spurn the lesson as they willed—her task was done.

Milly went home to spring into bed with hysterics, to give vent to reproaches against Olive for being so stern and cruel, to rise late next morning, sip wine and plunge into an excess of gaiety in order to revive her spirits.

Mr. Harper and his affianced dashed through the streets a few days after that scene of wretchedness, in exuberant spirits at creating a stir with that new phaeton, drawn by a pair of spirited horses in shining harness.

"Wasn't Miss Hartwell a strange, wild sort of a woman?" asked he.

"Yes, she wouldn't understand anybody." He winced under that remark, knowing that she understood him too well, but rallied to rejoin—"Strong-minded woman, that!" "She cannot bear me," said Milly looking lamb-like, "and its only because I loved you in-

stead of her brother, as if I could help it."

"Of course not," said the triumphant lover, clearing his throat with an important air.

"He was a good enough fellow," continued the soft voiced lamb, "but so prosy and sentimental—with his odd ways—and so sensitive!"

"What a fool!" exclaimed the other wisely. "By the way, you didn't believe half that crazy girl said the other night?"

"Oh no indeed! Didn't I tell you it was all spite and nothing else? I tried to explain it to her once, but she is so wrapped up in her brother Algernon, she drew herself up to her full height and muttered '*perjured!*' between her white teeth, until I was glad to get away."

"A terrible temper!" rejoined he, compressing his thin lips.

"Oh dear me! Let's don't talk about such things, it always makes me sick to worry, it made me just as sick as I could be the other night seeing those horrid people; oh, you don't know how sick I was! Just as sick, and I cried and cried!" bleated the innocent lamb.

"Poor thing!"

"Yes, I couldn't help it, you know, I'm so foolish and tender hearted. Where did you get those dear sweet horses?"

"In a trade with an old man in the country. I've a mind to give them to the Confederate service—I guess I shall do that."

"Oh, now don't!" pleaded she, "you are always giving away everything you get; now keep these for me!"

He had passed himself off for an impressing agent, obtained them for half their value, from a farm where the land was broken up by hoes instead of ploughs in consequence. A calculation of the probable amount cleared by that clever trick of his was made as

they dashed along ; two thousand dollars were allowed by the government, he gave the old man one thousand and they were already sold privately for three times the government price. Occasionally in the solitude of her own chamber, Milly confessed to herself that those were grave charges against him, but then matters of great weight were in progress. There were new dresses—at least twenty of them, (Mrs. Smith had *one* when she died, we need very little however going out of the world) three new bonnets, loves of bonnets! One for full dress, another to travel in, and a “hack about,”—and laces—the softest, richest coffee-colored laces! The daintiest of handkerchiefs, gloves, boots and ribbons—then the linens, no bride in the place ever had such a completely elegant set, even before the war ; they were imported—had run the blockade by order of the bridegroom—he was certainly the dearest man! So generous and so proud of her appearance in society. But the crowning beauty of all the pretty things that surrounded her was the veil, it was longer by a yard than Sue Moore’s, all the girls said so that had a peep at its fleecy folds ;—the hride elect turned the key of her room door and donned the laces and orange blossoms daily to mark the effect, and soliloquize on her good fortune. “People might

say what they pleased, but it took nice things to make her happy, she liked to eat bonbons, and wear pretty white dresses, and plumed bonnets, and jewels, and she wasn’t going to sacrifice her beauty to a poor penniless wretch, like Algernon, just to please him and his sister. They were getting poor anyhow—and so stuck up! The day would come when Olive would repent being so cruel to the first woman in the place.” Here the soliloquy would assume an amiable, patronizing tone—“and she’d forgive her and make her a few handsome presents just to make her feel bad, you know.”

They were married in grand style, every one knew exactly how much the bridegroom’s suit cost, how many bridal presents, and precisely the number of garments in the splendid trousseau. Men and women who had a secret contempt for both parties flocked to the reception to congratulate the bride and bestow costly gifts upon her, as politic members of society, when they knew she had married a scoundrel. Why did they not rise in the majesty of truth and condemn him? Wickedness stalks boldly abroad upheld by the common plea—“It is none of my business.” Fudge! it is the business of all who know the truth to tell it. One brave woman had done her part in another scene and left it between them and their God.

CHAPTER IV.

Algernon Hartwell languished in prison from a neglected wound, cold and hunger. Added to the torture of imprisonment to a restless spirit, was the pain of silence. Letters were so long coming, and when they did arrive, how tantalizing was the half page allowed by the authorities! If they contained one word beyond the allotted space, officers read them for their own amusement, or lit their pipes with the torn pages in the pres-

ence of men pining for a word from home. When the fevered yearning for a faithless woman was over in his wasted frame, a surgeon said No. 140 had died of nostalgia. Low and clearly spoken were his messages for home—when speech failed how inexpressibly touching that gesture to be lifted to the light, that he might look beyond the narrow cell, that his wistful eyes might rest once more on the skies that were so blue

above his sunny land! Lower fell that whispered word of parting, weaker the sad movement of his emaciated hand, but Southward waved the hand and Southward gazed the eyes until death set the captive free. The letter came at last. Sydney Clarke opened it, sitting by him in the prison dead house—even there he ground his teeth in bitterness, laid back the covering of the dead to speak aloud of treachery, but the strange unearthly beauty that hovers around that dreamless sleep checked his violence.

Touched by the strong resemblance to one fairer and dearer still, in anguish for a faithful sister's grief, he stroked the short brown hair tenderly for her sake, and only whispered in thankfulness that one noble heart was still before it was broken.

The residence occupied by Mr. and Mrs. Harper, with their retinue of servants, could scarcely be recognized as the same which the Smiths vacated when their reverses came. Additions and improvements had changed the cottage into a stylish mansion without, and still greater was the change within. Disorder, discontent, vituperation, inelegant abuse and eternal misery, had slowly and surely come. Selfishness had been the actuating principle of the marriage, the sham of appearances was as short-lived as it was disgusting and demonstrative to beholders. The man who lavished gifts on his wife as the lay figure of his fortune, instituted a system of discipline, watchfulness, in short a tyranny in his household under which the petted doll rebelled, and disgraceful wrangling for the mastery ensued. He was a tyrant over every one under him, just as he had tyrannized over the father until he had only unwound from his thumb to drop into his grave; he also conquered, as he termed it, wife, servants, horses, dogs;—in fact every living

creature, brute or human, was pampered by bribery until they served a purpose and then subjected to insult and abuse. Scenes were enacted that would have been ludicrous enough performed on a public stage, but the reality made them piteous and shameful to behold. When he imparted the secret of their marriage to her in a drunken passion, self respect should have driven her forever from his presence, but she could not give up her idols. Tears were an institution with Mrs. Harper, at her command at any moment, and pretty effective they were at first, for her husband generally banged the door in her face with an oath when the crying spells came on; eventually, however, they proved a failure. Fascinations were called into action, but they faded fast in an atmosphere of silly idleness—an uncombed head, unbrushed teeth and soiled tie above a fancy morning dress with greasy satin facings, soon failed to inspire respect or affection. So it came to be a common thing to throw off the little dingy hands angrily when they came about with playful arts to win a new dress, or a fresh supply of bank bills. Then from words came blows, but actual misery never entered the breast of the shallow creature until *work* was required of her, she groaned under tasks that would have been sweet in happier homes, and because of her groans it was heaped upon her with the constant taunt that she had been sold by her father to pay his debts, that she was his slave as surely as the negroes he had in the kitchen and field. Two violent tempers clashed in vulgar altercations or personal encounters—still vanity kept its train of excesses and outside glitter for the world to look upon. She fluttered in church like a peafowl at his side, with a degree of complaisance unequalled except in him—one Sunday morning, while the rich

attire so wonderfully becoming, covered a great bruise on her shoulder left there by his hand in their last connubial conflict. He assisted her in the carriage after services with an air of protective tenderness, to be driven off—bowing and smiling recognitions around, as the admiring world in general, and prudent papas and mammas in particular, exclaimed in hearing of single daughters—“What a splendid match that was!”

That day at dinner as she was helping her husband to soup with a silver ladle, wielded gracefully by a plump hand, washed white for a display of blazing rings and bracelets, both enjoying as much as possible the “stalled ox and hatred therewith,” Olive Hartwell, crazed by the sudden announcement of her brother’s death, fell exhausted and speechless before them. Doubtless a natural impulse to reproach his deceiver had been the animating influence—but it was from the stern words of Sydney Clarke that Milly learned his fate. She fell into hysterics, and Mr. Harper coolly returned to his dinner, with an oath or two at the confounded fuss about nothing, as Sidney lifted Olive and carried her home.

New troubles began—without caring a fig for his wife’s love, the littleness of his nature displayed itself in furious jealousy, even of the dead. Her remorse was seized on as a means of torment, and *torment* her life became. Such a home! Avarice, dishonesty, frivolity, jealousy, cruelty, and shamelessness.

Sydney Clarke was passing the house one evening and heard smothered cries for help and mercy. Obeying the impulse of the moment he rushed in to see a delicate woman stripped to the waist and a human beast laying the lash across her shoulders, who heard nothing in his wild rage as he stopped for breath to exclaim—

“Now you’ll quit sniffing around me, for that dead lover of yours, will you?” Before the words were fairly spoken, the whip was wrenched from his grasp and the “Hon. Mr. Harper” received his dues for once. When he begged, like a cowardly dog as he was, the man who ignored the sickly fallacy of non-interference between man and wife, in his high creed of justice and honor, turned away scornfully as if he had performed a menial task of duty. Blind fear of being again alone with her husband was Milly’s salvation—she drew up her dress over the striped shoulders with trembling fingers, and accepted the protection of Col. Clarke to her mother’s roof. Diamonds wore a sickening hue on the hands clutching his arm and hanging to the ears, turning at every sound in fear of pursuit. A suit for divorce was entered, the trial came on. Disclosures were made, which should have been brought forth at the grand wedding. It was amply proven that the charges of fraud and theft made against him by Olive Hartwell in a private way were true—that he had practiced a refined system of cunning and cruelty on every one in his power, had played the part of usurer and speculator with a high hand. All this the people were prepared for by their own personal losses, but the astounding developments in the case were made by a foreign looking woman with five children on the stand, who swore that he was her lawful husband, whom she had married when he was in jail at St. Louis, where she was laundress for the prisoners. Upon being questioned as to the nature of the offense for which he was imprisoned, she drew some greasy well worn papers from her pocket, which proved, to the satisfaction of all whom it might concern, that he was her husband, and had served out the usual period of imprisonment for stealing horses.

So poor sobbing Milly's marriage was pronounced "null and void" and she left the court crimsoned with shame at having been the victim of such a consummate villain. A committee of respectable gentlemen informed him that the hour for the next train, was the utmost limit of their endurance of his foul presence. His departure took place in a more conspicuous manner than his arrival, the real wife and her incumbrances were of the party. A strong smell of gin pervaded the atmosphere as they entered the cars, he protesting against her company, and she in an equally violent manner assuring him that she would dog his steps to the end of the world, and that she meant to have some of his ill-gotten money for herself and the children.—

"And," added she, rubbing her rough fist in his face, "if I once git ye to hum, my man, I'll show ye who's boss of my shanty!"—The villain was placarded over the South. He published an account of the sufferings of "a union man during the rebellion" in the Northern journals of civilization, but was seen no more in that locality until he rode into A—— with an air of ease and triumph as a pilot to the raiders who destroyed that place. Olive Hartwell ran out of a burning house against a torch in the hands of a man whom she recognized as her old enemy. To save parley with him and escape from the contamination of his presence she relinquished the few valuables she possessed at his command. He met Milly during his exploits in that famous victory over women and children, but she sustained no greater injury than the appropriation of certain articles of silver in her possession, and hearing her name in familiar jest among the house-burners.

"I say," shouted one of them, as he folded one of her handsomest dresses for a saddle blanket "it

went right hard with you, I guess, when you found you weren't married after all, if he was a Yankee!"

"And you married one of General Sheridan's bummers, hey?" asked another.

One of the men informed some persons who were curious enough to inquire, that he was a native of the Athens of America, who had been sent out on various missions of philanthropy, such as the distribution of tracts to the benighted South, and arms to the down trodden slaves. At the time of his appearance in A——, he was in regular employment as a spy and general informer of the movements of the Confederate army, his real name was "Uriah Butler," through which he claimed distant relationship to the Beast. A rumor has since reached the citizens, that in a hand to hand struggle for an old pocket book containing the hoarded treasure of a burly negro, the latter demonstrated the problem of equality and the right of property, by the forcible argument of murder. Had not the abdication of Satan already become a possibility, in consideration of the number of clerical and political aspirants to the throne, the "Hon. Uriah Butler" might justly be considered as a candidate for that position, at all events, it is safe to presume that the lower region has become the theatre of civil war, where the subject of this sketch may *speculate upon the spirits of the damned*.

Milly Brown has grieved as sorely as such beings can, for her mispent life, but dries her tears like a simple child to go into spasmodic ecstasies over the last fashion plate at Madame Gillette's, or eat bonbons at Mons. Cuisine's. When her butterfly friends fell off with a vulgar stare in her face as a means of cutting her acquaintance, when her darling "society" turned the cold shoulder upon its slave, the woman who came to her relief, who helped her to regain her for-

mer position, who won pity for her instead of censure as a guilty monster, was the object of her former abhorrence, the strong-minded and great-hearted Olive Hartwell.

Col. Sydney Clarke carried the wife he had "won in Dixie" back to his native city, Baltimore, where her loveliness is the subject of warmest encomiums in that circle of noble women who have broken bread to a hungry people.

"What do you think," said Milly to Mr. Fashio Noble, "now just guess the sort of a wedding Olive had."

"Oh, I heard it was very select, nobody there but a few disabled soldiers."

"Nobody?" continued Milly, "the house was jammed. Col. Clarke had his favorites from his old regiment for *his* share of the guests, more empty sleeves and crutches than ever got together out of a hospital!"

"And *her* guests?" curiously inquired Mr. Noble, caressing his moustache.

"You'll just kill yourself laughing," screamed she, "the whole Orphan Asylum!"

"Ha, ha! it must have been amusing!"

"Oh, very! They say when the men hobbled up on their crutches, and the orphans clustered around to congratulate them it was really pretty too. You know everybody used to say Olive was too strong-minded to cry like other women, its all a mistake! An old man went up after the ceremony, a very old man they say, with a head as white as snow, and Olive held out her hand to him, but he had no hand to shake with her and when she saw both arms

were off at the shoulders, they say she wept outright like a baby!"

"Is it possible? She is certainly crazy on the subject of Confederate soldiers and orphans!"

"Not crazier than the Colonel—his bridal gifts were the strangest I ever heard of, it was the funniest thing! You couldn't guess to save your life!"

"A set of Aqua Marina? Diamonds? Pearls? His plantation on Red river?" guessed Fashio.

"No, no indeed! Those two orphan children of Smith's, that she had been taking care of since their mother's death!"

"You don't tell me so? Really? Gracious me, what a man!"

"Yes, he adopted them both and carried all three on to Baltimore."

"Well, well!"

Col. Clarke has a spot on his cheek and a trifle of a limp in his gait, but he regards himself paid off by the Confederate Government. They live in simple elegance, and though moving in the first circle in the city, it is a notable fact that his wife eschews excesses, in the shape of *tilters* and *waterfalls*. Her brains have not taken refuge in a club of hair vying and parallel with the head proper, or a series of kinks commonly called "*coiffure d' Afrique*," peculiar to the *equality persuasion*.—On the contrary, the crowning adornment of her person is the wealth of natural hair which forms a soft undulating outline around her fine face, and is gathered together in a graceful whirl above her neck by an ebony cross studded with golden stars—a cherished relic of the prison life of her beloved husband.

FIRST LOVE.

BY COL. BUCHRING H. JONES.

In the blithesome days of boyhood—
In the unforgotten past,
Stamped upon my heart's fresh surface,
Was an image that shall last.
'Twas a form of girlish beauty,
Tresses auburn—eyes of blue,
And a voice so soft and lute-like
Told a spirit chaste and true.

And I loved that little maiden—
I, a boy of summers ten,
With such passions wild and tender
As one never feels again ;
And the maiden loved the school-boy—
Owned it by her smothered sighs,
Trembled 'neath his gaze so ardent—
Blushed and drooped her tell-tale eyes.

Many were the little tokens
Passed between the maid and me,
Apples, peaches, blushing berries,
Scraps of school-boy poetry.
Smiles were given—gentle pressures—
Mute, yet eloquent of love—
Silken ringlets neatly braided—
Pencillings of Heart and Dove.

Often sat we in the shadow
Of the great, white sycamore ;
Hand in hand went through the meadow
In the halcyon days of yore ;
Helped her to the cool and sparkling
Water from the beech-tree spring ;
With a thrill of rapture swung her
In the rustic grape-vine swing.

With my quaint, well-whetted "barlow,"
On the beechen's glossy rind,
Carved, with studied, labored flourish,
Rudely, yet so well defined,
That e'en now, the curious hunter,
Pausing in his search for game,
Reads with ease the rough-edged letters—
The initials of her name.

Saw with flashing eyes th'advances
Of my school-fellow—"John Ed."—
Felt 'twould be a pleasant pastime
To relieve him of his head !

To our young and ardent fancy
 Opened up a future bright,
 When, released from laws parental,
 We our marriage vow should plight.

Thus through many happy summers
 Side by side we moved along,
 Recking naught of the stern trials
 That to older life belong ;
 Then we parted—I to ponder
 Over academic lore—
 She was left, a tender budlet,
 Opening on the river's shore.

Time sped on, and I, in manhood,
 Saw another maiden fair—
 Saw and loved, and wooed and won her—
 Wreathed the orange in her hair.
 She, a wife, so pure and gentle,
 Makes my cup with bliss o'erflow ;
 Never hath a truer woman
 Smoothed the path of man below.

THE LAST OF THE CRUSADERS.

It is a trite remark that "truth is stranger than fiction ;" and if it be meant by this that authentic history affords occasional examples of incidents more novel and surprising, and life-histories more extraordinary than are to be found in the pages of the most extraordinary romance, the remark is true. That it is so, perhaps the annals of the world furnish no more striking illustration, than is to be found in the life of John of Austria, the last of the Paladins and the Crusaders. No single element of romance is wanting to heighten the interest of the story. His parentage, long a mystery to himself and others ; his nurture in a land where the long struggle of eight centuries of the Cross against the Crescent had kept alive the hatred of the Infidel in the breast of the true believer ; his unlooked-for discovery of the secret of his illustrious paternity ; the splendid career

thus opened to his ambitious aspirations ; his assignment to the command of the army storming the last fastnesses where the followers of the Prophet stood at bay ; his elevation to the chief command in the "holy league" of the Christian against the Turk ; the great day of Lepanto that set the world ringing with his name and fame ; his splendid dreams of conquest with crowns for the goal of his achievement ; the assumption of the Vice-Royalty of the Netherlands, and the deadly wrestle with the great Prince of Orange, of glorious memory ; his last victory of Gemblours ; baffled efforts and the proud heart breaking under its heavy load—these, and such as these, are the threads of which the woof of his history is woven. His father was Charles V, Duke of Milan, hereditary Ruler of the seventeen Netherlands, King of Spain, Naples and the two Sici-

lies, Emperor of Germany, Lord of vast empires in the New World, "universal domination" in Europe, Asia and Africa—his mother, Barbara Blomberg, washerwoman of Ratisbon. A medal, struck in honor of his great victory of Lepanto, would seem to fix the year 1547 as that of his birth. As in the case of so many other illustrious persons, more worthy the memory of mankind, details respecting his early years are but meagre. It is certain that he was not long left in charge of his mother, who seems, indeed, to have been a redoubtable shrew. Even the bloody and remorseless Alva characterizes her, in after years, as a "terrible woman." Like the famous Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough, she struck terror to a heart that feared no living thing besides. From this maternal Xantippe, the boy was transferred, at three years of age, to the care of a musician of the Imperial band, who removed with him from his native Netherlands to a village of Castile in Spain. Four years after, Geronimo—such was the name of this unknown offspring of the second Charlemagne—was, by Charles' directions, intrusted to a second guardian, Luis Quixada, Major-domo of the Emperor's own household. In the family of this Hidalgo, for whom and for his noble wife he never ceased to manifest a filial tenderness, the youth remained until the time of his public acknowledgement by Philip II, as the son of the deceased Emperor. Bold, impetuous, fond of outdoor sports and excelling in all manly exercises, his tastes at this period, appear to afford an earnest, in some degree, of his subsequent career. More than two years after his famous abdication, and a year after his retirement to Yuste, Charles, prompted possibly by a wish to see the boy, desired Quixada to remove from his home in Valladolid and take up his resi-

dence near the convent which he had selected as the place of his retirement. Here, no doubt, he more than once looked with pride and satisfaction on the fair promise of his son; though he seems never to have made any demonstrations from which the real relationship existing between them could be suspected. But though Charles, during his life-time did not own Geronimo as his child, he left a will distinctly acknowledging him as such, and recommending to his son and successor a provision suitable to his exalted birth. Philip was at this time absent in some other part of his dominions, but no long time after his return, which took place within a few months of his father's death, he took occasion publicly to acknowledge the young Geronimo as his brother. The extraordinary, yet authentic account of this transaction, reads more like a scene from a drama, than an incident of real life. One day Quixada called his ward to ride with him. At the door stood two horses, one a richly caparisoned steed, fit to bear the weight of kings and princes; the other an humble palfrey. The poor dependant, of course, mounted the humbler steed, and the two set forth upon their ride. Suddenly in the distance was heard the sound of "clanging hoofs and horns;" and dismounting with a lowly obeisance, Quixada offered his young companion the horse which he had himself been riding. The sober and sedate character of his guardian and his grave and decorous demeanor forbade the boy to look upon the act as a piece of pleasantry, which he might otherwise have regarded it. For the first time some glimmering of the truth seems to have flashed upon him. Turning with a lofty air to his guardian and so late superior, he condescendingly remarked that "since things were so, he might hold the stirrup for him." Soon

after the exchange of animals was made, they met the approaching party of horsemen, which, as had been previously arranged, was Philip attended by an escort of courtiers. Dismounting from his horse, the boy by his guardian's direction, approached his Majesty and begged permission to kiss his hand. The hand was graciously extended, and as the lad knelt to kiss it, his fair locks falling about his fresh young cheeks and his bright blue eyes cast down in embarrassment and awe, he found favor in the sight of the King, who alighting raised and embraced him with the words "Take courage, my child! The Emperor Charles V, now in glory, is your father as well as mine." The courtiers pressed forward to pay their court to one whom the King delighted to honor, "and the scene was concluded by Philip's buckling a sword about his newly found brother and throwing around his neck the sparkling collar of the order of the Golden Fleece"—an order of knighthood in which emperors and kings had long been proud to be numbered.

Never did the good genius of an eastern tale effect a transformation more glorious and complete. The magic wand of wealth, rank and power is waved over the head of the nameless lad, and at once his obscure and barren existence is fragrant of the laurel and the rose. His very name was altered to suit his altered circumstances. Geronimo became John of Austria, a title designed to intimate his descent from the imperial house of Hapsburg. A separate establishment was assigned him in Madrid with a numerous band of retainers, and in most essential respects he enjoyed all the privileges of the princes of the blood of Spain.—From the outset there was never anything of the common-place in this brilliant existence. His very intimates were personages forever

memorable in history. When sent to the university of Alcala, to complete his education, his associates were the Infante, Don Carlos, and Alexander Farnese, afterwards the famous Prince of Parma. The tragic fate of the former has been for three centuries the theme of story and of song. The genius of fiction has invaded the sober realms of history to paint the dark story of his short and unhappy life, his early and mysterious death. Nothing is more certain than that the loves of Carlos and the beautiful Isabella of France, his mother-in-law and once destined bride, are either apocryphal or altogether false; yet the mass of English readers, perhaps, until a period quite recent, believed the romantic tale with a faith as devout as that with which many still believe in the angelic purity and innocence of Mary Queen of Scots. Very different from Don Carlos' was the character and destiny of the second of Don John's associates, Alexander of Parma—destined to rival and even to eclipse his uncle and master in the art of war. Of the three, Don John excelled by far in personal beauty and in manly and knightly exercises. Indeed he seems to have profited more by his instructions in chivalrous accomplishments, than in other studies less immediately connected with the art of war. To a youth so situated the nectared fruits of divine philosophy could scarcely fail to appear but harsh and bitter. A veritable, if late representative of chivalry, he probably partook, in some degree, of the feeling of contempt for letters long common to the good knights whose business was more with the sword than with the pen, and which Walter Scott makes the Douglas express when the old chieftain thanks God that "son of mine, save Gawain, ne'er could write a line." However this may be, Don John left the university,

after a three years course, perfect in all knightly accomplishments at-least, and fired with a generous ambition to do some deed worthy the name he bore. The beginning of his popularity with the Spanish nation—a popularity afterwards as great as had been that of the famous Lamoral Egmont in Flanders—a man whom he much resembled in character and fortunes—was a generous attempt, a year after he left the university, to enlist as a private adventurer to aid the little band of knights, who, on the rock-bound shores of Malta, were then engaged in upholding the banner of the cross against the furious onslaughts of the whole Ottoman power. Without asking of the King a permission, which he knew would be refused, he suddenly left the court and set out for the sea-port of Barcelona, designing thence to take shipping for Malta. On his arrival, finding the fleet gone on which he proposed to sail, the determined young hero resolved to cross the Pyrenees and ship from a French port; and nothing but peremptory orders from the King, which he dared not disobey, prevented him from executing his design.

There is something that appeals powerfully to our sympathies in the spectacle of a youth of great hopes and expectations, reared in the very lap of luxury, voluntarily resigning these adventitious advantages, and rushing, at the call of duty or honor, to posts where his own stout heart and good right arm can alone stand him in good stead. Accordingly we find even Philip little disposed to be severe on this youthful indiscretion of his brother. His favor at court still continued undiminished, and so early as the year 1568, when Don John consequently was but twenty one years of age, we find an opportunity afforded him of gratifying his impatient longings for action. In this year,

he was given command of a squadron designed for the chastisement of the Barbary Corsairs, that mixed race of Vandals and Saracens then and for long years afterwards the pests of the shores of the Mediterranean. The conduct of this expedition won him great applause, though, not being designed to accomplish important results, it is memorable for no great or brilliant feat of arms. It is not until the next year that we find Don John entered, at length, upon a field of action commensurate, in some degree, with the magnitude and loftiness of his ambition. Hitherto the young eagle had been but training for the flight; now cast loose in the blue empyrean he soars heavenward with eye fixed unblinking on the sun.

For more than a year past the Southern part of Spain had been agitated by what is known in Spanish history as the "Rebellion of the Moriscoes"—last remnant of the romantic race, who, more than eight centuries before, had overrun and conquered nearly the whole of the peninsula, and whose career of conquest, threatening to overwhelm all christendom, was only checked and turned back, in the first half of the eighth century by the tremendous blows of Charles the Hammer. From the time when the horn of Orlando waked for the last time the echoes of Roncesvalles, down to the "last sigh of the Moor," bidding an eternal adieu to the stately mosques and minarets of Granada, the history of this picturesque and romantic people has been illustrated in the pages of the romancist or sung by the poet in his sweetest and most spirit-stirring strains. Whether possession of the soil for several hundred years constitute an equitable title as against the original proprietors is a question which, however adjudicated *morally, practically* will

always be decided by the sword. It is certain that the Spaniards always looked upon the Arabs as aliens and intruders. No lapse of time could diminish their hostility. Gradually, and as it were foot-by-foot the soil of the Peninsula was won back by the old Gothic inhabitants; until, in the time of Ferdinand and Isabella the Catholic, the struggle was virtually concluded by the triumph of the christian arms.— Still, however, members of this singular people continued to exist and flourish in the southern portion of the Peninsula, whither they had been driven in the course of the long struggle of eight hundred years. At the accession of Philip II, they formed, intermingled with the christian inhabitants, a large proportion of the population of Granada, Malaga, and other principal towns of the South. In the mountain fastnesses of the Alpujarras, however, and generally in the ranges of mountains that skirt the shores of the Mediterranean in southern Spain, they formed communities to themselves; paying obedience to the crown, it is true, but preserving their own manners and customs, and even, save in outward conformity, their religion. In the year 1567, a most oppressive ordinance promulgated against these “Moriscoes,” as they were called from the time of Charles V, excited a formidable and wide-spread rebellion in this mountain region.— For more than two years, the war had been raging with varying fortunes, when Philip determined to intrust the chief command to the young and aspiring John of Austria. It was the old struggle of the Cross against the Crescent, the Christian against the Infidel, the true believer against the follower of the prophet; and never did christendom send forth a champion more daring, or animated with a thirst more ardent for that delusive glory for which the heroes of chivalry panted as the hart for the water-brooks. The limits of a sketch like this will permit no more than a brief notice of this portion of the military career of Don John. The most noticeable feat of arms in his two campaigns against the Moriscoes is the investment and storm of Galera, in the siege of which the army was engaged at the time he assumed command. In this town situated on the crest and slope of a lofty eminence and defended by a fortress and a somewhat ruinous wall, was collected a desperate handful of three thousand fighting men and four thousand women and children, sternly determined to defend themselves to the death. If proof were wanting of the fact, the heroic valor and endurance of the women of Galera during the long weeks of the siege, would furnish abundant evidence that the weaker sex can sometimes rise to heights of fortitude equalling and even surpassing the courage and constancy of man. More than one desperate assault on the part of the besiegers was bloodily repulsed, the wives and daughters of the Moslems fighting fearlessly by the side of their husbands and brothers. The dark eye of beauty forgot to weep when friend or lover fell, and hands meet for love’s soft and thrilling pressure gripped the dagger or the sword. Black is the page that records the fall of Galera and the fate of its heroic garrison. The third and last assault was made on the 7th of February, the last day of the carnival. A portion of the wall was toppled down by the explosion of a mine, and the Spaniards advanced to the assault with their accustomed courage and impetuosity. They were met with equal fury by the besieged. Long the desperate contest raged hand-to-hand and foot-to-foot. High above the din of battle rose the hostile war-cries of “St-Jago” and “Mahomet,” heard for eight

hundred years over so many bloody fields and echoing now for the last time over the hills and valleys of unhappy Spain. Superior numbers of arms at length prevailed and a remorseless butchery of the remnant of the garrison began.—Men, women and children were indiscriminately massacred. Don John sat on his horse, cold and impassive as a marble statue, encouraging his soldiers in their bloody work. Some fifteen hundred of the women and children alone were spared, and this only in deference to the avaricious wishes of the soldiery to reserve them as so much booty. Not a man of the garrison was left alive. An act so barbarous as this wholesale slaughter, not of men only but women and children, would justly be regarded at this day as worthy only a Butler or a McNeil. But it would be a gross mistake to estimate the character of the men who lived three centuries ago by the standard of our own times.—Many a Crusader ever ready to lay lance in rest for the defence of distressed beauty, and full of knightly courtesy to a vanquished *christian* foe, held it to be a meritorious thing to slay without mercy the enemies of the faith. Much of this feeling still survived in the Spaniard of the 16th century, and no doubt hardened the heart of Don John against the appeals of his victims. So much may be said in extenuation of his cruelty, though not, certainly, to excuse it altogether—especially when it is remembered that his implacability was due, in part at least, to rage at the obstinate resistance made to his arms. Whatever judgment may now be passed upon him, it is very certain that in the eyes of his contemporaries the laurels acquired by the capture of Galera only bloomed the brighter because of the blood-drops with which they were sprinkled. To the dark, bloody, tautological bigot who sat on the throne

of Spain, the murder of whatever number of heretics, under whatever circumstances of aggravation, could scarcely fail to be pleasing. Don John's successes, after the fall of Galera, were rapid and complete, and before the conclusion of his second campaign the war was virtually at an end. Under his direction, was executed the harsh decree respecting the removal of the Moors of Granada from the seats they had so long occupied into the interior of the country—a removal attended with scenes of suffering too harrowing to dwell upon. Meanwhile the young commander had already become impatient of a theatre of action so circumscribed, and a war which afforded no opportunities on a grand scale of gratifying the ruling passion of his soul, a thirst for military glory. Even before the conclusion of his second campaign, we find evidences of disgust at the service in which he was engaged. Much to his relief, he was recalled to Madrid at the end of the summer, where a career proportioned to the magnitude even of *his* ambition was about to be opened to him.

The revolt which Don John had just been engaged in quelling, threatened at one time most formidable consequences to the Spanish monarchy. When, driven to desperation by the cruel exactions of the edict promulgated against them, the Moriscoes had determined to resist by force of arms, it was not without hope of powerful aid in the day of their extremity. Emisaries had been dispatched not only to the opposite coasts of Tunis, Tripoli and Algiers, but far eastward to their Moslem brethren of Constantinople, where Selim, son of Solyman, the Magnificent, reigned the acknowledged head and father of the faithful. Fortunately for Spain, Solyman was dead; or the splendid dream of a western Caliphate thus presented to the Sultans of

the east, might have involved her in a struggle for her very existence. Selim preferred to undertake conquest nearer home. The wine of Cypress was much to his taste, not to mention the fact, that situated at the eastern extremity of the Mediterranean, it seemed in a manner to command the very approach to his capital. The island was at this time a dependency of the Republic of Venice, still a powerful State, though no longer what she was when her fleets rode the unquestioned mistress of the Mediterranean. Determined to wrench from her this brightest jewel of her crown, Selim did not long want a pretext for declaring war against Venice. The Republic, unable to maintain herself alone against her powerful neighbor, appealed for aid to the Christian States of Europe. To this appeal—feeling no doubt their own security largely involved in checking the encroachments of Moslem ambition—his Holiness, the Pope, and his Holiness' dutiful son, his most Catholic Majesty of Spain, did not turn a deaf ear. A "*perpetual*" treaty was formed between the three powers, known as the "*Holy League*," according to which each party bound itself to furnish certain yearly contingents in men, money or ships, for the purpose of carrying on war against the Turk. At the time of Don John's return to Madrid, at the close of the year 1570, negotiations were already in progress between the parties to the treaty; but it was not until the following year that it was ratified. Out of deference to Spain as the most powerful of the allies and furnishing the largest quota, the baton of commander in chief of the combined forces was finally offered; and for this lofty position the choice of the Spanish monarch fell upon John, of Austria. Seldom in the history of the world has so high a trust been confided to hands so young, and never was

a fairer opportunity offered to any of the sons of men for winning imperishable renown. The eyes of the civilized world were turned towards the youthful chieftain, chosen champion of christendom against the unbeliever; and the country of his home and adoption, especially, watched his course with a peculiar intensity of interest. When, early in the summer, he set sail for Italy, hundreds of high-mettled youths of the purest blood of Spain followed in his train, eager to serve under the banner of a leader so popular and renowned. Touching at Genoa by the way, Don John arrived, after a prosperous voyage, at the ancient capitol of Naples, which he found all alive with vigorous preparations for the war. A gay and brilliant pageant celebrated his arrival. A splendid procession came forth from the city to meet and welcome him, and the streets on his entry were lined with thousands of shouting spectators, from among whom, doubtless, many a dark eye looked kindly on the youthful Paladin come to lead the crusade against the Moslems. And indeed his was a form and face on which the eye of beauty might well delight to linger. Cleared of the dust of centuries and surrounded with the purple light of youth and love and hope, young beauty of to-day! you too may look upon the picture.—The features of the hero, of uncommon delicacy and beauty, are lit up by a bright blue eye, whose fiery sparkle redeems them from the charge of effeminacy. The yellow locks, thrown back from his well-shaped brow, fall in bright masses upon his shoulders and mingle with the snow-white plume that droops from his cap. Across his breast floats a crimson scarf and a dress of white velvet and cloth of gold sets off his graceful figure to the highest advantage.—A high and chivalrous bearing that well became his name and

place and an easy and graceful seat on his high-mettled steed, complete the picture of John of Austria as he rode into Naples that bright August morning three hundred years ago—a picture on which young and warm imaginations delight to dwell, but which older and wiser eyes regard with an interest largely mingled with commiseration.

The young commander was detained in Naples ten days, which he did not find however hang heavy upon his hands—playing his part in the fetes and chivalrous games of the gay capital, and like a true knight, ambitious to be distinguished as gentle and courteous in lady's bower, as he was brave and daring in war. Like Harry Hotspur he became "the glass of fashion and the mould of form" to the young chivalry around him. They aped even his personal peculiarities. He had a habit, for instance, of throwing back his hair, which clustered thickly at his temples, so as to show his fine forehead to advantage. At once this became the mode with the young gallants of the court, even those whose physiognomy it least suited being none the less careful to wear the hair thrown back, *a la* Don John. The circumstance reminds one of a like caprice of fashion at the court of the "Grand Monarque"—the "Steinkirks" of the Parisian beauties, imitating in their studious disarrangement the disordered ties of the young nobility of France, when, waked by Dutch William from their morning nap, they galloped to the front with collars all awry.

But to mingle in mimic games of chivalry, "to tilt with mamets or to play with lips," was no part of Don John's real business. So soon as the winds became favorable, he set sail for the port of Messina, where the combined fleets of Rome and Venice lay waiting his arrival. This port, close by the Scylla and Charybdis

of the ancient world, had been selected as the rendezvous of the allied fleets. As the young chief-tain entered the harbor, the roar of a hundred guns thundered a welcome to the Captain-General of the League. The Venetian Admiral, in the interest of his State, which was even then suffering from the ravages of the Turk, was anxious to proceed at once against the enemy. Don John, however, with a prudence scarcely to be expected under the circumstances, declined to sail until the arrival of all his reinforcements, which were coming in almost daily. His arrangements were not completed until more than a fortnight after he assumed command. It was on the 16th of February, 1571, that this last of the Crusaders went forth to meet the unbeliever on the bosom of the deep, renewing on another element the strife waged so long on the sands of Palestine. Never since the days of Imperial Rome had such a fleet rode the waters of the "Middle sea."—More than three hundred vessels of war and about eighty thousand seamen and soldiers made up an armament more formidable than even the great Armada so well known to readers of English history. Sweeping through the straits of Messina, the mighty fleet rounded the toe of the boot of the Italian Peninsula, sailed northward through the straits of Otranto, and coasted along the shores of the ancient Calabria. Here news was brought Don John that the Turkish fleet was still in the waters of the Adriatic. Steering his course S. E. for the Island of Corfu, he there learned that the enemy lay at anchor, as if awaiting his approach, in the gulf of Lepanto, and resolved at once to attack him. Desirous, however, to await the arrival of a number of his vessels, detained by adverse winds and tides, he crossed over to a part of the mainland opposite,

where the whole fleet was passed in review before him, preparatory to going into action. At length all was in readiness.—Sweeping slowly southward, and passing many a spot famous in ancient story, the Confederates at length, on Sunday, the memorable 7th of October, came in sight of the enemy. At once the great standard of the League, of azure damask, bestowed by the consecrated hands of the Pope himself, was flung abroad to the breeze from the galley of Don John, and a signal-gun boomed its challenge to the Turkish foe. As the sound rolled over the waters, an answering shout from a hundred thousand combatants added its mighty note of defiance and warned the Turk that the hour was come.—Almost in these very waters, sixteen hundred years before, the soldiers of Anthony and Octavius had watched from the heights of Actium, the struggle for the Empire of a world. Never since that day had such a combat as the one now approaching been fought upon the waves. Six hundred vessels of war, and two hundred thousand combatants met face-to-face. Behind them lay many a spot dear to the lovers of genius and glory. Athens and Corinth heard the far sound of the conflict and the distant mountains of Alexander's Macedon looked down upon it.—Before them rose the heights of Actium and the rock where "burning Sappho" struck the last notes of the melting lyre. An October sun, mounting high into the zenith and lighting up the thousand beauties of an Ionian landscape, shone full into the eyes of the Turk as the hostile fleets approached each other. The combatants were animated with no common ardor for the fray. The Spaniards and Romans, sworn defenders of the faith, and enemies of heretics and unbelievers, were impelled by a religious enthusiasm and a thirst of glory as ardent

as that which glowed in the breasts of the followers of St. Louis or Godfrey of Bouillon. The Venetians, burning with the recent memories of Famagosta, panted for a stroke at the murderers of their kindred. When, just before the battle, Don John sent messages to each of his brother-admirals to test the temper of the allies, both sent back answers full of fire and spirit. The answer of the Roman Admiral was couched in the words of St. Peter, "*etiamsi oporteat me mori, non te negabo.*" "Though I die, yet will I not deny Thee." The centre, or "battle" as it was called, of the Christians was led by Don John in person; that of the Turks by their youthful admiral, Ali Pasha. As though sensible that the fortune of the day depended on the result of their encounter, the rival commanders, scorning all meaner adversaries, made straight for one another, urged far ahead of their respective lines by the exertions of the rowers, the two huge galleys met upon the water like the shock of a thunderbolt. Over the one waved the azure standard of the League, emblazoned with the sign of the Cross—over the other, the sacred standard of the Prophet, blazing with texts from the Koran in letters of gold and inscribed with the name of Allah twenty-eight thousand nine hundred times. The ensign of the Cross was defended by veterans chosen from the very flower of the Spanish infantry—a soldiery at that time altogether unmatched, and perhaps unequalled since save by the psalm-singing Ironsides of Cromwell, or the dumbly heroic veterans of the great Frederick. The ensign of the Prophet was upheld by a corps of the famous Janizaries, so long a name of terror to the enemies of the Porte. Both parties fought worthily of their well-earned renown. Twice the Turkish galley was boarded and twice the fierce

Janizaries drove back their assailants. The blue eye of John of Austria, bright with the light of battle, glittered in the front rank of the assailants, and the undaunted voice of Ali rose high above the din of conflict still cheering his followers to the fray. Meantime the fight, as well in the centre as on the wings, had become general. Early in the action the Venetian Admiral had been slain, and the left wing of the christians, under his command had sustained some losses. The soldiers of the republic, however, undaunted by these losses or the fall of their commander, had rallied to the fight with resistless impetuosity and fury, and were now boarding and capturing ship after ship of the enemy, sword in hand. At length the death of their leader completed the discomfiture of the Turks in this quarter, and the whole right wing fled or was destroyed. On the christian right and centre the combat still raged. A third time rallying his men to the assault, Don John once more commanded the trumpet to sound the onset.—The fury of the attack was met with equal fury on the part of the Janizaries, till the brave Ali fell, like a good captain, at the head of his men. His fall decided the doubtful fray. His followers at once threw down their arms before their conquerors, and soon the standard of the Cross was flying triumphant above the Turkish galley. A shout of triumph went up from the christian host, which struck more terror to the already sorely discomfited enemy. Soon all that remained of the great Armada that had swept so proudly out of Lepanto but a few hours before, was scudding before the wind to escape the christian pursuit. Never was victory more decisive and complete. Of the three hundred galleys the Turks brought into action, but forty escaped. Twenty five thousand slain and five thousand prisoners is the

bloody record of their loss. Constantinople itself seemed to lie at the mercy of the victors and the Turkish Empire tottered to its foundations. All christendom rung with the fame of the victory, and the name of John of Austria was as the sound of a trumpet throughout the christian world.—Famous as it was, however, there is one circumstance connected with the great day of Lepanto, little noticed or cared for at the time, which we of the present generation regard, perhaps, with more interest than aught else relating to an event once so noisy in the world. The man who “laughed Spain’s chivalry away,” the immortal Cervantes, fought in the Roman fleet that day, doing the duty of a good and a valiant soldier. The passions and interests that produced the battle of Lepanto have long ceased to occupy the minds of men, and the name of the hero of that great day no longer fills “the sounding trump of fame.” But the name of the author of *Don Quixote* is to-day “familiar in men’s mouths as household words.” His laurels refreshed by no blood of sprinkling, only bloom the brighter with the lapse of years. Themistocles, on being asked whether he would prefer to be Homer or Achilles, is said to have replied to his questioner, “would you prefer to be victor at the Olympic Games, or the crier who announces the victors’ names?” The judgment of the great Grecian would, perhaps, be called in question in our day.—The achievements of the warrior, inspired by mere vulgar ambition or love of fame, are in their nature perishable; the achievements of genius, God-like in its origin, are immortal. Doubtless there are few now living, who, were the choice to be made would not prefer the name and fame of Cervantes, to that of John of Austria, the hero of Lepanto. S. C. READ.

TO BE CONTINUED.

WILLIAM COWPER.*

From the private hospital at St. Alban's, Cowper removed to Huntingdon on the 22d June, 1765.—John Cowper, the only other surviving member of his father's family, was a distinguished Fellow of Bennet College, Cambridge.—Huntingdon, though fifteen miles from the University, was the nearest point to it, where comfortable lodgings could be procured for William. There he was under the care and guardianship of his brother. One day of each week was spent by the brothers together. They visited each other alternately, and the poet every second week was compelled to ride the fifteen miles, though he was one of the poorest of horsemen. "A walking pace was tedious, a trot jolted him, and a gallop threatened to throw him into a ditch. With the exception of taking exercise, he rarely stirred from his fireside and his books. His reading was not the continuation of his London studies. He had entered into a new world of thought and had completely broken with the past. So indifferent was he to all his old pursuits that he never once, in five and twenty years, inquired for the library he had left in town. * * * To read and meditate upon religion was now his sole occupation in his solitary hours. He said that a letter on any other subject was more insipid to him than his school-boy tasks had ever been." (*London Quarterly*.) He thus describes this period of his life in a letter to Joseph Hill on the 18th of October, 1765; "my brother and I meet every week by an alternate reciprocation of intercourse, as Sam. Johnson would express it; sometimes I get a lift in a neighbor's

chaise but generally ride. As to my own personal condition, *I am much happier than the day is long, and sunshine and candle-light alike see me perfectly contented.* I get books in abundance, as much company as I choose, a deal of comfortable leisure, and enjoy better health, I think, than for many years past. What is there wanting to make me happy? Nothing, if I can but be as thankful as I ought, and I trust that He who has bestowed so many blessings upon me will give me gratitude to crown them all." This is the language of a man who had given himself wholly to religious meditation. How absurd the thought that his melancholy proceeded from his religion.

He began life at Huntingdon by keeping bachelor's hall, but in three months had spent his income for twelve. He therefore was compelled to seek lodgings and was led by Providence, as he always believed, to the house of a Mr. Unwin, a clergyman. On the 25th October, he wrote to Joseph Hill an account of his first acquaintance with this family. "Their name is Unwin, the most agreeable people imaginable, quite sociable and as free from the ceremonious civility of country gentle folks as any I ever met with. The old gentleman carries me to Cambridge in his chaise. He is a man of learning and good sense, and as simple as parson Adams. His wife has a very uncommon understanding, has read much and to excellent purpose, and is more polite than a duchess. The son, who belongs to Cambridge, is a most excellent young man, and the daughter quite of a piece with the rest of the family. * * Now I know them, I wonder that I liked Huntingdon so well before, and I

* Concluded from page 129.

am apt to think I should find every place disagreeable that had not an Unwin belonging to it.”—(*Life of Cowper.*) Mrs. Unwin, who proved the comfort and solace of his life for thirty-one years, is more particularly described in a letter to his cousin, Mrs. Cowper; “the lady in whose house I reside is so excellent a person and regards me with an affection so truly Christian that I could almost fancy my own mother restored to life again, to compensate me for all the friends I have lost and all my connections broken. * * It ought to be a matter of daily thanksgiving to me that I am admitted into the society of such persons, and I pray God to make me and keep me worthy of them.”—(*Life of Cowper.*)

In eighteen months from the time Cowper took up his residence with the Unwins, Mr. Unwin was killed by a fall from his horse.—The poet, however, continued to reside with Mrs. Unwin till her death. The celebrated John Newton paid a visit of sympathy and condolence to Mrs. Unwin a few days after her bereavement and invited her and family to Olney. The invitation was accepted and for twenty years, Mrs. Unwin and Cowper resided in this village, then one of the most unpleasant in England. “The principal occupation was lace-making, which furnished even to unremitting diligence, so scanty a subsistence, that it was barely sufficient to sustain a miserable existence. The majority of the people were brutal in their manners and heathenish in their morals. Little creatures, seven years of age, made the place resonant every evening with curses and villainous songs. The cottages were disposed in a long dreary street, and the tottering mud walls and torn thatch of many of them were in keeping with the wretchedness of the inmates. The surrounding meadows were flooded during the winter, and

Cowper was often doomed to sit for months over a cellar filled with water. The air in the winter was impregnated with the fish-smelling fumes of the marsh miasma; and to this he ascribed *the slow and spirit oppressing fever which visited all persons, who remained long in the locality.*” Notwithstanding these drawbacks, Cowper entered upon the most active duties of his life. He was much the almoner for the poor of the celebrated philanthropist, John Thornton, whose benevolence he has commemorated in one of the sweetest poems in the English language. He acted also as curate for Mr. Newton and visited the wretched, the sick and the dying, attended religious meetings, and notwithstanding his constitutional diffidence, took part in the devotional exercises. He and Mr. Newton were almost constantly with each other, and together, they composed the well known “*Olney Hymns.*” While his life was gliding thus smoothly and usefully on, he received a great shock in the death of his brother, John Cowper, who was regarded as the best classic and greatest thinker in the University of Cambridge. Although a minister of the gospel, he knew nothing of the plan of salvation and all his life was inclined to Deism. When William was first made acquainted with the truth, he had frequent and lengthy conversations with his brother. These set John to thinking and to reading, and an entire change took place in his religious views and feelings on his death-bed. “I see,” said the dying man, “the rock upon which I split and I see the rock of my salvation. I have learned that in a moment, which I could not have learned by reading books many years. There is but one key to the New Testament, there is but one interpreter.” The triumphant faith of his brother in a crucified Redeemer was a source of infinite satisfac-

tion to the poet. "I have felt a joy" wrote he, "upon the subject of my brother's death such as I never felt but in my own conversion." In three years from that time, a cloud came over him, which continued until the close of his life, twenty-five years afterwards, with but few intermediate gleams of sunshine. It seems natural to attribute this recurrence of his malady to that "spirit oppressing fever," which he had said visited all who dwelt long in Olney. The horrible condition of the streets and country cut him off from his wonted rambles and accustomed exercise for eight months in the year. To a poet exquisitely sensitive to the grand and beautiful in nature, it must have been soul-sickening to look from his prison walls for months upon that scene of squalor and poverty, of mud and marsh and every abomination. Nothing can be more absurd than to attribute the return of his malady to religious melancholy. All his letters at Huntingdon and Olney speak of his happiness. His Olney hymns are full of hope and serenity. Mr. Newton testifies to his general cheerfulness.

Any one at all acquainted with madness is familiar with the fact that there is an entire perversity of all the feelings and emotions in that fearful disease. The unfortunate subject of it suspects, where he had most trusted, and hates, where he had most loved. The mother often destroys her own offspring. The husband kills the wife and the wife kills her husband. Cowper became suspicious of his tried friend Mrs. Unwin and believed that she and all others about him were intent on poisoning his food. Why not attribute to this perversity of madness his melancholy and his despair? Why seek in the effect of his insanity the cause of it? Is it not because the world wishes to regard religion as a gloomy and mischievous

thing? Cowper's whole history disproves this theory. When his religious impressions were the strongest, his happiness was the greatest. When he could see the cross, it always loomed up to him as a beacon of hope guiding to a haven of peace and rest. When clouds and darkness seemed to surround it, he was on a tossed and troubled sea of anguish and despair.

The attack, in January, 1773, was more serious and of longer duration than his previous attacks. "His power to set his faculties in motion was gone, and he spent hours in blank imbecility, unless an impetus was given to his mind by a question, when he was capable of returning a rational answer. A melancholy of the darkest dye overshadowed him. He believed that his food was poisoned, that every body hated him and especially Mrs. Unwin, though he would allow no one else to wait upon him. His disposition to commit suicide required perpetual vigilance, which coupled with the trying nature of his delusions rendered the task of tending him a fearful one, both to mind and body. His incomparable friend discharged the office for nearly two years, not only with cheerfulness, but with gratitude, and said that if ever she praised God, it was when she found that she was to have all the labor. Her constitution never entirely rallied from the shock it received." (*London Quarterly*.)—Cowper went to spend a single night with Mr. Newton, but in his freak of madness chose to stay there fifteen months. All entreaties were in vain to get him to return to his home. His suspicious fears of Mrs. Unwin seem to have filled him with horror at the thought of going back. Mr. Newton bore the burden upon him with great patience and treated the unfortunate man with the greatest kindness. For three years, he was incapable of so much

mental effort as to write a single letter, and for ten years, he abandoned totally all devotional exercises. He believed himself a doomed man and that all prayers would be useless. During all this long period, he fancied that he could hear a voice from Heaven commanding him to destroy himself, and he made repeated attempts to obey the mandate. It is an instructive fact that this time of his greatest depression, was that of his greatest neglect of religion.—He made no effort whatever to resist the wiles of the tempter.

Cowper's restoration to sanity was effected by the same means as those employed at St. Alban's.—His thoughts were turned from himself to external objects in nature. He was made to feel an interest in feeding some little chickens, next in gardening, and finally in the rearing and care of three leverets or hares. "One of the two he has celebrated in the *Task*: and a very animated minute account of this singular family humanized and described by himself most admirably, appeared in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, and has been recently inserted in the sacred volume of his poems. These interesting animals had not only the honor of being celebrated by a poet, but the pencil has also contributed to their renown." (*Life of Cowper* page 86-7.) The reader will recall a like tenderness to the brute creation in a poet of like sensibility. Burns' elegy on his pet ewe "poor Maillie," his malediction against the hunter on seeing a wounded hare, and his pitying address to the mouse turned up by his ploughshare, all breathe the same kindly interest in helpless animals.

At the instance of Mrs. Unwin, Cowper, when restored to better health, began to write for the press. His first volume of poems was published in 1782, when he was fifty years old. These were of no great merit and attracted

not much attention. Had Cowper died at this time, his name would never have reached posterity. He had as yet never tried blank verse, upon which his great fame now rests, nor did he know that he had a genius for it. This discovery was made by accident.

"A lady by the name of Jones was one of the few neighbors admitted into the residence of the poet. Her sister, the widow of Sir Robert Austen, Baronet, came to spend some time with her in the autumn of 1781; and as the two ladies chanced to call at a shop in Olney, opposite to the house of Mrs. Unwin, Cowper observed them from the window.—Although naturally shy, and rendered more so by his very long illness, he was so struck with the appearance of the stranger that he requested Mrs. Unwin to invite her and Mrs. Jones to tea. So strong was his reluctance to admit the company of strangers, that after he had occasioned the invitation, he was for a long time unwilling to join the little party; but having forced himself at last to engage in conversation with Lady Austen, he was so reanimated by her uncommon colloquial talents that he attended the ladies on their return to Clifton, and from that time continued to cultivate the regard of his new acquaintance with such assiduous attention that she soon received from him the endearing title of Sister Ann."—(*Life of Cowper*.) To this lady, the world is indebted for the sprightliest of all Cowper's pieces, the ballad of John Gilpin. "It is a very remarkable fact that full of gaiety and humor as this favorite of the public has abundantly proved itself to be, it was really composed at a time when the spirit of the poet, as he informed me himself, was very deeply tinged with his depressive malady. It happened one afternoon, Lady Austen made a part of his little evening circle and observed him sinking

into increased dejection: it was her custom on these occasions to try all the resources of her sprightly powers to afford him immediate relief. She told him the story of John Gilpin, (which had been treasured up in her memory from her childhood) to dissipate the gloom of the passing hour. Its effect on the fancy of Cowper had the air of enchantment; he informed her next morning, that convulsions of laughter, brought on by his recollections of her story, had kept him walking during the greater part of the night and that he had turned it into a ballad."—(*Life of Cowper.*) Many of the brightest witticisms and funniest comicalities of Hood were composed, in like manner, when he was under great depression of spirits. The heart alone knoweth its own bitterness.

Is an author's enjoyment of his own productions a proper measure of their value? While Burns was composing Tam O'Shanter, his laughter was so loud and his gesticulations so extravagant, as to excite in the minds of his friends, the most serious alarm for his sanity.

It is wonderful that the same mind should have composed the comical story of John Gilpin and that noblest of poems on the loss of the Royal George. What versatility of talent is thus displayed in the production of the most humorous of ballads and the grandest of dirges. These pieces would probably have lived even though the reputation of the author had not been vastly increased by his success in blank verse. To this his attention was turned, as we have said, by an accident. "Lady Austen, as an admirer of Milton, happened to be partial to blank verse, and often solicited her poetical friend to try his powers in that species of composition. After repeated solicitation, he promised her, if she would furnish the subject, he would comply with

her request. She replied, 'O, you can never be in want of a subject, you can write upon any thing, write upon the Sofa.' The poet obeyed her command and from the lively repartee of familiar conversation a poem (*The Task*) of many thousand verses, unexampled perhaps both in its origin and its excellence. A Poem of such infinite variety, that it seems to include every subject and every style without any dissonance or disorder: and to have flowed without effort from inspired philanthropy eager to impress upon the hearts of all readers, whatever may lead them most happily to the full enjoyment of human life, and to the final attainment of Heaven." (*Life of Cowper.*) Prof. Henry Reed says "no poet of the last century did as much as Cowper for the restoration of the admirable music of the then neglected blank verse." "*The Task*," which was composed in the winter of 1784, became popular on its first appearance. "Fire-side employments, domestic happiness, English landscapes, and English writers, were subjects, which, when touched by the hand of a master appealed to the experience of millions. * * The poet has displayed one quality in a stronger degree than it was ever possessed by any describer of nature—the capacity of describing scenes with a distinctness, which makes them like visible objects to the mind. They are not more vivid than true, and he has blended the accuracy of the topographer with the picturesqueness of the poet. The language is no longer of the commonplace character, which is found so often in his previous works, but is as choice as it is simple. Nothing in "*The Task*" is so remarkable as the skill with which he constantly picks out the one felicitous word in the tongue, which conveys his meaning with the happiest effect. The sketch he gives in the '*Winter Evening*' of the appearance of the landscape

before snow, and of the fall of the deecy shower itself, is one instance out of many of his wonderful faculty for picturesque delineation." (*London Quarterly*.) Cowper was a great admirer of "Thomson's Seasons" and his own descriptions were much influenced by those of his predecessor. The authority above quoted gives the preference to the descriptive powers of Cowper. "The proportion in him of what is good is larger, and his good passages are in general of a higher grade of excellence. His language is more select and felicitous, his metre is more musical, his scenes are more picturesque, and his topics are more various." Although Dr. Franklin and Samuel Johnson had expressed their admiration of his verses in rhyme, the British public pronounced their verdict in favor of his blank-verse, and we imagine that posterity will not reverse the judgment.

Cowper's intimacy with the lady who had pointed out to him the path, which led him to the world-wide renown was suddenly broken off. He discovered that she was willing to join her lot with his, and his obligations to his devoted friend Mrs. Unwin, as well as the uncertainty in regard to the return of his malady forbade him entertaining a thought of marriage. He wrote her a letter undeceiving her as to his sentiments.—This in a moment of vexation she burnt, but she ever afterwards spoke of him with kindness.

The rooms vacated by Lady Austen were soon occupied by Lady Hesketh, the poet's cousin, and he hastened to renew his intimacy with his charming relative.—Through her generosity, he was supplied with the funds necessary to remove to Weston, a neighboring village, where a comfortable residence, and beautiful scenery awaited him. He had formed the acquaintance of the Throckmortons, an estimable Catholic family,

and the chief inducement with him for the removal was to enjoy their society. But human expectations of enjoyment are generally doomed to disappointment. Mrs. Unwin's son died in a few weeks after they removed to Weston.—The shock may have brought on another of the poet's attacks. For six months, he was almost totally insane and again attempted to destroy himself. Mrs. Unwin, accidentally coming in one day, found him hanging by the neck and cut him down before life was extinct. It was necessary for him to have employment as soon as he was restored to reason, and he began a translation of Homer upon which he was engaged five years. "He has preserved the vivid pictures, the naked grandeur, and the primitive manners of the original. He does not excel Pope more in fidelity than than in true poetic power. The style may seem austere at a casual glance, but will be found on a close acquaintance to be full of dignity, picturesqueness and force." (*London Quarterly*.) The criticism of Lord Jeffrey is not so favorable, but that of Dr. Clarke is more eulogistic. All the critics concur in the accuracy and fidelity of the translation, but they differ as to its poetic merit. He submitted his work to the inspection of his friends, as it progressed, and heard all their objections to style and rendering. He had learned to fear the critics and wished to place himself above their carping. He wrote to Lady Hesketh, "the frown of a critic freezes my poetical powers, and discourages me to a degree that makes me ashamed of my own weakness.—Having commenced author, I am most abundantly desirous to succeed. I have (what perhaps you little suspect me of) an infinite share of ambition." (*Life of Cowper*, page 171.) His incurable diffidence was the great obstacle in the way of his success, and to this he alludes with equal frankness in

the same letter. "To this continuation of opposite qualities, (timidity and ambition,) it has been owing that till lately, I stole through life without attempting any thing, yet always wishing to distinguish myself. At last I ventured, ventured too in the only path yet open to me, and am determined, if God have not determined otherwise, to work my way into notice through the obscurity that has so long been my portion." Let it not be supposed that greatness was thrust upon Cowper.—He had his trials, his labors and his difficulties like all others who have won either fame or fortune.

To give employment to his mind, and keep his thoughts from being turned inward upon himself, his publisher suggested to him to edit a splendid edition of Milton's works. Wm. Hayley, the friend of Gibbon, was employed on another edition at the same time, which was subsequently published. This through the generosity of Hayley led to a cordial friendship with Cowper, instead of to an invidious rivalry. A praise-worthy example worthy of imitation by all writers. Cowper never began the projected work, and his generous friend became the biographer of our poet himself. Mrs. Unwin was struck with paralysis and Cowper gave up every thing to watch and nurse her, who had been so faithful to him for nearly thirty years. "He abandoned Milton, took upon himself the office of nurse, and wore out his strength and spirits in attending on her.—He, who had been unable to bear his burden without her assistance, had now to carry her load as well as his own. Bowed down by the double pressure, his gloom increased upon him. His dreams were more troubled; he heard voices more frequently, and their language was more threatening. * * His verses to 'Mary' (Mrs. Unwin,) are the most touching and beautiful ever penned. The in-

tensity of his affection for his poor paralytic forms every line, and is summed up in the exclamation '*My Mary*,' which forms the burden of each stanza. The steady decline of his 'Mary's' understanding dragged his own along with it. Lady Hesketh paid him her annual visit in the winter of 1793. He then hardly stirred from the side of Mrs. Unwin, who was fast relapsing into second childhood. He took no exercise, nor used his pen, nor even read a book, unless to her. To watch her sufferings in bleak despair, and to endeavor to relieve them was his sole business in life."—(*London Quarterly*.) Mrs. Unwin lingered three years longer, before she obtained her blessed release. Cowper survived her four years—during a portion of this time he was sane enough to revise his translation of Homer. Soon after completing his task, he wrote '*The Castaway*,' the last of all his original productions. A few translations of Latin poems into English, or of English poems into Latin was all that he attempted afterward. The darkness continued over him to the last and "unutterable despair" was among the last utterances from his lips. God frequently lays his hand most heavily upon his own children in the closing hours of life, that the transition to a state of blessedness may be all the more glorious.—What a change there was for the poor poet from the wail of despair to the triumphant "song of Moses and the Lamb," from the gloom and darkness of his dying bed to the city all radiant with the effulgence of the Sun of Righteousness.

Cowper's great fame is not dependent merely upon his poetry. His familiar letters place him in the first rank of English writers. Prof. Reed pronounces them the purest and most perfect specimens in our language. "Considering the secluded, uneventful life of Cowper, the charm in his letters is

wonderful ; and it is to be explained, I believe, chiefly by the exquisite light of poetic truth which his imagination shed upon daily life, whether the theme was man, himself or a fellow-being, or books, or the brute creation which he loved to handle with such thoughtful tenderness. His seclusion did not separate him from sympathy with the stirring events of his times ; and alike in seasons of sunshine or of gloom, there is in his letters an ever-present beauty of quiet wisdom, and a gentle but fervent spirit." Robert Hall is still more enthusiastic. "I have always considered the letters of Mr. Cowper as the finest specimen of the epistolary style in our language. To an air of inimitable ease and carelessness they unite a high degree of correctness, such as could only result from the clearest intellect combined with the most finished taste. I have scarcely found a single word which is capable of being exchanged for a better. Literary errors I can discern none. The selection of words, and the construction of periods, are inimitable ; they present as striking a contrast as well can be conceived to the turgid verbosity, which passes at present for fine writing."

No biography in English history is more full of instruction than that of Cowper. We can only notice a few thoughts suggested by it.

First: Southey is right in his view that the poet mingled too little in the world, and that his thoughts were turned too much within to the contemplation of his own misery. Had he gone more abroad, he would have seen cases of real wretchedness, which would have diverted his mind from his imaginary woes. He would have seen many who were thankful for small mercies and he might have caught their thankful spirit. The merriest of all songsters is the mocking-bird, which imitates the glad notes of others. He is the

brightest and most cheerful Christian, who learns from his neighbors their hymns of praise and gratitude.

Second: Let us not be deceived by outward appearances. The literature of the last century was most enriched by a shy retiring man, unknown to and unnoticed by the world. Thousands of his contemporaries, who dazzled the eyes of the world and gave great promise of usefulness, are to-day forgotten. So 'tis in nature. The most fragrant tree of the forest is the crab-apple. The air is laden with perfume for a great distance around it. But all this sweetness of promise ends in sour fruit.—We have been startled in going through our thick Southern woods, with a glimpse of what seemed to be a pyramid of snow rising up amid the dark green foliage. On approaching it proved to be the *Cornus Florida*, the most beautiful of all our trees with the most unromantic of names, the dogwood. But the snowy blossoms yield no perfume and the tree bears no fruit.

The diamond, the hardest of substances, can be put to but few uses. Glass, which is the most brittle, has a countless variety of applications in the arts of civilized life. Cowper was one of the most frail, the most timid, and the most unfortunate of men, and yet he has left one of the richest legacies to his native tongue. Millions, who had braver hearts and stronger arms, have conferred no benefit upon their race and have left no name behind.

Third: The proper treatment of the insane is clearly pointed out. It is calling their attention to the wondrous works of God ; his majesty shown in seas, lakes, mountains and rivers ; his benevolence in the sweetness of flowers, the songs of birds and the sports of animals. He who stands by the crater of Vesuvius and looks within at the boiling lava will have his

brain grow dizzy by the awful sight and by the noxious vapors ascending. But let him step aside and he will see the richest verdure, clustering vines and waving fields. He who turns his eye within upon that seething caldron of corruption, the human heart, will find his head reel and his soul sicken with the ghastly contemplation: but there are still bright

and beautiful spots in all this moral ruin,—glorious acts of heroism, noble deeds of charity, lofty triumphs over the world and grander victories over self. And should these not be found, there are the bright luminaries above and thousands of places even on earth, which bear no trace of the pollution of sin and are radiant with all their pristine beauty and purity.

THE HAVERSACK.

We have been promised for publication a large number of unpublished reports of battles from officers of rank. These, though necessary to the vindication of the truth of history, give no picture of life in the ranks. For this, we must depend upon subordinate officers and privates; and to them we renew our appeal for authentic facts and anecdotes. A distinguished Major General writing from Monticello, Florida, says, "important official reports of our officers of rank are not likely to be lost to history. It is incidents and facts not embodied in these reports, but enshrined in the hearts of our people, particularly incidents and facts connected with the courage, skill, endurance, devotion and patriotism of the private soldier and the subaltern officer, which should now be rescued from oblivion and admitted to the record."

It would be a source of pride and gratification to us to make the Magazine the depository of these glorious deeds and we look to those of subordinate grade to furnish the facts.

Napoleon, Arkansas, furnishes an anecdote of a Mississippi regiment of cavalry, whose members were tortured with the fear of

never getting into a battle and disgusted at never having had a chance to show their prowess.

After the defeat of our army at Corinth under Van Dorn, it was ordered to Grenada by Pemberton, who had just assumed command of the District of Mississippi. The — regiment of Mississippi cavalry was ordered to that point, although it did not belong to that division of the army. This regiment had become somewhat famous for its marching and countermarching incessantly, without ever getting into a serious engagement, and the mortification and chagrin of the men were extremely great at the *ranger*-reputation of their regiment. As it entered the suburbs of the town, some one of the "melish" called out, "where is that regiment from?" A disgusted trooper replied, "from every place in the Confederacy except this, and it will be from this place soon." On we went towards the center of the town, troops were there from Price's army, from the army of the Mississippi, &c. A soldier just out of a hospital and desirous to get back to his own army, next accosted us, "what army does that regiment belong to?" "To the Confederate Army," was the prompt re-

ply and Grenada rang with the laughter and cheers elicited by this sally. While we were encamped there, Grant came up to Coffeeville, only twenty miles distant, with a portion of his army. One of our mischievous lads came riding into camp saying that he had just got very important news from the head quarters of General Pemberton. "What is it?" cried out many eager voices. "There has been a flag of truce in town." "Who sent it?" demanded the excited crowd. "Old Grant himself" was the reply. "Well, what does he want?" "Oh, nothing much, only he says that he wishes to conduct war on civilized principles, and as he intends to shell this town, he requests that the women, children and the — Mississippi regiment of cavalry be removed beyond all danger."

The same Napoleonic friend furnishes a second anecdote, which we have heard before, but it will doubtless be new to most of our readers.

When General Bragg retreated from Chattanooga to Chickamauga, General Forrest covered the retreat, and as the sequel will show, destroyed an old woman's ash-hopper. As Bragg returned, after the defeat of Rosecrantz, he stopped at a log-cabin and asked for a drink of water. As the good lady of the house seemed to be truly Southern, he asked her if the troops had done her any harm. Not knowing who he was, she replied "yes, that they did. Mr. Bragg came along here with his foot company and they never done a hate. He's a rael gentleman, and my old man says so, and I know from the way that he and his foot company treated me that they are all rael gentlemen. But Captain Forrest, he come along with his critter company, and he made a row of his men and his big guns right round my house and they tore down my ash-hop-

per, a bran new one, and I wouldn't taken ten dollars for it. I won't say that he is a rael gentleman, and that his critter company is rael gentlemen, that I won't."—General Bragg ordered his quartermaster to pay the ten dollars for the broken ash-hopper.

D. H. C. M.

The next four incidents come from Laurens, South Carolina.

During the battle of Fredericksburg, December 13th, 1862, the 3d South Carolina regiment, was posted in front of the memorable Marye's House. The men were lying down in an open yard and firing from that position, when private Cathcart was struck in the eye. As he was starting to the rear, his mess-mate asked him if he was badly wounded, and being answered in the affirmative, he replied "I will revenge you old fellow," and rising to his feet, he continued loading and firing in a standing position till the close of the action. How he could have lived under the fire of so many rifles directed at him, individually, must ever remain among the mysteries of war.

During the same battle, a private in company A, of same regiment, remarkable for his coolness, was firing from behind a tree, when he was struck by a ball in the head, which brought him to the ground. Rising at length to his feet, he stepped in front of the tree and shaking his fists at the enemy, he abused the blue-coats in the bitterest language. Finding his wound painful, he retired to the rear to get it dressed, where he met his Colonel severely wounded and vainly seeking some one to carry an order to the regiment. Without waiting for the dressing of his wound, he promptly returned bearing the message.

At the battle of Chickamauga, Kershaw's brigade relieved Hood's old Texas brigade, under a very

heavy fire. Before advancing, it became necessary to make a change of front, so as to flank the extreme right of the enemy. As the left of the brigade swung around and through a yard in which shells were bursting plentifully, an old negro ran out of one of the houses frightened almost out of his life, and raising both hands cried out "de blessed Lord, white folks, why dont you stop shootin and argufy wid one anoder!"

On the afternoon of the battle of Chancellorsville, General McLaws' division was sent to hold Sedgwick in check, who was then advancing from Fredericksburg along the plank road. He met the enemy at Salem Church, and immediately placed his men in line, giving to General Wilcox of Anderson's division the centre.—The 9th Alabama was placed in reserve of the 10th. On came the enemy in three lines and at a double quick, when within twenty paces the 10th rose and delivered a volley into the enemy, but such was the force of the charge that the 10th gave back a few paces. The 9th rose with a yell, crossing bayonets, and fired a destructive volley into them. The enemy fled, and were pursued by the brigade for some distance. As they came back they brought among the prisoners quite a wag. Stopping where the dead lay thickest he remarked; "You rebs are sharper than you used to be.—You used to shoot us anywhere; now you shoot in the head so as not to bloody our clothes."—Nearly all were shot in the head, and he alluded to our practice of stripping the dead of their clothing to cover our nakedness.

N. M. H.

Jacksonville, Fla., sends an account of a Spartan mother.

On the sea-coast of Georgia, there lived at the breaking out of the war a widow lady with seven sons. She armed and equipped

six of them and sent them forth to battle for our dear native land. Five of them entered one regiment. It was my pleasant privilege, from time to time, to read her letters to her noble sons. In not one of them, was the request ever made that they would try to get furloughs, but they all contained the prayer, a *mother's* prayer, that they would do their duty. And nobly did they perform it. From the beginning to the close of the war, they were never absent from their post. They entered as privates and privates they remained, although often offered commissions in the field and at home, where they might have remained in ease and grown rich by speculation. In '63 the heroic mother paid a visit to the regiment, which had five of her sons. The morning on which she left, she called upon the Colonel and asked him, "have my sons done their duty?" "Madam, they are the best soldiers in the army." "I knew they would do their duty. I have not come, sir, to ask favors for them, but to give you my seventh son, my Benjamin, the child of my old age.—He is only sixteen, but old enough to serve his country." Tenderly kissing her sons, she returned alone to her desolate home. It was my sad duty, some months afterwards, to tell her of the reported death of one of her sons. For some moments nature prevailed and the *patriot* was lost in the *mother*.—But recovering, she knelt down and with a calm voice thanked God for sparing her other sons and for enabling the one, for whom she mourned, to do his duty to the last. And then she earnestly implored the Almighty to give her surviving sons grace and strength to acquit themselves like men.—On parting with her, she gave me this message to her boys, "tell them that I can hear of their death and live, but to learn that they had

proved recreant to their country would kill me." God has kindly preserved to this noble woman five of her true and gallant sons.

J. P. B.

We regret that our correspondent does not authorize the publication of the name of this noble woman, though he has given it in a private note.

A member of General Jackson's staff sent us the annexed anecdote, locating the occurrence in a Richmond hospital. After receiving it, we saw a similar anecdote related of a patient in a French hospital. It is worth preserving wherever it happened.

During the summer of 1864, while the hospitals in Richmond were crowded with wounded, the ladies of the city visited them daily, carrying with them delicacies of every kind, and vied with each other in their efforts to comfort and cheer up the wounded. On one occasion, a bright-eyed damsel, of about seventeen summers, was distributing flowers and speaking tender words of encouragement to those around her, when she overheard a young officer, who was suffering from his wounds, exclaim: "Oh my Lord!" Approaching him rather timidly in order to rebuke his profanity, she said "I think I heard you call upon the name of the Lord. I am one of his daughters. Is there any thing I can ask him for you?" A hasty glance upon her lovely face and perfect form caused his countenance to brighten, as he instantly replied. "Yes, please ask him to make me his son-in-law!"

We profess to be and we are excessively *national*; but at the same time, we honestly confess that we have State pride and State exclusiveness enough to be very much gratified at learning that another of the six heroes of Petersburg belonged to our own noble State.— We know no north, no south, no

east and no west inside of Dixie; but we hope never to see the day when we will love other States better than the State of our birth and the State of our adoption. From a heroic Captain of the 56th North Carolina regiment, we get the following account:

Your allusion to the "six nameless heroes" at Petersburg called to mind the bravery of a Confederate soldier, which deserves to live in history. We had just returned from that memorable charge on the night of the 17th June, 1864, in which Mat. Ransom's brigade, a portion of Elliott's, and probably a few other troops, succeeded in regaining the line to the left of the Baxter road, which had been lost by another command a few hours before. We were assigned a new position several hundred yards to the rear, on top of the ground, and told to "hide ourselves." Thus we began on the morning of the 18th June, our last ditch around Petersburg. Nearly every man was provided with an extra gun, but few with spades or picks. The work goes on with a will, but is only half completed, when our skirmishers are driven into the already crowded ditch. The 56th North Carolina occupied in part the ground which on the 30th July became the celebrated "crater." A battery to the right of the Baxter road endeavors to enfilade our line, and throws a shell into the ditch swarming with human life. But it is seized in an instant by private John Alvis Parker, company D, 56th North Carolina regiment, and thrown beyond the parapet, with an unflinching courage worthy of the noblest sons of Rome, when Rome could boast a self-sacrificing Curtius. I heard that a similar feat was performed by a member of Pegram's battery on the same day, a section of which was posted between the wings of our regiment, and remained there till blown up on the 30th of July following.

It is a fact of history that the "Army of the Potomac," after taking all the summer to "fight it out on this" (ever-changing) "line," was reduced to such a mere skeleton of its former magnitude, that its commander found it necessary to call for a 100,000 more men to reëstablish his *dead line*. How well the new levies all stood up to their post, I am not prepared to say, but I can speak with confidence of the fighting qualities of those opposed to Ransom's brigade then on the extreme left of the trenches on the south side of the Appomatox; our left resting on that river. The recruits (Federal) opened negotiations with us immediately upon their arrival at the front, frequently sending over as many as twenty-five (25) *peace commissioners* in a single night. A large proportion of these delegates belonged to the 5th New Hampshire. In order that no obstacles should be thrown in the way of these friendly negotiations, we were directed to refrain from unnecessary picket firing at night. Our lines were not more than a stone's throw apart and conversation could be carried on without difficulty. During a quiet spell, an inquisitive yankee called out "Johunie, what regiment is that over there?" Private L. Sawyer, of company A, 56th North Carolina regiment, promptly replied, "5th N. Hampshire." The yankees greeted this hit at the deserting proclivities of the 5th New Hampshire, with peals of laughter such as I have never heard before or since from a line of battle.

In the night fight on the 17th June, the 35th North Carolina, (not a large regiment,) had 70 killed dead, in the hand to hand fight across the works, losing its colors, but capturing in exchange one from the Yankees. Our brigade captured a large number of prisoners. I remember one amusing

incident in this connection. Just after getting into the re-captured works, I saw a great crowd breaking to the rear, I ran to them, ordering and imploring them to come back and not give up tamely the works, which had cost us so much blood to retake. You may imagine my change of feeling, when I found that they were yankee prisoners. Some of them, I was told, were Indians. All were of the same color in the dark. We heard that Beauregard said that Ramseur's brigade straggled to the front, while others straggled to the rear, meaning that we had charged and re-captured the works, without any orders to do so.

It is generally supposed that there never was such bitter animosity felt between the troops of two opposing armies, as existed during the late war. If so, the following incident is an exception occurring in a regiment, from a State, whose troops represented by the 6th North Carolina regiment carried the Southern Cross at Gettysburg further into the ranks of the enemy, than did the soldiers of any of her sister States. We had driven the Beast or rather his army (for as usual he was not with it) from the strongly intrenched semi-circle around Drewry's Bluff; Beauregard's attacking column being one third less in number than that of the enemy. This was on the 16th May, 1864. On the 20th May, four days after, we were called upon to "bottle up" the unclean animal. We charged his troops at Ware Bottom Church and drove them back upon their inner line, in supporting distance of their gunboats. The Confederates now began a strong line, following generally the direction of the old yankee line, from Howlett's house to a creek emptying into the Appomatox. While this is in building, picket firing is suspended by mutual consent; and the yankees true to their nature are ready for a trade. Newspapers,

knives, coffee, sugar, anything is offered for tobacco, which was then a part of our regular ration. In the intimacy thus springing up, a soldier from the mountains of North Carolina actually loaned a yankee his pick to dig a rifle pit. The yankee honorably returned it, when he thought that his rat hole was sufficiently deep and secure.

Whether the bitterness of feeling was greater in this war than in other wars, I cannot say; but I know of no similar instance in history of lending military tools.

R. D. G.

We have but a single comment to make on this narrative of Captain G.

We have not a shadow of a doubt that "the peace commissioners," of the 5th North Carolina during the war, are, without a solitary exception, "war-to-the-knife" men now that hostilities are over. Every dodger from the field is now as full of martial fury as Major Generals Butler and Schenck, or Lieutenant Generals Forney and Sumner.

But for such cowardly braves, the fighting men of the two armies, like him who loaned the pick and him who returned it, could reconstruct a nation with mutual esteem and good will. After the establishment of the line around Bermuda Hundreds on the 20th of May, each side seemed to expect an attack from the other. We were witness to an amusing instance of a false alarm on both sides, one beautiful moonlight night. A working party from our side had been thrown outside of the works to throw up an exterior line. They thought that they saw an attacking column of the enemy advancing, and ran back in great disorder. A furious fire of musketry broke out all along our intrenchments, and was responded to by artillery and infantry from the other side. Major Reid of Georgia climbed upon our parapet and in a loud voice assured our

men that no enemy was in view. By the most strenuous exertions we succeeded in stopping our own useless fire, but that from Butler's troops was kept up for at least an hour, and was one of the most beautiful and innocent pyrotechnic exhibitions we ever witnessed. An exchange of papers some days after, explained that Butler's men thought that we were attacking them. The veracious army correspondents wrote, "on came the rebels in three heavy columns, with their old infernal yells. An orderly was sent in all haste to General Butler. 'General, the rebels are attacking our lines.' In his cool way, the General replied, 'let them attack, we are ready for the rascals.' Truly were we ready for we plied them so briskly with grape, canister and small arms that they broke and ran—this morning 332 dead bodies were found in front of our works. The rebels succeeded in removing all their wounded and probably many of their dead." So ran the account, and so particularly was the number of the slain given. Now the truth was that we did not have a single man killed, and only one was wounded. This was but a specimen of the usual style of dispatches from Butler's camp. The great coolness of the General may possibly be accounted for, by the fact that he was miles away from the point of attack and very near to a gun-boat, which would have afforded a safe asylum.

Fulton, Missouri, gives a similar instance of a false alarm during Johnston's retreat from Dalton to Atlanta.

While lying at New-Hope Church, in Georgia, the yankees and the Missippians seem to have got a mutual alarm and kept up a furious fire all night, neither party moving out of their intrenchments. The Mississippians complained bitterly the next day that they had been fiercely attacked, and

that Ector's Texas brigade and Cockrill's Missouri brigade had not come to their assistance. The Texans retorted that the Mississippians had been firing all night at fire-flies, which were very numerous at that place. A deputy was sent to the Mississippi commander with a written resolution, adopted by Ector's brigade, asking him to furnish them with a thousand packages of lamp-black. He courteously replied, "I would be glad to do any thing for the gallant Texans, but what in the name of common sense can they want with lamp-black?" The deputy affecting the fool replied, "well, I don't adzactly know, Gine-ral, but I hearn some of the boys say that your men kept up such a shootin at lightnin' bugs that they couldn't sleep good of a night, and they thought 'twould be a good thing to blacken the tails of them bugs, and I kinder reckon that that is what they want with the lamp-black."

N. C. K.

It is well known that at Yorktown the opposing forces were separated by a narrow stream, dignified by the name of Warwick river. One night, a young Brigadier imagined that an assaulting column was crossing the little piece of water in front of him.—He opened a brisk fire and sent to Longstreet for reinforcements.—General L. turned quietly over in his bed and sent word that he would help him, when he was worse pressed than at present.—Others however, did not take matters so coolly and hastened to the supposed point of attack. The writer of this had a ride of three miles over a bad road on a dark night. When the furious firing at length stopped, a voice came over the water with a real New England twang, "well rebs, yeou have done it neow. Dew tell how many frogs yeou've killed!" The frog story was a very sore one to our young officer, who only got

it hushed up by the threat of "pistols and coffee for two." The whole alarm had doubtless been caused, as the yankee suggested, by some frogs jumping into the water. The history of war is full of such instances. The reader will remember the panic in the British fleet during the revolutionary war, so happily hit off by Francis Hopkins in the "battle of the kegs."

A Federal officer said to a Southern lady, "those grey devils (Confederates) will be coming in as soon as we leave, but I hope that you will avoid their company." She replied, "my mother had a very cheerful disposition and she taught me to shun nothing so much as *blue-devils*."

Our Fulton friend gives two instances of the innocence of the good country women of a sister State.

While Hood was at Atlanta, a detachment was sent out to the rear of Sherman's army under Colonel Hill, of Louisiana. Lieutenant Baldwin of the 2d Missouri regiment and I stopped one day, to get dinner, at the house of a very clever old lady with three fine looking daughters. At the table, she asked us, where we were from. "From Missouri madam" replied I. She looked over her spectacles, as though trying to gaze through illimitable space and said slowly, "Missouri, Missouri, Missouri, why that jines Gwinnett don't it?" Now Gwinnett was a county just across the Chattahoochee river. Baldwin choked down a laugh and said "certainly madam." The youngest daughter, a sweet girl of sixteen, in the innocence of her heart felt infinite pride at her mother's wisdom, and said, "why, I declar, mammy knows every thing, she has been at all them places."

In the same region another good lady, may Heaven bless her, for

she was good, found out that we belonged to Johnston's army and begged us to go and see her son, when we went back. We told her that we would certainly do so, if she would tell us what company and regiment he belonged to, so that we might find him. She answered, "I dont know them things, but you can find him. He's in Johnston's army, every body thar knows my son. He's in Bill Jones' mess and works at the Sergeant's trade. Why, bless your soul you can't help finding my son in Johnston's army." N. C. K.

The Colonel of the 26th North Carolina regiment, who afterwards became the best Governor in the Confederacy, said that he made his will three times in crossing the open field in front of the enemy's batteries at Malvern Hill. At length, they reached a piece of ploughed ground and there laid down. The men tried to shelter themselves from the furious tornado of minnie balls and grape shot by lying down between the rows. But unfortunately the furrows ran up towards the batteries and served as troughs for the rolling projectiles. One of the privates, rather dissatisfied with this state of things, said, "Colonel, them cussed Virginians have ploughed this field the wrong way!"

A few days after this, we visited the regiment near the James river. A gun-boat had discovered its position and was throwing one hundred pound shells, called by our men "lamp-posts." A negro very much excited by these huge missiles cried out, "de yankees is shootin' rotten shells 'mong us, dey go bustin' all over de groun'!"

The next comes from Waxhaw, South Carolina.

In the early part of the war, Capt. John —, of South Carolina cavalry, received from a friend, Robert —, of South Carolina infantry, a present of a copy of cavalry tactics with the following lines

from Burns to John Lapraik written on the fly-leaf.

Guid speed, an' furdur to you, Johnny,
Guid health, hale banes an' weather
bonny,
Now when ye're nicken down fu' canny
The staff o' bread,
May ye ne'er want a stoup of bran'y
To clear your head.

Captain John turns over and writes on the other page

Ah Rab! ah Rab, it gars me fear
E'en handlin' o' sic warlike gear;
But sin' wi' guid intent ye sent it
The buik wi' mickle care I'll tent it,
Gif 'twill ensure me 'gainst the pranks
O' knavish loons, they call the yanks
Wh'ave ta'en i' their heads o' late
To sack an' burn an' subjugate;
Or gif 'twill teach me better how
A Southern man may meet a foe,
My thanks ye hae, the heartiest o' them,
A drap o' friendship added to them.

Captain Mc — was in the habit of teasing Captain W — with the following joke on the Floridians. He, (Captain Mc.) said that he was sent towards the close of the battle of Sharpsburg to bring up some stragglers from the field. He accosted a man with "what regiment do you belong to, sir?" The soldier coolly answered. "Eight." "What eight?" "Florida eight." What are you doing here, why aint you in the fight?" The man answered with great deliberation, "wall, you see, our Colonel he got killed, and all the rest, they got wounded 'cept me and Bill Silverheels; and Bill he got wounded in the hat, and so I reckoned as how 'twas no use for me to stay thar by myself, and I jist come back and was gwine to ax Ginral Lee for a furlough to go home." R. M. S.

At the first battle of Manassas, Captain Jones of North Carolina (afterwards Colonel Jones of General Bragg's staff) saw a man running to the rear and stopped him with, "where are you going, you cowardly rascal?" "I am no coward," replied the runaway. — "Why dont you stay in your company and fight then?" asked the Captain. The man answered, "I am not a bit scared, but I never

could stand a racket and they are making the biggest row up there I ever heard."

Let no one suppose that any of our people kept out of the war from timidity, it was simply from an aversion to a racket. Did Colonel Wilson, of Massachusetts, resign before his regiment had smelt gunpowder from a similar tender concern for his tympanum? Many fire-eaters before the war, and many truculent heroes since, discovered, during the progress of hostilities, that their sensorium was too delicate to stand a racket. In this, they shewed their sense.

It is well known that General Early was bitterly opposed to the secession movement. The clamor about "the rights in the territories" was his special abhorrence, and many a hot contest was there between him and Jerry M—— on this subject. Johnston's army on the retreat from Centreville passed by the handsome estate of Mr. M——. General Jubal saw his old antagonist looking disconsolately over his broad fields, soon to be ravaged and destroyed by the enemy, and accosted him, "well Jerry, what do you think of the rights in the territories this morning?" We have heard that the General used a similar taunt, at the first battle of Manassas, to some secession friends, whom he saw quitting the field rather too hastily. The stubborn fighter thought that the battle-ground was the "territory" in dispute, the "right" to which should not be tamely given up.

Matagorda, Texas, sends an anecdote of the battle of Chickamauga.

On Sunday morning, September 20th, the last day of the battle of Chickamauga, Deshler's brigade of Texans and Arkansans was ordered to move forward against the enemy about 8 or 9 o'clock.—As the brigade emerged from the cover of the timber into an open

field, it was saluted with a severe artillery fire, which tore up the earth, cut off tree-tops and mutilated the men in a shocking manner. The field had many dead trees still standing, though sapless and leafless, and whenever a cannon ball or shell struck one of these, wood and iron scattered about in dreadful profusion.—The brigade was not accustomed to an "open field fight" and the terrible noise of the missiles, more than their destructiveness, affected more or less the nerves of the whole command. When about half way across this open space, the brigade was halted for some reason, a few moments. While at a halt, a private in one of the companies was seized with a violent chill, and by order of his captain was placed on a litter and carried swiftly to the rear. A Dutchman, in the same company, observing this and being moved by the diabolical discord of inharmonious sounds made by the bursting shells and hurtling balls, said solemnly to his captain, "och, dunder and blitzen, I would give one thousand tollar for dat *shill*!" He, however, moved bravely on with his regiment and in twenty minutes had his great-toe carried off by a piece of shell. As he was borne to the rear he cried out, with his face all radiant with satisfaction, "danks to Himmel! dis is so better as a *shill*, ya, I gits mine furlough now," and he smacked his lips, as his joy thus found utterance.

It is needless to say that he got his furlough. On its expiration he returned to his regiment and served honorably through the war. He was often heard to say that his toe saved his head.

An officer remarkable for his absent-mindedness was riding on a very slippery road ahead of his staff, when his horse suddenly slipped and fell squarely on his side. Not wishing to be a source

of amusement to the youngsters in the rear he did not look round, but sat in the saddle, till the horse floundered up again. "I have disappointed the boys" thought he. But "the boys," had their revenge. That night as they were gathered around the camp-fire, one of them said, "General, your horse is very muddy." "Yes," replied he, "but he is not hurt, fell in soft mud." "We thought you had not noticed his fall!" "Well boys, you have got the better of me after all."

We have received a verbal account of the mortal wounding of the intrepid cavalry leader, General J. B. Gordon. Sheridan was attempting to capture Richmond by a sudden dash in the rear of Lee's army. Gordon had succeeded in throwing his own command into Richmond and had taken post at Brooke Church. To encourage the local troops, by his presence and example, he rode out to the skirmish line with one single attendant, John Moore, a gallant young man of Gaston county, North Carolina. The two while riding slowly along the line of infantry were exposed to the concentrated fire of the enemy. Gordon at length turned to young Moore and said calmly, "I am wounded bring a surgeon to me *here*, I cannot leave my post to go to him." When Moore returned with the surgeon the local troops had retreated and Gordon was alone, lying on his back holding with his unwounded arm the bridle of his horse, which, frightened by the whizzing of the balls, was plunging wildly around him. Gordon was lifted on him and held by his two friends. The enemy was firing very rapidly, but with bad aim at the three as they retired. Moore received a dozen balls in his cloth-

ing and equipments, but neither he nor his horse were hurt. As they passed to the rear, Gordon's men hearing of his wound came rushing to him. He spoke cheerfully to them all, said that he was not much hurt, and exhorted them to hold their ground.—Many of the brave fellows never saw their beloved leader again.—The chivalrous officer never led his splendid brigade any more.—He slept his last sleep in the city which he died to save.

A Virginia boy was taunted by some U. S. soldiers with the raggedness of the rebels. "Oh," retorted the lad, "our boys don't put on their store-clothes when they go out to whip yankees, it is too dirty work!"

A lady, Miss M. A. B., writes to us from Charleston, South Carolina, that when General Hampton was complimented as saving Richmond, he replied "it was not due to me but my gallant North Carolina cavalry." In the summer of 1863, Cooke's North Carolina brigade defeated Getty at the North Anna bridge and saved Richmond. The principal fighting then fell upon that fine soldier, Colonel Singletary, of the 44th North Carolina regiment. Richmond did not seem to know her obligations to Cooke, Singletary and Gordon.—We hope that the true historian will do them justice.

The blunders in type are, sometimes, very curious. In the last number of *Haversack*, the manuscript said that the capture of Northern horses had *impaired* the efficiency of the C. S. Cavalry.—The types, on the contrary, said that it had *improved* the efficiency. Until our editorial experience, we did not know the meaning of the word, printer's *devil*.

EDITORIAL.

The report of the Battle of Manassas was sent to this Magazine by Gen. Johnston. The military papers, previously published by us, had never before been in print.— This Report is made an exception to our rule, because of the limited circulation it has hitherto had, and because of the general interest felt in it.

Prof. Henry Reed in his valuable treatise on "English Literature" has some admirable thoughts on cheerfulness and healthful amusements. "It was a wretched delusion when Stoicism strove to stiffen humanity into stone; and so, in later days, there was a like wrong when Puritanism looked black upon natural, healthful, innocent cheerfulness, frightening the joyous temper of a people with a frown, which I believe to this day haunts the race both in Britain and America, to an extent which is irrational, unchristian, and of course injurious, by abandoning what is festive to the world's keeping, instead of retaining them under better and safer influences. It was Wesley, I believe, who said that he had no idea of allowing the devil to monopolize all the good tunes; and it is certain that the same personage (I don't mean Wesley) will be ready enough to furnish to the needs of men holidays of his own contriving, if no other provision be made for what is a lawful and natural craving of toiling humanity. There will be, too, a literature of wicked wit to fascinate and poison men, unless that of a truthful and healthful kind be cultivated."

The felt want of amusement has been exhibited in all countries and in all ages of the world. The feasts of the Israelites, the gamee of the Greeks, Romans and other

nations of antiquity provided for this want. The British, the most serious and conservative people in Europe, are the most boisterous and irreverent in their sports.— The sober, plodding Germans have their national pastimes and diversions. Great thinkers have felt the need of some consolation during the toils of study, or of some relaxation from its drudgery.— Bacon composed to the sound of sweet music and while inhaling the most fragrant of perfumes.— Luther, when wearied with labor, played on some musical instrument or read Esop's fables. And so we might multiply instances, but a notable case in point will happily illustrate the whole.— When the Bowery boy hit Butler in the stomach with an apple while attempting to address a crowd in New York, the great chieftain said that he, (B. F. B.) who had smelt gunpowder, was not afraid of a city rabble. That sprightly French paper the *Renaissance* of New Orleans says that "the apple was the only thing in the shape of a bullet, to which the General had ever been exposed."

The incident is very instructive as corroborating the views of Prof. Reed. The Bowery boy after the wearisome labor of the day, wanted a little fun that night, and so he threw the apple as a joke, intimating that as the General had the spoons, he was prepared to enjoy *apple-sauce*. Butler in his reply showed himself to be vastly more jocose than the Bowery boy. In fact that little myth about smelling gunpowder is the richest piece of fun ever got up on this continent. When Dr. Hoge, of Richmond, Va., told Carlyle that the good people of New York were hanging negroes upon the lamp-posts, while the armies of the

Union were fighting for their liberation, the eccentric Scotchman laughed till the tears ran down his cheeks and pronounced it "the grimest joke of all the ages."—But there is a raciness about Butler's joke, which gives it the pre-eminence over all the good things ever said by all the wits in America. Wearied with burning the imperial city, Nero refreshed himself with playing the fiddle.—Tired with tearing Christians limb from limb, that other Roman monster recreated himself with pulling off the legs and heads of flies. So Benjamin, exhausted with bloody speeches and bloody threats against the people of the South, seeks diversion in a huge joke.—We regard his witticism as the most eloquent and effective plea ever made for popular amusement. Nothing could more effectually demonstrate the necessity of occasional facetiousness, in order to refresh and reinvigorate the over-taxed brain. The bow kept constantly bent will become loose and worthless. The over-used spoon will at length hold no *pap*.

"Are the Yankees dying out?" is the heading of an article in the *Boston Pilot*. It seems that Dr. Nathan Allen, of Lowell, Mass., has been giving some startling statistics in an address upon "the perpetuation and improvement of human stock."

The lecture will serve to explain a remarkable fact noticed all over the South, viz: that since emancipation, not one-fifth as many negro children have been born as in the same period in former years. Oh, ye school-marms of Massachusetts, when will the full results of your teachings be known!

"The district to which Dr. Allen's inquiries apply has been settled about 200 years, and its history will include some six generations. From actual examination, it is found that the families composing the first generation averaged eight children each; the next three generations averaged about seven to each family; the fifth generation about

four and a half, and the sixth less than three for each family; while the generation now coming upon the stage is not doing so well as that. 'What a change,' moralizes the doctor, 'as to the size of the family now and in former times!—Then large families were common—now it is the exception; then it was rare to find married persons having only one, two, and three children—now it is very common! Then it was regarded as a calamity for a married couple to have no children; but now we find such calamities on every side of us—in fact, they are fashionable!' Dr. Allen finds, from a census of the State in 1765—just one hundred years ago—that almost one-half of the population in the towns he has already alluded to was under fifteen years of age, but now there is not one-fifth of the American population made up from this class. 'If there shall continue to be every year,' concludes the doctor, 'more deaths than births—if the families now upon the stage average less than three children each, and these in each successive generation have, on an average, a less and less number—if only about three-fifths of those born even live to an adult age, to say nothing about the decrease in marriages, it is pretty evident that the Yankee race is destined to run out.'"

The *Boston Pilot* goes on to explain the cause of the decline in native-born population and thus mildly alludes to it:

"These, certainly, are facts calculated to arrest the attention—not only of the political economist, but the moralist. It cannot be said that the general vigor of the race is deteriorating, for the average duration of human life is greater than it was a century ago; but that a habit of lax morality, especially among females, in using means to destroy conception, has grown up in our community. If this is not so, how does it happen that of the 35,445 births in Massachusetts, in 1860, more than one-half were children of foreign parents—that is, that 250,000 foreigners produced more children than 1,000,000 of the native-born! The reflections of Dr. Allen suggest some curious results that are likely to be realized. 'If,' says the *Springfield Republican*, 'this decrease of native population, and rapid increase of foreigners is to go on, it will not take many years to produce a radical change in the population of Massachusetts, and the State will pass into the control of citizens of other nationalities and another religion.' The *Republican* does not attempt to disguise one of the reasons we have suggested for the decrease in the native population, and argues that 'it is owing, in some degree, to the monstrous modern devices by which maternity is evaded.'"

It is not strange that the sins of the South should press heavily upon the consciences of this immacu-

late people. It is not strange that they should teach their negro peo- the same lessons they have practised themselves.

A friend once related to the writer of this an incident, which occurred in the U. S. Senate, when there were statesmen in the then dignified body of men. Mr. Calhoun was making one of his close, compact, logical arguments when he discovered by the Speaker's eye that he was not understood. Seeing the same look of vacancy on the countenances of other Senators, he turned and addressed himself to Mr. Webster. An answering gleam of intelligence from the face of the great "Expounder" shewed him that he was followed. He would occasionally stop until a nod from Mr. Webster assured him that all was comprehended. Thus the communing continued for nearly an hour between these mighty minds, no one else comprehending the subject under discussion. It was a strange and impressive scene, and none like it may ever be expected to be witnessed in the same locality again. Will the themes ever again be so lofty and the handling of them so profound as to put them beyond the reach of the common mind?

Although the two great statesmen above alluded to differed essentially in their views of the theory and policy of Government, yet on many subjects their opinions were the same. In speaking of the abolitionists, Mr. Webster said :

"If these infernal fanatics and abolitionists ever get the power in their hands, they will over ride the Constitution, set the Supreme Court at defiance, change and make laws to suit themselves, lay violent hands on those who differ with them in opinion and dare question their infallibility, and finally bankrupt the country and deluge it in blood."

Any one will be struck with the resemblance between this prediction and many similar ones made by Mr. Calhoun. When Massachusetts glories in the fame of her

great lawyer, orator and statesman, does she ever think of his prophecy? Does she remember in her fierce tirade against slavery that she first introduced slaves from Africa? Does she ever reflect in her holy zeal against rebels, traitors and secessionists that she was the first to broach the doctrine of secession on this continent? When the purchase of Louisiana was under discussion in Congress in 1803, a member from Massachusetts said, "if this bill pass, the Union is virtually dissolved; and as it will be the duty of some of the States, so it will be with all to prepare for a separation; amicably if we can; forcibly if we must." This was seventeen years after the rebellion of Daniel Shays and shows that the rebellious spirit was still rife in his State; exhibited more forcibly, too, by the other fact that all his persecutors were forever under the ban in Massachusetts. Eleven years later, in 1814, this rebel-hating State took the lead in the Hartford Convention and boldly preached the doctrine of State-rights and resistance to arbitrary power in the central Government. Listen to the language then used. *"The sovereignty reserved to the States, was reserved to protect the citizens from acts of violence committed by the United States, as well as for purposes of domestic regulation. We spurn the idea that the free, sovereign and independent State of Massachusetts is reduced to a mere municipal corporation, without power to protect its people or to defend them from oppression, from whatever quarter it comes. Wherever the national compact is violated, and the citizens of this State oppressed by cruel and unauthorized enactments, this Legislature is bound to interpose its power, and to wrest from the oppressor its victim. This is the spirit of our Union."*

It is not clear whether the remedy here proposed against Federal

aggression is nullification or secession, but it is very plain that Massachusetts was eighteen years ahead of South Carolina in declaring the doctrine of State sovereignty. The good people of Massachusetts cannot denounce the sin of slavery and of treason and rebellion without stultifying their past record and casting odium upon the memory of their ancestors. We can not believe in the sincerity of their present professions. It is not the Southern *rebel* but the Southern *man* whom they hate.—It is not a Government protecting the rights and interests of the whole people, which they love, but a Government fattening them with protective tariffs and with fishing and navigation bounties. Their nationality has no broader reach than the love of the little boy. "Whom do you love, Tommy?" "Me loves me." "Whom else do you love, Tommy?" "Me loves Tommy!" Self is the first and self is the last object of idolatry with the philanthropist of Boston and Cape Cod. He is fiercely national just now, because the nation panders to his interests. But let his civil rights or his property be interfered with, and he will speedily revive the old doctrine of State-rights, State-sovereignty, nullification and secession. The parent will love his own child, though the world frown upon that child. Her own offspring must still be dear to Massachusetts.

- And here we must give credit to this glorious State for an expression, which has given offence to some of our readers, who write to us you must not use that word "rebel." The early impressions of childhood are hard to efface. We had then read how Massachusetts most honored two "rebels," John Hancock and Samuel Adams, who were especially excepted from the "Amnesty Proclamation." We read too, how Virginia revered the rebel

Washington, the rebel Henry, the rebel Jefferson and hundreds of others. In our innocence, the epithet did not seem a discreditable one, and 'tis hard to get rid of the old association of ideas of rebellion with courage, patriotism, and unselfishness. We are teachable, however, and will try to learn the modern lesson. The big blacksmith allowed his wife to flog him, because he said, it pleased her and did not hurt him. If the word "rebel" pleases our "late enemies" and does us no harm, why not let them enjoy it? They need a little fun as well as Butler and the Bowery boy.

Mrs. Spencer in her "Last Ninety Days" has refreshed our mind about a historical fact, which we had forgotten, viz: that the celebrated Albert Gallatin took an active part in the "Whiskey Insurrection." Mr. Gallatin after this rebellion, became a member of the Lower House of Congress, Senator of the United States, one of the Commissioners to Ghent, Secretary of the U. S. Treasury, Minister of the United States successively at the Courts of France, the Netherlands and Great Britain. In short, the ex-rebel was one of the most highly honored men in the history of the Government against which he rebelled. As Mrs. Spencer's book is destined to run through many editions, we hope that she will supply an important omission in the future issues. She has not told us how Mr. G. was "reconstructed." Were the rebel buttons cut off his coat? Did he take the "amnesty oath?" Was he put on "probation" awhile? As he was engaged in a "whiskey insurrection," was the temperance pledge forced upon him and did he promise to drink no more whiskey? These are all interesting questions to us poor unpardoned rebels. We have no Congressional, no Cabinet and no Diplomatic aspirations; but we want to

harmonize and to be reconstructed, and we are all willing to be "put through" (as the classic Mr. Brownlow expresses it,) just as Mr. Gallatin was put through.—There may be some little grumbling with some of our military leaders, about the temperance pledge; but with the present scarcity of greenbacks in Dixie and with the high price of whiskey, we hope that even that will be swallowed since the *other thing* cannot be. Mrs. Spencer will oblige thousands of readers in this part of the would-be United States by explaining Mr. Gallatin's loyalizing process.

We have received a letter from two "intelligent" freedmen (we had almost written "contrabands") quite complimentary to the Southern proclivities of this Magazine, and enclosing ten dollars in Confederate money for two copies. Now since the Editor became a loyal citizen there is nothing about the dead Confederacy, which he has so consistently and uniformly repudiated and despised as the rebel currency. He never feels so truly repentant of the rebellion, as when he sees a pile of these "promises to pay," laid away in a closet, until Maximilian shall redeem them, according to the vague intimation of Bill Arp. But if his colored friends doubt his present fealty to the United States, he offers to exchange these ten dollars of the odious rebel money for five dollars in loyal green-backs. The letter is post-marked "Greensboro, N. C." but the heading within is "Grinsbury." This may only indicate a little *green*-ness in spelling, but we think that it has a deeper significance. The negro used to be full of fun, jokes, frolic and *grins*. He is now gloomy, morose and unhappy. His *grins* are all *buried* and therefore *Grins-*

bury is a significant name for any locality, where the poor creature may be. There may be another meaning attached to it. We know that when "the man and brother" can spell, he usually spells the Bureau (of blessed memory) thus, *bury*. Grins-bury may then only be a new name for the "Blessed Bureau,"—a Bury or Bureau of grins and of fun-poking at the honest fanatic and true friend of the negro. It may be a huge joke, but how grim a one to the unfortunate African can never be known by the world, till we get Mrs. Stowe's life of the saint of Newbern, N. C., Parson Fritz.—We hope that the biography of this "Apostle of Liberty" will not long be kept back from the public. It will interest the humanitarian to learn how this godly Parson could hang up "a man and a brother" by the thumbs for hours under a sultry summer sun, and then smack his lips with holy thankfulness that he was not such an one as the poor publican, an ex-slave holder. "Oh liberty! how many crimes have been committed in thy name!" "Oh false philanthropy, thou child of the pit of darkness, how much awful wickedness meets thy approving smile!" Satan is never so powerful for mischief as when "transformed into an angel of light." Oh, Grins-bury! founded in wisdom, piety and benevolence, may you never transform the *grins* of a once happy people into *groans* of despair!

It has been suggested that the reverend Jacobins from the South do not talk politics with their new allies, (as intimated in our last No.) but discuss only *spirit*-ual subjects. We are inclined to think that this is very likely; but at the same time, we have our doubts as to the correctness of the spelling of the last syllable of the above adjective.

BOOK NOTICES.

DISCOURSES OF REDEMPTION.—

By Rev. Stuart Robinson,
Louisville, Ky., A. Davidson.

This is a great book, great in conception, plan and arrangement; great in the unfolding of evangelical truths, and great in what Cower, speaking of Milton, calls "the majestic simplicity of language." It is refreshing in these days when so-called divines are mad after something new and startling to be led back into the old paths and to be told the precious old truths in a simple and intelligible manner. There are whole chapters worthy of the genius of the elder Alexander, and expressed in his clear unadorned style. There is nothing in the book to gratify the morbid longing after novelty, but every thing to meet the wish of the earnest inquirer after the teachings of the Scriptures. The undisguised sectarianism of the volume will make it all the more acceptable to the writer's own denomination.— But we are disposed to regret that a book so full of lofty thoughts and noble views should contain expressions which will make it less acceptable to those of a different creed. There is enough of common ground in the great doctrine of redemption for all to occupy, who love the Lord Jesus in sincerity and truth. The works of Dr. Archibald Alexander, which have been most blessed to other denominations have not done the less good to his own.— The 14th Discourse on the Crucifixion of Jesus is full of pathos, piety, and earnest gospel truth. We wish that the whole world could read it, the sceptic and believer, the godless and the devout. The christian would be comforted, the infidel would be awed, if not convinced. Sure-

ly, the most hardened could not read this description of the scene of love and sorrow without adoring reverence for the spotless sufferer.

Our limits forbid us from giving more than one extract from this valuable book, but that is one of vast importance to the clergy and to the church of our Lord Jesus Christ. "Preach,—not learning, philosophy, ethics, political economy—but 'the gospel.' And fashion your gospel, not to the aesthetics of the refined, with stilted rhetorical step; not to the whimsical demands of the caviller with learned air; not to the exactions of the scientific sceptic with profound philosophic phrase. Aim at the capacities of the masses; the poor in spirit, poor in learning, poor in taste; and whatever the schools may think, the gospel from you 'made the power of God unto salvation,' shall certify your skill 'as workmen that need not be ashamed.' The two grand requisites of the preacher's office are, therefore, first, that he preach the gospel, nothing else; second, a gospel addressed to the capacities of the masses."

Would that the clergy every where could hear and would heed this solemn advice. Who can hear without loathing and disgust a sermon, when it is plain that the speaker is preaching himself and not his Master, and is more concerned about the smoothness of his periods and the gracefulness of his gestures, than about the salvation of souls? Poor vain fool! better; a million times better, for him and for the world, had he never been born. But, oh! what a fearful responsibility will be upon him, if instead of preaching a gospel of peace and love, he stirs up his people to "hatred, malice and

all uncharitableness." Who can doubt that the war, which has so desolated the land and corrupted the morals of the people, was excited by the political preachers? Not upon the politicians, but upon these prophets of Belial rests the accountability for this ocean of blood. The writer of this never heard a political sermon before the war, only one during it, and he has heard none since. There are but few Southern churches, which would permit their pulpits to be desecrated and their Sabbaths to be profaned by such wickedness.

THE COTTON QUESTION. By Wm. J. Barbee, M. D., of DeSoto County, Miss. New York, Metropolitan Office, 1866.

This is a book of real, sterling value. We can not see how the inexperienced planter, beginning for the first time the culture of cotton will be able to succeed without some such guide. To a man of this class, the book would be worth fifty times the cost of it.—Here he will find the history of cotton, a description of the soil best adapted to its growth, instructions in regard to its culture, an account of the diseases to which it is subjected, and elegant plates showing the shape, size and appearance of the insects, which destroy it. The book has been prepared after consulting the best authorities, the geological surveys of four cotton States, DeBow's Review, Wilson's Ornithology, Audubon's quadrupeds of America, &c., &c. If there is any more trust-worthy and instructive book on the subject of cotton, we have not had the pleasure of seeing it. There is only one deficiency, which we regret. Among his pictures of the "*enemies of cotton*," why has not the author given us a likeness of the big enemy, the "*Blessed Bureau*?" Has he slyly done this in the central figure of the plate facing page 160? Is that big, ugly worm with the rapacious mouth

intended to be the representative? The mouth looks greedy enough to have swallowed many a "*fine*"—leaf of cotton.

We have received from R. Sterling, Esq., of Greensboro, N. C., the first five volumes of "*OUR OWN SERIES*" of *SOUTHERN SCHOOL BOOKS*. These are all beautifully printed, on excellent paper and are very handsomely illustrated. We are delighted with everything about the "*SERIES*." The matter is excellent and the method admirable. The books deserve a place in every primary school in the country. We endorse them most cordially.

HISTORY OF THE REFORMATION IN THE TIMES OF CALVIN. By J. H. Merle D'Aubign's, Robert Carter and Brothers, N. York.

We have received from the American publishers four handsome volumes with the above title. Doubtless, they will be as acceptable to Protestant readers, as the previous works of the same author, of the Reformation in Germany under Luther. In the preface, the author says that he has made an arrangement with the Messrs. Carter for the publication of an American edition, of his *History of the Reformation in Switzerland*, and earnestly implores American publishers not to get up "*pirated*" editions of his works. We hope that this appeal will not be in vain. A surreptitious edition would be a double wrong, a fraud upon both Publisher and Author. The four volumes are in the very best style of American publication.

From Robert Carter and Brothers, we have received quite a valuable set of books all got up in the most creditable manner.—In the next No. of the Magazine, we hope to notice them more at length. For the present, we can only give their names.

HYMNS OF FAITH AND HOPE.—
Horatio Bonar, D. D.

GOD'S WAY OF HOLINESS. Ho-
ratus Bonar, D. D.

THE BOW IN THE CLOUD. J. R.
MacDuff, D. D.

THE PATHWAY OF PROMISE.

ABLE TO SAVE.

HEAVEN OPENED. Mrs. Mary
Winslow, edited by her son Oc-
tavius Winslow, D. D.

MORNING AND NIGHT WATCHES.
J. R. MacDuff, D. D.

MIND AND WORDS OF JESUS. J.
R. MacDuff, D. D.

VOICES OF THE SOUL. Rev. John
Reid.

NOTES ON GENESIS. Melancthon
W. Jacobus.

We have as yet, given a very superficial examination of these elegantly finished volumes, but we have read enough to satisfy us of the great merit of them all except that by Rev. John Reid.

The three volumes of MacDuff reached us on the night of a sore bereavement. We have found them very precious.

IN MEMORIAM is a neat pamphlet containing the Resolutions and Addresses in the Legislature of South Carolina, upon the announcement of the death of the noble General Elliott, the hero of Fort Sumter.

It was the privilege of the writer of this to know General E. and there was not one in the Confederate service, whom he more enthusiastically admired. Brave as a lion, modest as a girl, conscientious as a martyr of the primitive church, untiring in the discharge of duty, he had the respect of his seniors in rank, and the love of his own men.

One incident is mentioned in one of these addresses, which the

writer heard from the General's own lips. At the close of the war, he found himself without money and his magnificent estate in the possession of the "Blessed Bureau." In sight of his own house, he for months procured a livelihood for his wife and children by his own labor as a fisherman.—The fish were sold to the yankee soldiers, who, he said, always treated him with great respect, addressed him as General and never seemed to think that the cause of the Union would be put in peril by the brass buttons on his coat. He spoke of these months as the happiest of his life. Gen. Foster, who had been his antagonist at Sumter, made personal exertions to secure his pardon and reinstatement to his property. This only shows that the really brave are ever magnanimous. The malignant and rancorous men are the bummers and the "bottled up."

THE MYRTLE AND PALM is a beautiful prize poem delivered before the St. Louis Relief Association. It will take rank next to **BEECHENROOK** among the rare gems produced by the war. It is for sale by Matt. R. Cullen, of St. Louis.

We have received the **CONSTITUTION** and **BY LAWS** of the **TENNESSEE ORPHAN ASYLUM SOCIETY**. Mrs. G. A. Henry, of Clarksville, Tenn. is the President. To become a member, an annual payment of \$5 is required; for life-membership, a single payment of \$25; for honorary membership, a single payment of \$100. The object of the Society is "the parental guardianship of children left orphans and destitute by the casualties of war." With all our heart, we commend the noble enterprise.

DEBOW'S REVIEW, Nashville, Tennessee, \$6 per annum.

We welcome among our exchanges this old favorite of the public. Nothing has ever been

published in this country equal to it in point of statistical ability, and perhaps, no other periodical has ever contained so much valuable information. It is really wonderful that any one at the South should give the preference to Harper, with its slanders on our people and its trashy tales, when they might choose a review, which could not fail to instruct, elevate and refine all who read it.

THE RICHMOND ECLECTIC is published at Richmond, Va., price \$4 in advance. Edited by gentlemen of commanding talents and refined taste, and containing the cream of the foreign periodicals, this Monthly cannot fail to be an object of interest and pride to the whole South. It will contain pictures of the religious, social and political condition of the old world, which can be found no where else. We have been especially interested in

the "English Pulpit," the "Paris Exhibition" and the "Colosseum." We predict for the Eclectic unparalleled success.

SCOTT'S MONTHLY, Atlanta Geo., \$5 per annum.

This is a beautifully printed Magazine and has an able corps of writers. We observe the names of Hayne, Timrod, Fanny Fielding and others well-known to the world of letters. The enterprise of Atlanta is truly wonderful. A little more than two years ago, to restore the Union and advance the interests of humanity, it was found necessary to sack and burn the city. Handsome and substantial houses have sprung up over the ashes of desolate homes, trade has revived, business is flourishing, and in this Monthly, and the "Ladies Home," literature is ably represented. Well done for the "Gate City." Truly, work is king.

Concord Female College, STATESVILLE, N. C.

In the N. C. Presbyterian of September 26th, an article was published over the signature of "Amicus." I invite attention to an extract from that article. "If wholesome discipline, devotion to the cause of education, skill and experience in teaching will secure success, then the Faculty of this Female College have all the elements of success. There is no institution where the mental culture, the health, the morals, and the manners of the pupils are more looked after and cared for."

The next Session will commence on the second Monday of January, 1867. Each boarder will find her own lights and towels, and also a pair of sheets and pillow cases. The entire expense of Tuition and Board, including washing, for a Session of Twenty Weeks, will be from \$115 to \$125, currency. Extra charges will be made for Music, French, Latin and Drawing. Advance payments will be expected, yet the greatest possible indulgence will be given our patrons. A large patronage is *needed, desired and expected.*

Address,

J. M. M. CALDWELL,

January, 1867. 6

Statesville, N. C.

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CHARLOTTE, N. C.

Rev. A. G. STACY, A. M. Principal.

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For circular, address

A. G. STACY,

January, 1867.

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CHARLOTTE, N. C.

MILFORD, TEXAS.

THE LAND WE LOVE.

NO. IV.

FEBRUARY, 1867.

VOL. II.

MAXIMILIAN AND HIS EMPIRE.

For once the world is presented with the novelty of a grand political mistake on the part of his Imperial Majesty of France.

To see the ultimate fate of the Empire of Mexico, does not require the eye of a seer,—or to tell it, the tongue of a prophet. Five words will relate it. It will prove a failure. Not because Juarez and his party are too strong; not because Maximilian cannot raise men and means enough to maintain himself against the Liberals *alone*; and not for lack of a strong native support for the new-made sovereign: but because the United States will, indirectly, hurl upon him a weight that will crush him; or, if indirect means fail, will do it openly, in the broad light of day.

But whether, recognizing a fact that is palpable, the French Emperor will let his project fail at once and thereby confess his blunder candidly—or whether he will sustain it for some years longer, hoping for another great convulsion here, when he may rectify his error, and seek, by diplomacy and arms, to interpose a barrier between the Rio Grande and the United States, does require a prophet to tell: for the Emperor Napoleon knows how to keep his own counsel. He may be deba-

ting whether it will be more graceful to acquiesce and acknowledge a failure now, or to do it five,—ten, years hence, perhaps after a war to ease his pride, yielding then “by treaty.”

Or is he watching Washington City with the same hawk-like vigilance with which Mr. Seward is watching him,—only waiting for the iron to become hot again, that he may not fail to strike where he failed to strike before? “*Je n'en sais rien.*” But I do know there is no fault fortune visits more severely than procrastination.—And Napoleon III. is *too late*!

That he ever meant to set up, in Maximilian, a mere puppet for temporary use, no one imagines, and that the debt of Mexicans to Frenchmen was sufficiently great to justify seizure of the whole Republic in payment, or the establishment of an Empire in its stead, no one can suppose he pretended to think, or that he expected to make others believe. His object was to build an Empire; to found a dynasty. His reason, that it was time to gain a foot-hold on this Continent; to have the means of restraining the absolute sway of the United States on this side the Ocean. In other words, he demands a “balance of power” in

America and takes the initiative in its establishment, because he sees a good opportunity and because he claims a voice in the destiny of nations.

He selected well the time to accomplish his design. For had the United States been at peace when the Austrian Archduke landed at Vera Cruz on the 29th May, 1864, she would have gone to war with him and the French with a speed and vigor that would have called forth *all* the power of the latter and their Austrian coadjutors. But the United States had her hands full, and the Confederate States wanted allies, not enemies. Thus the logic was very pretty. Before the North could conquer the South, the new Empire was to become *un fait accompli*, and as such the United States would not attempt to disturb it. On the other hand, should the South succeed, there was his barrier, his breakwater, his ally, provided in the most convenient manner, and no extra trouble to his Majesty.

To recognize the Confederate States and then to form an alliance with them, was to be done only *en dernier ressort*: only when it was seen, too clearly for mistake, that they could not achieve their independence alone. But, so long as they could stagger up to the combat and strike one more blow, so long as the process of mutual exhaustion continued—“*hands off!*” In the end, Maximilian would be all the safer, and to dictate terms to ally and enemy, all the easier.

In watching the American war, he waited for the moment when he could make his position strongest, with the least cost, and he waited some months too long.

Late in April of last year, (1865,) it was said by the American and English papers, that Napoleon had made overtures to England through her minister near his Court, to enter into an alli-

ance to resist any aggression of the United States on this continent: and this proposition was said to have been made upon receipt of the intelligence of the fall of Richmond, the surrender of Lee, and the virtual conclusion of the “civil war” in America.

That he had proposed, long anterior to this, to the same power, to recognize the independence of the Southern Confederacy, is believed to be well ascertained. But the coalition ministry of Great Britain, with Lord Palmerston and Earl Russel as its head, refused. Lord Palmerston was not averse: but he needed Lord Russel’s support for his hobby—viz: his policy with regard to British India, its development, &c., and that was to be had only on condition of his sustaining the other’s fanaticism in regard to slavery and his toadyism to the United States. So the failure of the first proposition from France, was but the fore-runner of the failure of the second: and in both instances Napoleon feared to act alone. He forgot that to work his will among nations he must only fear *failure*; and he did not appreciate that in attaining that goal, a blunder is more fatal than a crime.

To suppose that he did not see that it was of vital importance to have, if he could, a friendly power between Mexico and her arrogant neighbor, is to suppose him blind. Had he acted for himself when he proposed his alliance with England, and *immediately* entered into one with General Kirby Smith and what remained of the Confederacy in the “Trans-Mississippi Department,” putting an army there to back it, he might, possibly, have been in time, even at that late day. At all events, it was his only chance: he neglects it, and his last throw was gone.

The “so-called” Confederate States are so-called no longer, but are re-absorbed into the United States as tributaries and provinces

thereof. Let us point out what Maximilian has lost by this conclusion of the struggle, and why.

That Napoleon III. could, during the war, have claimed the right to look after national destiny here, it is to be presumed he knew. Sovereigns never lack information that will afford them pretexts for doing what they want to do.

Napoleon I, amidst "*le bien qu'il voulait faire à l'humanité*," was not unmindful of this Continent; to have ignored so vast a theatre of action, would have been un-Napoleonic. It is true that in 1803, when he was "Consul for life," he ceded the Louisiana territory to the United States; but this was not through choice, but of necessity. He had already obtained the retro-cession of all this territory and "West Florida" in addition, from Spain, by the treaty of San Ildefonso, in 1795; and so far from contemplating it as a barren possession, he had made every preparation to fill it with troops under Marshal Victor. England and her allies gave him use for this armament at home—blocking it up in the Dutch ports—and his exchequer had need of the money (\$15,000,000,) which Thomas Jefferson, then President of the U. S., offered, and eventually paid, for this vast territory.

Its vastness will be comprehended when it is remembered that it comprised the present States of Louisiana, Arkansas, Missouri, Iowa, most of Minnesota, Nebraska, Kansas and Indian Territory. In addition to that, a large part of two other States was acquired by the same treaty, which declared that the territory was ceded to the United States, with the same boundaries it had when ceded by Spain to France. Under that declaration the United States claimed all the country from the Perdido river, on the East, to the Pearl, on the West, then known as West-Florida, and in 1811 they occupied the important points with

troops. In 1817-'19 Alabama and Mississippi, formed out of West-Florida and the territory north of it, part of which had belonged to Georgia, stepped into the Union.

In "interfering," therefore, in the adjustment of nationalities on this Continent, Napoleon III. could have been, or, in regard to Mexico, is, but treading in the footsteps of his illustrious uncle. It is Augustus re-conquering Egypt; the great mistake in the role is that he commenced too far South, on the one hand, and was too late in strengthening his position, on the other: the first error is one of geography—the second, of chronology.

In his geography, the Emperor mistook the Gulf of California for the Gulf of Mexico—Cape St. Lucas for Cape Sable. With Mexico France had no ground to interfere to the extent of subverting one government in order to establish another upon its ruins, save on the assumption of a general guardianship of the destinies of weaker powers: and on this ground, the United States may, in the same way, reorganize Cuba or Central America; nay, on the same ground, she may claim the right to restore republican institutions in Mexico itself.

But with the fate of Louisiana and the other States mentioned, Napoleon had a far clearer right of arbitrament, in the forum of international law. For nations, treaties are the title-deeds and history the registration office, for their territories. If the treaty by which Louisiana was ceded by France, be violated by the United States, the former has the right to demand either explanation or damages, or to claim a revulsion of the territory. Just as the violation, by one party, of the terms of a deed of bargain and sale, entitles the other to redress, or renders the contract void.

Now one of the stipulations of the treaty between Jefferson and

Napoleon the Consul was, *that the relation then existing between the races, should not be altered, except by consent of the population in said territory.* This stipulation was violated on the part of the United States, both by an Executive proclamation and a change in fundamental law; and no consent asked from, or remuneration tendered to, the populations.

Now Napoleon I., in this provision, was no less regardful of the blacks than of the whites,—subjects whom he was bartering away. If his nephew had chosen to interfere to vindicate the treaty and to maintain the *status* of the two races, he could have done so upon the ground that there was reserved to him, by treaty, a voice in their destiny. When, therefore, the Federals, in freeing the slaves of this Louisiana territory, *destroyed* a number of them variously estimated at from sixty to three hundred thousand souls, in two years, in the name of liberty enslaving the whites and in the name of humanity annihilating the blacks, Napoleon might legitimately have interfered, and, grasping the treaty, have demanded a restitution of those safe guards his uncle threw around the white and colored French whom he sold.

But again: Mr. Jefferson who consummated the purchase of Louisiana, was the father of the States-Rights school of politics; he was the vindicator of State-Sovereignty and the right of secession. He wrote the celebrated Virginia resolutions of 1788—'89 with Mr. Madison's pen, and the still more emphatic Kentucky resolutions of '89 with his own pen. About the time that he bought Louisiana, he declared in a letter, afterwards published, that if the States to be formed out of this territory should, after they became Sovereign States, choose to secede, they would, under the treaty and the Constitution, be at liberty to do so. The argument he was pur-

suing in that letter, it is needless to refer to; the fact is what we want. His view of the future relation of these populations to the Union, was well known; and the same view was, beyond doubt, communicated to the mind of Napoleon I. It is not to be presumed that he would utter and publish his construction of the transaction, without knowing and considering therein the views of the other party. Therefore, to destroy the sovereignty of these States, was to violate the treaty in a second point, and Napoleon III. had a historic, a stipulated right to inquire into this matter.

But the Emperor's second mistake, was one of chronology; an anachronism which he cannot now correct. There is nothing so irretrievable as lost opportunities.—For him to defer a treaty of alliance, as he did, with these States, was to give Lee and Johnston and their armies to the cause of a single American empire as opposed to a division of power on this continent. It was to transfer the power of the Confederacy from Canada and Mexico, to the United States.

In regard to Canada, the policy of the imperious Republic was plainly declared in a letter from Hon. R. J. Walker, a reputed secret agent sent to that Province by the American Government in 1864. While Canada is content to remain a province of Britain, the United States will not interfere, so long as England behaves herself; but the moment Canada demands separation, the United States will step in to vindicate the doctrine of geographical unities, and annex her to themselves; that is, having just combated and overcome the natural right of secession claimed by the Southern States, they will enforce this right in behalf of Canada against Great Britain.

But their policy in regard to Mexico is more unequivocal and

far more threatening. If there be one sentiment common to the whole North, from the Susquehanna to the St. Lawrence, it is that the French are to be expelled from Mexico, and republican institutions reestablished there.—I leave the South and its sentiments out of the question, because the Southern States are but ciphers, and it is the other section that dictates the policy of the whole. Indeed, the feeling of the South may be said to be that of the coldest, most apathetic indifference as to the fate of the Empire. They have seen the blind blunder of France, and they laugh at it now with a bitter laughter. A year-and-a-half ago they were less indifferent.

But throughout the whole North, in the cars, on the street, in the saloons, on the hustings, in the pulpit, everywhere, for once the politician finds a policy from which no voice dissents. This expulsion is, to the Northern mind, what the proposition that a straight line is the shortest distance between two points is to the mathematician: he hesitates whether to class it among demonstrative or axiomatic truths. Space only permits me to give the heads of the arguments, as an American would make it, and from which the demonstration should proceed to the French mind.

First, and before all, stands the *Monroe Doctrine*. The American calls this emphatically his *doctrine*; that is, his faith, his political religion. Originating, it is said, with Mr. Clay, a Whig, it was promulgated as a political formula by a Democrat, Mr. Monroe; re-affirmed by Jackson and Polk, radicals and war men. It received, in the Clayton-Bulwer treaty, the sanction of Fillmore and Everett, the most eminently peaceful of conservatives. Thus all parties have endorsed, all believe in, none will abandon it.

Second, *Republican Institutions*. "Revolutions tread no step back-

ward." To establish republican institutions in America was a revolution; and the American mind has adopted, as a part of its religion, that neither principalities, nor powers, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature shall prevail against those institutions. Now, for monarchy to supplant republicanism is, say they, a relapse. It is to turn back the current of progress; nay, the wheels of time itself. It is putting old wine into new bottles. It is as if slavery should reclaim the empire of free labor, or polygamy supplant christian marriage.—And Maximilian can no more withstand the advance of the Anglo-American into Mexico than can Brigham Young forestall christianity in Utah. "Sire," exclaims the United States to Napoleon, "did we ask you to dethrone Victor Emanuel, or to erect the Principalities into a representative democracy, or to establish free suffrage in Venice? Then, if we did not interfere with your disposition for the order of Europe, why should you interfere with republican institutions in America? No! Once, for all time, we must teach France, England and the world that Americans can and *will* govern America!" And that is the voice of the people and the government.

Third, *Mr. Seward*. If the American Premier is not a diplomatist, then has Machiavelli written and Richelieu lived in vain.—National honor is to him a reality, but one which may be held in abeyance; national policy declares itself in action and waits upon opportunity for its development.

Now, what declared this wily statesman when Napoleon's *project* in Mexico began to be fully understood? Let the following letter from his diplomatic correspondence, (with Mr. Adams, Minister to England,) be read, with his own italics, and with the knowledge that, as the thunder-cloud is dark-

est when most fully surcharged with lightning, so the Secretary of State, when most obscure is deepest and most threatening :

"[No. 397.] DEPARTMENT OF STATE,
WASHINGTON, May 3, 1864.

SIR :—I thank you sincerely for your dispatch of the 15th of April, (No. 600,) which contains information particularly new and interesting, in regard to the proceedings which have culminated in the departure of the Archduke Maximilian from Trieste, with the intention to establish an imperial monarchy in Mexico. Every thinking observer must be fully satisfied, without special evidence, that those events had their origin in a conspiracy of Mexicans against the independence and freedom of their own country.—Nevertheless, it will be fortunate for the future of Mexico, and for the cause of Republican Government there, if the history of the details you have given me of the conspiracy shall become generally known. You have very clearly explained the motives and sentiments which have induced so many of the influential statesmen and authorities of Europe, to favor the subversion of the Mexican Republic. *All these motives and sentiments resolve themselves into a jealousy of the advancement of the United States.* Their great prosperity and progress have necessarily provoked this political antagonism."

He concludes thus : "I know no other way for us than to contemplate the situation calmly, do our whole duty faithfully, meet every emergency as it rises with prudence, firmness and force, if necessary, and trust in God for a safe issue of the contest."

Now, if in this letter we read for "influential statesmen of Europe," *Napoleon* ; and if the recommendation to "meet every emergency as it rises, with prudence, firmness and force, if neces-

sary," be translated—"let us wait till the rebellion is crushed, and then restore republican institutions in Mexico by arms, if it cannot be done otherwise," we shall then have Mr. Seward's true meaning.

The only wonder is, that, in this instance, the Secretary should have departed from his policy of non-committalism in the Franco-Mexican question till "the rebellion" was "crushed." When Richmond fell, he exclaimed : "*Now the French will be able to get their tobacco!*" A joke with less humor, but more sardonic significance than any ever perpetrated by his late executive chief.

Nor should we omit the correspondence between Mr. Seward and Senor Romero, (whom the Secretary styles "Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary of the United-Mexican States, accredited to the Government of the United States of America,") in relation to the alienation or hypothecation of various Mexican States to France. In this correspondence M. Romero styles the Emperor Maximilian not otherwise than "*the Usurper*," and recalls to the recollection of Mr. Seward the *formal protest of France* against a similar transaction, while on the verge of consummation, between the United States and Mexico, in the spring of 1862. Mr. Seward replies with his usual caution, but with his usual significant intimation of a future adjustment and day of reckoning. He says the document (Senor Romero's letter) shall be placed on file in the archives of the government, as additional evidence of the zeal and ability of the Mexican Minister, "*and for such other uses and purposes as future events may render it necessary to apply it to.*"

Thus does this mercury of a Secretary carefully lay away thunder-bolts for "*Jove's armor-bearer*," the American Eagle, to let fly whenever this immortal bird shall arrive at an understanding with

destiny as to the proper moment to strike Mexico.

Fourth, *the President*. Andrew Johnson, in the conduct of foreign relations, has always identified himself with the Democratic party—the party of progress and propagandism. If the Monroe Doctrine has been to the conservative as the Nicene creed—to the Democrat it has been an inspiration itself, about which no man dare raise a question, save at the price of political damnation. Mr. Johnson is no new convert to this creed, but an old, faithful adherent of it. I have before me none of his speeches referring to this subject, except an extract from one made by him in 1846, in which, speaking of the possibility of encroachment by the British lion, he says, at the conclusion of a contemptuous and threatening denunciation of such a prospect: “We will cause him * * * * to retreat, with the blood dripping from his mane, from a soil that he has dared to pollute by his injurious tread.—We will not track him in blood around the globe, but will drive him forever from this continent.” Nor is he less ready to affirm the same doctrine in any other case. And we may well accredit him with equally warlike proclivities under the blaze of military success and luck illuminating the past year.

He has not, as yet, openly expressed his views upon the case we are now considering. But we must give its full value to the significant fact of Senor Romero’s accompanying, by invitation, the Chief Magistrate in his recent tour through a large portion of the United States; and of his being, everywhere, a prominent and distinguished member of the Presidential party. It is no mere idle, personal civility.

Fifth, *the Senate*. This body, it will be remembered, refused, almost unanimously, to vote an appropriation to support a Minis-

ter to Mexico, without the insertion of the word “*Republic*.”—Now was this done without Mr. Seward’s connivance? He asks an appropriation to support a Minister to Mexico; the Senate, *including his own friends*, amend the bill by making the appropriation only available to support a Minister to the “*Republic of Mexico*.” Behold the sublimity of state-craft! The principle is saved; Maximilian goes unrecognized; the Emperor of France is appeased, for the Executive has done *its* part towards recognition!

Sixth, *the House of Representatives*. A certain prominent member of this body was Henry Winter Davis. A Virginian by birth, he was a Marylander by adoption and a New Englander in sentiment. He was scarcely of middle age, with a handsome, intellectual face, classic head, and possessed of considerable political influence, which was in no degree lessened by his *personnel*. When quite young he published a book called “*Ormuzd and Ahriman*.” It created some sensation and exhibited brilliancy, power and thought. It drew the contrast between the spirit of political good and the spirit of political evil; between the despotic principle, as represented by Russia, and the principle of freedom as represented by this Republic. It fore-pictured a gigantic conflict in which the old *régime* would be arrayed against the new; Monarchy against Republicanism; Europe against America; the world against the United States. And the occasion of all this would be the attempt to reëstablish monarchy on this continent. This book was enthusiastic and sanguine; it was the rhapsody of a youth—but “the boy is father to the man.”

In 1864 we find this individual setting the impress of maturity upon the speculation of boyhood. We find him, while in perfect accord with Mr. Seward, offering a

resolution declaratory, in substance, of the principle that the United States will not submit to the erection of a monarchy upon the ruins of a republic in Mexico, by the aid of European powers.—This resolution was passed by a large majority.

Seventh, *the Press*. This, the mouth-piece of the Northern people, has but one utterance on this subject. Far less unanimity pervaded its tone upon the question of reëstablishing the Union by arms. One has no need of files for illustration. Before me are extracts, made more than a year ago, from some New York dailies. The *Tribune*, the organ of Horace Greely, representing the less violent of the Republican party, says:

"No foreign country will receive the news of our recent victories with greater delight than Mexico. The moment our rebellion is at an end, the war of the national party in Mexico will be prosecuted with new vigor and enthusiasm. Juarez is offering very large bounties to volunteers, which, together with the patriotic wish to aid in the expulsion of a European Prince from the republican soil of America, will place a very respectable army at the disposal of the President of Mexico."

The *World*, the organ of the war democracy, in a lengthy article upon the subject, argues that Maximilian cannot sustain himself in Mexico without France, and concludes in these words:

"While the people of the United States are by no means unfriendly to France, there is a very deep-seated feeling that Napoleon availed himself of our domestic troubles and difficulties, to inaugurate his mission in the new world; and the triumph of our arms will not make us more tolerant of any past grievances and disturbances, arising out of a state of things along our frontier, for which France is chiefly responsible. We must have peace, and adequate

guaranties of peace, along our whole border-line from the Gulf of Mexico to the Gulf of California. If Maximilian and his French allies are unable to afford those guaranties, it is no fault of ours; and the public opinion of christendom will hardly quarrel with us if, in securing them ourselves, we take the liberty of remembering that republics, as well as empires, may have 'missions' to fulfil, and of believing that order may be 'consolidated' by institutions in harmony with our own, as well as by institutions which, now for many years we have sought, by precept and example, to discredit throughout the world."

The *News*, the organ of the peace democracy, declares that "The doom of the Franco-Austrian alliance on this continent is sealed. It is not necessary for the Federal Government to declare the Monroe Doctrine; the people will vindicate it upon their own responsibility."

The *Herald* uses language identical in meaning, and almost so in terms.

The *Times*, then the organ of the ultra war republicans, is quite as emphatic; while the *Philadelphia Press*, the organ of John Forney, announces, with glee, that extensive organizations existed in that city for "emigration" to Mexico, and that the number similarly enrolled in New York already exceeded five thousand.

The *Washington Chronicle*, the organ of the Administration, published the open advertisements of Juarez for emigrants to go to Mexico, while similar advertisements were posted in the cities of the North; and, as one journal significantly adds, "the object is well understood."

Thus, as all branches of the representative government have spoken, so all phases of political sentiment among the people, as represented by their press, concur most heartily in the proposition to

re-establish republican institutions in Mexico. And so government and people speak now. On the 11th September, when the President and party arrived at St. Louis, Mr. Seward, while speaking, in answer to vociferous calls, was asked from the crowd: "how about Mexico?" And his reply, delivered in the presence of Senor Romero, is characteristically cautious, but not enigmatical, save in appearance: "Yes, I will tell you something about Mexico.—Take care of the States you have already got, and when you have secured them, I will talk to you about Mexico." Translated it means: "We have two tasks of reconstruction to perform. The first in the Southern States, the second in Mexico."

So the people press the government, and the government sustains the people. *Cuneus cuneum trudit.*

Lastly, the Army. The sentiment among them was, and is, identical with that of the people. At the time of the surrender a prominent journal stated: "We learn from Washington that a number of Union officers, distinguished for service and gallantry, whose terms have expired, have yielded to flattering overtures made by responsible parties, and accepted commissions in the (Republican) army of Mexico."—Whole regiments of Federal soldiers, we are told, offered, upon their discharge, to go, in their organized form to Mexico; and the paroled soldiers of General Lee's army, were frequently importuned by their late foes, to engage as *emigrants* for the same destination.

Of the mass of the Federal army, Europe furnished a large proportion to America. The United States have used this material against the Confederacy until the latter is subdued. These *immigrants* came hither to fight, as they were deluded into believing, for the perpetuity of free institutions; that is, republican government. Both

officers and men, by the restoration of peace, find their occupation gone. A short space for rest, and the force of habit and the restless activity of idle and vicious life, will demand again the excitement of war. They will not consent to remain at home to become again the "cankers of a calm world and a long peace;" and *may* seek the excitement and vagabond life they want, in first fomenting, then taking part in riots and more exaggerated disturbances than the one whereby the President was lately outraged at Indianapolis; and, finally, in armed strife between the political parties now so bitterly arrayed against each other in the North. The government and its antagonists feel that they are on a slumbering volcano. Its mutterings, even now, are heard. Another relentless war, confined to one section, is not among ridiculous improbabilities. That being the case, the government wants all useless, inflammable material out of the way. Its policy, then, is plain. Let them refuse to recognize Maximilian, if they will, but not declare war against him. They should simply encourage the late army to emigrate to Mexico, and covertly furnish Juarez means to pay and provide for them. The history of Texas shows the wisdom and *profit* of such a scheme.

And upon what ground can Europe consistently complain of this emigration plan? It comports both with the interests and cherished policy of this government, and is one it should instigate, encourage and insure; by it solving a double problem, viz: getting rid of Maximilian and the discharged army.

I repeat, upon what ground can Europe object? Has she not, while professing neutrality in the late struggle, furnished the North, during the four years of the war, with a host of fighting emigrants, who are estimated at not less than

one million men? If Europe has set this host in motion, is there any good reason why the United States should not bid it God-speed? If France, England and Germany sent this *canaille* against the Southern Confederacy, whom they recognized as a belligerent, entitled to enforcement of neutral obligations, may not the United States heave it, with equal justice, upon Mexico, and still be neutral? Can that be a hostile attitude in America, which was a neutral one in Europe?

We remember, bitterly, that it was not to the United States alone that the Southern Confederacy, in the end, succumbed; it was, also, to the whole of Europe. It was to France *added* to the allies of Waterloo, that Jefferson Davis—who unites to the will of Cesar, the purity of Cato, and the piety of the Antonines—abandoned his more than Paris. It was not to Grant that Robert E. Lee, the successor of Washington on the throne of history, delivered up a sword which had lighted to victory his war-tried veterans, on so many battle-fields, against incredible odds. It was to Louis Napoleon, Victoria, and the Dutch and German Princes. Not the overwhelming numbers of the United States only, but the refuse hordes of the combined world, were present when that immortal army, which had walked through Virginia, as the Apostles walked through Galilee, performing miracles, surrendered on the banks of the James. It was to universal Europe, that the "Army of Northern Virginia" laid down its arms, as a brave man full of dignity and inaccessible to fear, lays down his soul!

Thus Europe has, doubtless, been guilty of a grave blunder.—She has contributed one million of men to the cause of American aggression on this continent, and has yielded the principle that the United States, without abandon-

ing the position of strict neutrality between the contending factions in Mexico, may, in turn, contribute this mass, and as many of her own citizens in addition as may choose to "emigrate," to the cause of republicanism in that distracted country.

But to bring this article, already too long, to a close—what has Maximilian lost by the defeat of the Southern cause? And why?

I have proved the necessity of a mighty barrier between his domain and the United States—a mightier one even, than mighty France, separated as she is by three thousand miles of ocean—by showing that the whole United States, (that is, the *actual* United States,) with an overwhelming unanimity never before witnessed upon any political question; a unanimity bursting from every populace, promulged from every press, echoed by every branch of the government—that the *whole power* of the country, is pledged to his expulsion. And beyond all peradventure, beyond all hope of redemption, *Maximilian has lost his Empire.*

But why? If the present aspect of affairs be so threatening, and the radicals so bent on driving the President to the wall, may there not be another war—more terrible than the French Revolution—inaugurated by the Extremists, and carried on, even to annihilating butchery, with Sumner or Stevens for its Robespierre, and Brownlow, the most depraved of polluted infidels, for its Danton? And then may not the French Emperor erect his barrier? No. When an alliance between Napoleon, Maximilian and President Davis would have saved the last two, Napoleon failed to make it; and when he might legitimately have claimed his inherent right to look after the fate, and aid in shaping the destiny of the great territory his uncle sold, he failed to do it. When he could have said: "If Texas has

no right to secede, or revolutionize, from the Union, she had none to secede from Mexico, and Maximilian's title is, at all events, of older record than Abraham Lincoln's or Andrew Johnson's," he failed to say it. When, at the last gasp, he *might* have poured new life into the feeble pulses of the South, and by seizing, with an iron hand, the last chance, even then have established his "balance of power" west of the Mississippi, he failed to seize it. Did he think there was not enough of the Confederacy left there to make a nation or an ally—forgetting that Texas alone is equal in area to France, and that England, his great predecessor's old foe, could be embraced by a single arm of the Mississippi, or set down in a chain of the Rocky Mountains, like a chapel in a church or an oratory in a chapel? Possibly.—But whatever he thought, he lost his opportunity—failed to seize it when he might, and when the South, too, could have reaped its good. The South, therefore, if deadly war in these States do come again, owes no debt of love to either Emperor, and to neither will she give her hand. The materials, therefore, for his barrier are gone, and the rolling flood

from the United States will sweep Maximilian into the sea. How soon this will happen, depends, in a great degree, upon the internal affairs of this country. But happen it *must* and *will*—most probably very soon—unless His Mexican Majesty make an ungraceful virtue of an unavoidable necessity, and leave of his own accord. So in answer to the question, why has he lost? I reply, because his patron's shrewd cautiousness defeated its own designs, and "there is nothing so irretrievable as lost opportunities."

Napoleon the Third has been slumbering on the throne of the Cæsars. In presenting the career of Julius, he has forgotten the work of Augustus. While depicting the conquest of the Britanni, Germani and Galli of the anti-Christian era, he permitted the subjugation of the nobler Romans of the South, by the Britons, Germans, Goths and Vandals of the nineteenth century, to the irretrievable detriment of his Austrian *protégé*. In fine, he has sunk the statesman in the annalist, and in writing history in Europe, has lost the opportunity of enacting it in America.

It was Julius who wrote: Augustus did not find time!

SONG OF THE SOUTH.

CHOIR.

Sing us a song for the Land we love!

O! Minstrel, sing us a song!

Sad as that of a mateless dove,

But make it not, Minstrel, long!

On his viol a master's* mother breathed

The latest sigh from her mouth—

Oh! thus on thy harp, in cypress wreathed,

Catch thou the breath of the South!

* Paganini.

But, Minstrel, if thou hast ever an art
To teach men to forget—
Reserve that strain for some other heart,
For the South would remember yet !

But touch not for her one vaunting chord,
Her sons would but *weep* at thy strain ;
The dream of her pride was dispelled by the sword,
Her laurels encircle the slain !

The citron shall bloom in the orange-grove,
And the muscadine twine as of yore,
But her dear, darling dead, embalmed in her love,
Shall return for their fruit never more !

Then, tuning thy harp o'er the fresh-turned sod,
'Neath a bough where the rain-crow sings,
Catch the breath of the South, like the spirit of God
Poured over thy trembling strings !

MINSTREL.

The Song of the South with her free flag furled !
My heart grows mute at the prayer !
For the anthem would trouble the heart of the world,
Like the song of a falling star !

And they should remember that 'twas not alone
'Gainst the odds of her Northern foe,
That she struck when the star of her victory shone,
Or sank in her hour of woe !

But the Teuton and Celt, from the Shannon and Rhine,
And the Northman from Ottawa's banks,
Came to barter their blood at Mammon's red shrine,
And filled up the enemy's ranks !

Kildare and O'Neal, these *sons* would ye call,
Who for gold in recreant bands,
The chains which are rusting in Erin's soul,
Have fettered on Southern hands !

Let the victory then, to the North remain,
And the shame to the Foreign Powers ;
The South has enough, amid all her pain—
For the honor and glory are ours !

So I'll hang my harp o'er the fresh-turned sod,
On a bough where the rain-crow sings,
Till the breath of the South, like the spirit of God,
Pour over my trembling strings !

PRINCIPLES OF AGRICULTURE.

"Sine aqua omnia agricultura miserabile est, et sine effectu." So said Varro very many years ago.

Water is a compound of two gases. Two atoms, or volumes of hydrogen, one of oxygen.—These substances may continue in contact an indefinite period without union, but at the approach of a lighted candle, or an electric spark they combine with tremendous force, and loud explosion.—The union is a stable chemical combination. Oxygen is one of the constituents of the air we breathe; without its presence life would cease. It is the supporter of combustion, and that union of oxygen with carbon which takes place in the lungs is a moderate never ceasing combustion from which we derive the heat of our bodies.

Water is never found pure in nature. It is essential to all life as well vegetable as animal, and has been used as a fertilizer from the earliest days of which history speaks. A Hebrew poet in narrating the advantages God had given the people of the East says: "He sendeth the springs into the valleys, which run among the hills." "He watereth the hills from his chambers; and the laughing abundance by which the mountains are crowned in consequence of it.—The little hills rejoice on every side. The pastures are clothed with flocks; the valleys are also covered over with corn; they shout for joy: they also sing."

Year after year we hear of sufferings from the effects of drought. This very season arrangements are making to import corn from abroad, and for the want of rain the people are actually starving, and that in regions of this State so endowed by nature with running streams, undulating hills and

valleys that every foot of cultivatable land could be made to "laugh at the abundance in consequence thereof."

The beneficial effects of irrigation was known and largely practised by the aborigines in the days of Montezuma; by the Aztecs in South America; by the Egyptians, the Greeks, the Romans, and from time immemorial by the Chinese, and largely practised by the Italians, the Germans, the English, &c. The only examples of systematic irrigation in the Southern States is that applied to the culture of rice.

Rain water comes to the earth charged with the fertilizing properties of the atmosphere. As we might conclude the first rain that falls is richer than that which comes down later; and as a consequence the air after a rain is much purer than it was previously.—Among the substances thus brought down by rain, dews and snow, the following stand prominent; dissolved oxygen (not to be confounded with that combined with hydrogen) held in feeble combination, producing chemical changes, when free oxygen would not, ammonia, nitric, phosphoric, and carbonic acids, salt, wafted from the ocean, together with organic, and mineral substances more or less minutely divided, and held in suspension.

Ammonia and nitric acid are considered the main purveyors of nitrogen to plants. Their existence in the atmosphere is a natural consequence of the decomposition of animal organisms in the air and upon the surface of the earth.—Phosphoric acid has a similar origin.

The sewerage water from cities, rich in fertilizing material, with but a limited number of excep-

tions, finds its way, (first polluting pure streams) to the ocean.—

The two instances alluded to are the irrigation of meadows in the environs of Edinburg, in Scotland, from the sewerage waters of that city: and the more important undertaking to utilize the sewerage of a portion of the city of London. In the last instance, the water is carried to a distance of forty miles through iron conduits some 10 feet in diameter. In the course of the transit, it is twice raised the distance of 15 feet by steam power, to reservoirs from whence, by the natural slope of the country, it is led to a comparatively sterile land to be fertilized. Some ten millions of dollars have been expended in the operation, which it is confidently anticipated will prove to be a safe and remunerative investment, independent of the praiseworthy example of changing a constant and fruitful source of disease, and death, to another supply of healthful food to the starving many.

When water charged with fertilizers comes in contact with the earth, they enter into combination with the soil, there held prisoners, to be yielded up to the calls of vegetable vitality.

Thus waters are purified by filtration through the earth, which is one of nature's deodorizers and disinfectants.

On a compact soil, particularly where the slopes are precipitous, the water coming from rain, dews, and snow runs away, and the enriching ingredients are lost.—Where the soil is porous, their influences are retained; and to secure as much as possible of this rain of wealth, and to guard against the parching effects of an intense sun, deep plowing, and latterly subsoiling with under draining have been found to be economical operations. And thus another influence, which can not be over-rated for fertilizing effects is secured. Success has attended all and every in-

stance where these methods have been practised.

The water percolates through the soil into the drains below and drives out the stagnant air, exhausted of its fertilizing ingredients, to be replaced again by these fertilizing agents: and these changes or replacements are as constant as are the changes of temperature.

When the soil is deeply cultivated, a reservoir is formed against the effects of continued want of rain. Besides, the presence of water, in the reservoir produced by deep culture, the soil is kept in an equable temperature, so important in all culture, for as the thermometer rises, evaporation increases and thus a balance is maintained.

Aeration, or the continued circulation of air through a porous soil, is a constant and ever present bath of fertilizers offered to the spongioles and tender food supplying fibres of vegetation.

Deep culture is an obstacle to, and prevents the ruinous washing away of the surface soil, or that portion upon which the Creator has bestowed such time, and attention for man's benefit. Shallow culture is a spoliation of national wealth. The proprietor at best is but a temporary guardian to use, and not to abuse.

This destructive short sighted practice of shallow culture has, and is producing results from which we may not recover in centuries. We are entailing poverty on our children and their children. If not changed the consequence must be depopulation. Lands once cultivated with so much profit had become scarce tenable with labor paid in advance. Now, since emancipation, it is questionable whether they will pay cultivation. One thing is clear, there must be a radical change or wholesale emigration will follow.

The amount of wealth, which has been lost to us by past practice, may be approximated by cal-

culating the cost of returning that which has been lost.

The soil has been valued (in the South) by the amount of money that could be extracted. That accomplished, it was abandoned to further waste—grass and roots and every impediment against further deterioration having been destroyed.

The usual considerations, which prevail among the educated of other civilized nations, do not appear to obtain here in this gifted land, which offers so many advantages to the agriculturist.

I am witness to the history of this country for now upwards of a quarter of a century, and attest to the same complaints of the effects of drought, then as now. Heedless of progress elsewhere, we have remained stationary. Whole neighborhoods—congregations assemble and offer up prayers to the Omniscient God for rain, that the whole order of nature should be subverted to make amends for their short comings. It would seem as if they were regardless of the silent chidings of a beneficent Creator.

This state of things would certainly change if we considered our inheritance, as it really is, a high destiny—a gift from the Creator of inestimable value, the basis of individual and national wealth—a parent from whose teeming womb we have sprung, and to whose bosom, we must certainly return—a friend in whom we can confide with lasting and unerring security—a friend that gives us never ending enjoyment, and occupation for our special profit—an investment on which we can rely for a return of interest ever increasing, commensurate with the intelligence which we expend in its improvement; an interest which increases in a geometrical ratio provided we supply its requirements. It imposes upon us a more intimate acquaintance with the All Wise, through his laws,

and confident reliance on the future. Let us treat this our mother earth with the consideration it so merits. Let us study its wants and supply them. Let us treat it kindly as something we love, one from whose bounty we receive all that can be given us on earth; and when death approaches and we are about surrendering our bodies to its embrace, we can pass it to our children with a confidence in their future no other earthly inheritance offers.

Fertility is a point always approached but never reached, and sterility not the consequence of cultivation, but of the mode of cultivating.

Looking upon the past and present condition of the South, it is doubtful whether the welfare of the nation does not require other care than that heretofore given to the agriculture of the country.—High scientific instruction or Legislative interference, or both, might conduct to a goal other than that which is at the end of our present course.

To return, deep culture has an influence upon the frequency of rains. As the heat of the sun increases, more humidity rises, less heat is radiated. Clouds become more dense and with a change of wind, rain falls.

Sterility characterizes the parched and arid deserts of Sahara.—The loose earth and moving sand are fast invading the once fertile land where Joseph filled his brothers' sacks—land that once teemed with milk and honey.—The fertilizing influence of artificial irrigation formed a barrier to encroaching sands of the desert and sustained a population and civilization, according to Herodotus, of some thousands of years, once the pride, and now the wonder of the civilized world. The vast cities of the dead attest to the dense population and its duration. Luxor and the Pyramids are standing monuments of their art.

Even at the present day irrigation is practiced in the date region of the desert.

In most cases, where practicable, canals are cut in every direction, communicating with springs, which supply the oases. Where restriction is necessary, water having so much value, each proprietor pays so much an hour for the flow of a stream into his garden. The time is measured by an official whose duty it is to open and shut the conduit.

When a date tree or garden is to be established in the parched desert, the neighbors are called on to assist at the operation. The sand is removed to the depth of several feet, when water is found and the plant thrives. Frequently a trench is dug around every stem, at a proper distance, and into this, when necessary, water is poured, which keeps the roots moist. This irrigation is practiced by women and children, and the water carried in skins or plaited baskets, made out of the fibres of the date tree, so fine as to be water-tight.

In Italy large incomes are derived, by the proprietors of canals of irrigation, who collect tolls from cultivators, for a flow of water a specified time, by the day, the hour or the year.

It is generally supposed that the inorganic constituents of plants (the ash after incineration) are assimilated from solution. This, however, is not proved, nor does it appear necessary, since substances soluble or insoluble are assimilated in a state of atomic division. There is a power peculiar and inherent to plant vitality not yet explained. Lichens growing upon calcareous rocks (visibly impinging upon the smooth surface) extract lime which is shown by their ash. Under the first theory tables have been constructed to show the enormous quantity of water which would necessarily

have to pass through a plant to give it skeleton or ash.

The figures in the following table will represent the number of parts of water necessary to be passed through the plants named in the first column on the left, to furnish those plants with one part of the element at the head of each column.

	Ash 1	Pot-ash 1	Soda 1	Lime 1	Magnesia 1	Phosphoric acid 1	Sulphuric acid 1	Silica 1	Nitrogen 1
Water for Wheat	3800	22700	145000	100700	142800	40500	394700	6090	77200
Water for rye	3900	18000		83300	150000	48400	214200	6780	77200
Water for oats	2400	10600	62500	33300	65217	48400	72100	5640	73300
Water for maize	5500	39500	28800	115300	62217	22700	375000	28100	74400

These numbers can at best be but approximations to the truth. It is known that plants take into their circulation and exhale, or give off, prodigious quantities of water. Under the above hypothesis, it is calculated that one hundred and thirty-three barrels of water would be necessary to supply rye, oats and wheat with one pound of phosphoric acid.

In the face of these theories, it is known that water containing fertilizing ingredients (whether organic or inorganic) yields them to the soil so long as the soil is not saturated with them, and that condition of things is seldom, if ever, attained.

The fertilizing qualities of the water of the Nile are known to us, from the gray dawn of history. So of the Ganges, the Euphrates, the Rhine, the Mississippi and tributaries, *et omne genus*. But independent of these terrestrial arteries, there is not a spring-rill, however insignificant, or a wet weather flow, if made use of, that would not increase production.

Air, moisture, the rays of the sun, and earth, are the prime movers, the materials with which we have to work, upon which we have to depend, an inheritance given to us with life. Upon the manner they are used depends individual and national prosperity.

The direct rays of the sun are essential to animal as well as vegetable health, removed from them, one and the other, becomes debilitated and diseased. The colors of flowers, and the plumage of birds are more vivid in the tropics, and the reverse as you recede from them. The prolific exuberance of tropical vegetation is the theme of all travelers. It has been alleged as a reason why, with all their advantages, they have remained less populated and unprofitably luxuriant, the rapid growth of vegetation acting as a barrier to cultivation.

The rays of the sun are compounded of a union of heat, light and actinism, or that principle which produces chemical changes between the components of bodies. These effects are visible, but inexplicable. They may be due to an influence called latent light, and that peculiar allotropic condition of oxygen (a combination of that gas with electricity) ozone. That compound of a ponderable with an

imponderable is a constant resultant of chemical change. Men of science are inclined to attribute to its agency, a powerful though occult influence upon vegetable vitality.

Chlorophyl, or that green coloring principle so characteristic of healthful vegetation, is not generated, and cannot endure without the direct rays of the sun. Deprive the earth of that vivifying influence and vitality sickens and dies.

The tyro on entering the threshold of chemical science learns the power of a cabbage leaf in decomposing. From carbonic acid under the influence of the sun's direct rays, carbon is appropriated, and oxygen liberated, wood fibre formed, and the air purified by the decomposition of a poisonous compound, which, if suffered to accumulate in the air, would bring death to the whole race of animated beings. Such are among the functions of plants under the action of the rays of the sun.

Celery is earthed up and thus blanched; asparagus is white, tender and succulent, as it is cut below the surface. The long, slender, debilitated shoots of the potato, housed in cellars, bend in the direction of the greatest light, become vigorous and intense in color when exposed to the rays of the sun.

When seeds are planted deep, they refuse to germinate; when thrown on the surface, exposed to the direct light of the sun or the diffused light of day, they germinate tardily and with difficulty, but when covered slightly with earth, to deaden the direct rays of light and heat, the actinic rays penetrate, and in the presence of moisture the plant comes forth more rapidly and vigorously.

Horticulturists have found, by long practice, what science has since revealed, viz: that plants thrive best under glass of a greenish yellow tint.

The powerful chemical action of the actinic rays of the sun is shown in the instantaneous combination of chlorine with hydrogen gas, when brought into their presence. The union is accompanied by loud explosion. In the presence of polarized or diffused light, the union takes place insensibly and without tumult.

The country bordering on the Orinoco and Amazon teem with gigantic growths of organic life, unsurpassed in vigor and luxuriance; whilst a corresponding portion of Africa is desolate and without a sign of vegetation.

This difference arises in the one instance from the frequent rains, which refresh and maintain an even salutary equilibrium between heat and moisture—a natural consequence of the configuration of the country. An atmosphere charged with humidity comes in contact with the snow capped Andes, the temperature is lowered and rain is the consequence. Here we have heat with moisture. In the Zahara, an absence of the latter—at the Poles an insufficiency of the former.

Heat is necessary to decompose organic matter. When the thermometer falls below 60 degrees Fahrenheit, fermentation ceases. With unerring and never failing punctuality plants shed their summer garb and go into a winter's sleep, and are again resuscitated by the return of the genial rays of the sun. As the summer wanes, the actinic rays are less active and plants by degrees cease to form woody fibre.

The remains of former inhabitants of a tropical climate are found almost intact on the icebergs of the North, with flesh, hair, &c., as if just dead. Yet these relics of a former creation have been imbedded in ice since that cataclysm which is back of all tradition, and which changed a tropical to a frigid zone.

The Orchidæ, or air plants of the tropics, go through all the stages of life from germination to ripening of the seed under the influences of moisture and heat, without contact with soil.

There are plants that are born, live and die under water. But there is no instance of living organism, which run the course of life below a certain degree of heat. It is a singular fact that vegetation ceases below a certain temperature, no cold however rigid destroys the germinating faculty of seeds.

In common with all those who have ordinary feelings of humanity, I deplore the sufferings which surround us on all sides, and very much fear that they will be greater before they are less. Food will not be made this year in this State to supply the requirements of life.

First and foremost let us credit these short comings to where they are due, and not blame the sun for shining too bright.

For the reasons adduced and others even more cogent and not necessary to mention, instead of visiting these effects by complaints against the course of nature it would be more becoming if we were thankful for a continuance of those blessings vouchsafed to us now as ever, for that same bright sun that fertilized the garden of our first parents. It may be permitted to doubt whether in the order of nature, and in the presence of remedies so simple and so largely provided, that these sufferings are not intended as penalties which become more and more aggravated, as we persevere in neglecting to learn and apply those laws which are the causes and which produce effects.

Air, water, earth and the sun-beam, are materials to be used.—They are compounded of other powers, each is endowed with certain fixed properties, and their actions the one upon the other are governed by laws inherent, fixed,

irrefragable. Application of those laws gives wealth and prosperity. To ignore them is followed by suffering and death. In our finite judgment, such is an interpretation of the ways of the Omniscient.

I am informed upon the highest authority that the first settlers of the country extolled the virgin fertility of this same land. At that period the soil was porous, and covered with rank vegetation, so porous that a walking cane might be easily thrust into the soil to the end, that a turkey could be followed all day by his track, that the pea-vines were so luxuriant that they could be tied over a horse's back, that the lands were so famed for richness and fertility that roads leading to this Eldorado were lined with emigrants.—In those days, suffering from droughts and failures of crops was not heard of. Singular to relate, droughts do not affect low grounds, and only to a slight extent *certain* up lands.

It is written that "man shall earn his bread by the sweat of his brow," and I have seen the sweat pouring from an operative, who toiled with pick and mattock to force on plants in a clay so hard as to be almost as impenetrable to those implements, as it was impervious to air and water which God had provided and sent in vain.

Let us be thankful that the sun shines so bright and that it will continue to dispense untold blessings in accordance with Creative design, and particularly that we may learn their value and how to use our rich endowments.

That portion of the earth's surface, which is in immediate contact with the atmosphere owes its origin, like the subsoil, to the decomposition and disintegration of rocks. The former differs from the latter by a greater fertilization or amelioration from immediate contact with the atmospheric agents. All soils are compounds,

some are mainly simple minerals and are comparatively poor or sterile. Instances, sand, (oxide of silicium.) Chalk, (carbonic acid and the oxide of calcium.) This latter substance is mainly formed of minute remains of fossiliferous organisms only visible through powerful magnifiers. I know of no instance where it is cultivated. The "downs" in England produce a short sparse grass upon which sheep are fed, but at best it is a poor pasture. An addition of sand to chalk or the reverse doubtless would ameliorate one or the other; but to form a fertile soil other ingredients would be requisite.—Again, a soil may have all the components necessary to fertility and yet be sterile from the presence of some noxious mineral, such as the sulphuret of iron which by decomposition gives rise to sulphuric acid and the protoxide of iron, both injurious or destructive to vegetation. Soils, then, are of infinite variety and fertility, according to the minerals of which they are composed. Chemical analysis is not competent to point out the cause of difference between two soils, one of which may have been impoverished by injudicious culture. Soils are improved by the addition of fertilizers, they may be organic or inorganic or both combined. They may act "*per se*" in offering direct assimilable food to plants, as for instance phosphates to turnips, &c., or perhaps fulfil a more important function, that of causing decomposition of the inert or combined constituents of the soil,

Substances, when they combine, lose certain distinctive properties and form substances entirely different in character; thus common table salt is composed of the acrid and caustic constituents, muriatic acid and caustic soda. So with lime; it is rendered effete when exposed to the air, and from being caustic becomes harmless as chalk or pulverized marble.

A fertile soil is one possessing free assimilable plant food, whether organic or inorganic; when these are not present there is no fertility, and the soil requires other treatment than what it has received to make it produce. These observations teach us how to value the much used term *exhaustion*.—Upon that subject we quote the apposite remarks of the distinguished authorities, Messrs. Gilbert and Lawes:

“Taking the average of forty-two analyses of fourteen soils, of very various descriptions, it was estimated that it would require, of ordinary rotation, with home manuring, and selling only corn and meat, about two thousand years to exhaust the potash, about one thousand years to exhaust the phosphoric acid, and about six thousand years to exhaust the silica found to be soluble in diluted hydrochloric acid, reckoning the soil to be one foot deep.”

So long as there be soil or subsoil, ultimate exhaustion is a misnomer. Soils are recuperated by various practices. Manuring has been employed from all time.—Science and experience teach us that it is not indifferent to all crops as to how organic manures, at least, should be employed.

It has been long remarked that similar crops cannot be grown in succession as profitably as if different crops follow each other; hence the necessity of rotating.—By cultivating different crops, that food requisite to grow, for instance, wheat, would be brought into an assimilable form, from the decomposition of compounds. The same object is sought and attained by the practice of weathering, or naked fallow.

By shading or covering the soil with straw, clover, &c., by which heat and moisture are retained, and this causing fermentation, a

condition favorable to the production of organisms, both vegetable and animal. The potent influence of organisms are evident by the formation of coral reefs, which surround the world; a similar operation progresses largely on the face of the earth, where the conditions are favorable. Recently charged with operations in the Trans-Mississippi, I had occasion to remark the formation of carbonate of soda, from the action of organisms on the muriate of soda, so common in that portion of the continent. On the Neches river, at the salines, the inhabitants collect the sand containing the carbonate and use it for bread making, &c.

The experiments of the Rev. Mr. Smith, of Lois Weedon are suggestive and instructive.

Our condition is critical, our inheritance is in jeopardy, and we cannot expect to retain it without a radical change from the past; without a change we shall witness others prospering on portions of estates which we abandoned as *exhausted*. We want light. Civilization only advances through the sciences. Unless we keep pace with others, in that respect, we shall stand as a mark for contrast. If we endure, if we retain our possessions, it will be done through those laws with which we have either had little acquaintance or neglected to apply.—Multiply schools of science; make them gratuitous, and thus give opportunity for their acquirement, and application will follow. If the advantages should not be availed of, (which I very much doubt,) then lay a tax upon ignorance.

Science will open up new avenues for profitable occupation to individuals, which will redound to the power of the State; resources now lying dormant will give occupation and wealth to unborn millions.

(Selected.)

THE VICTORY OF FAITH.

BY COL. WM. S. HAWKINS, C. S. A., PRISONER OF WAR, CAMP CHASE, O.

At the trumpet's blast, the gates flew wide, and thousands packed the court;
 Before the Roman lords that day, the captives furnished sport;
 The sun's broad orb went up the sky and tipped the scene with gold,
 And far beyond the Claudian way, the yellow Tiber rolled.

The Gladiators first in strife, their glittering weapons crossed,
 And furious then in mortal surge, the waves of conflict tossed,
 Strong men were there, whose children played by Danube's sluggish tide,
 And those, whose homes lay sweet and fair along the Taurus' side.

The fierce-eyed tigers, of the Lybian wild, leaped forth into the cirque,
 And spotted leopards, lithe and strong, began their horrid work,
 And howls of pain and yells of wrath filled all the trembling air,
 While Roman knights applauded loud, and smiled the Roman fair.

At length the Herald far proclaimed, the last best scene of all,
 And led a Christian martyr forth, in fetters' grievous thrall;
 No youth with form of manly strength—no feeble, gray-haired sire—
 A soft-eyed maiden, sweet and pure, to whet a lion's ire.

She stood—her timid glance cast down, and trembling like a fawn,
 Which baying hounds, and hunters rude, surround at hour of dawn;
 One white hand slowly lifted up the cruel, wearing chain,
 And one pressed close her beating heart, suffused with grief and pain.

She thought of home and peaceful joys; her father strong and proud;
 Her mother, clinging, faithful soul—by weight of misery bowed;
 Her sisters, and her brothers fond; of one, she would not speak,
 But, at the slightest thought of him, a blush o'erspread her cheek.

And so they neared the monster's den, with triple iron bound;
 Through all the spectacles, his might, with bloodiest triumph crowned,
 White his large teeth, and stark and red his yawning dreadful throat,
 His eyes, with greed afire, were turned on his new prize to gloat.

He rose and shook his shaggy mane, and clamored at his door,
 The far off hill-tops echoed loud his deep resounding roar;
 So in the Nubian waste he looked, when roused by foe for fight,
 'Twas such a glance and such a roar, as filled their souls with fright.

They loosed her chains and left her there, in all her maiden grace,
 While star-like Heavenly FAITH lit up her fair and modest face.
 The rusted hinges turned, and forth the brute in fury sprung,
 His lips all fleck'd with wrathful foam, and swelled his lolling tongue.

The breathless thousands rose to see that youthful martyr die:
 But oh! what magic spell is that, whose lustre fills her eye?
 Her sweet lips part, her full heart throbs, her beauteous hands are raised;
 The cruel beast forgets his wrath, before that look amazed.

She kneels—and on the yielding sand, her rounded form sinks low,
 Down in her soul, the maiden prays unto her God—and lo!

The pure appeal is borne on high, by watching angels fleet ;
And now the humbled lion comes and crouches at *her* feet.

Her little hand is softly laid upon his tawny mane,
Her tender eyes are wet with tears, like rose-buds after rain ;
The watching courtiers shake the ring with thunderous acclaim,
But her weak lips can only shape, her heavenly Father's name.

The Emperor rose in purple state and bade his minions bear
The ransom'd maiden forth again, to freedom's grateful air,
And stately Priests their rights ordained within the templed grove,
Ascribing praise to Juno fair and to Olympian Jove.

So let the Church in these dark days, stand bravely at her post,
Though cruel wars and strife abound and Satan leads his host,
They gnash their lion fangs at her, but ah ! they gnash in vain,
For God will send his armies down to save and to sustain.

And in some gracious coming time, her banner white shall be,
The truest badge of might sublime that waves the land or sea,
And war's red-letter'd creed die out, beneath her flowers of spring ;
And where our martyrs fight and bleed, their babes shall sit and sing.

PERFECT THROUGH SUFFERING.

BY FANNY DOWNING.

CHAPTER I.

MARRIED.

"Those whom God has joined together, let not man put asunder !" The words, always impressive, were delivered with a peculiar emphasis, which imparted an unusual solemnity to them, and the fingers of the white-robed priest lingered above the clasped hands of the figures before him, as if he would call down upon them an especial blessing.

Singularly ill-matched did those figures seem ; so much so, as to exclude almost the possibility of the existence of anything like a union.

The groom, a young man of about twenty-three, was in the full flush of manhood, and the possession of a style of beauty as rare as it was remarkable. Yet on his features, still wearing the extreme delicacy of early youth, there was

a look of weariness, jaded satiety and scorn for himself and the world, strangely at variance with the youthful appearance, and resultant on a long course of selfish pleasures, having no higher aim than the enjoyment of the passing moment. Looking at him as he stood with barely disguised impatience, a disdainful smile curving the corners of his classic mouth, and distending his delicate nostrils, one was forcibly reminded of a young war horse, champing at the necessary bonds which were imposed upon him.

It seemed a mockery of terms to apply the word "bride" to the slight, shrinking figure, clinging to his arm, and looking, in her ill-fitting traveling dress of dark merino, more like some unformed girl on her way to boarding school, than a woman taking upon herself

the vows by which the fate of her life was decided.

She was, in reality sixteen years of age, but a natural delicacy of constitution, added to the fact of having spent nine years in the miasmatic air of a Louisiana plantation, had so dwarfed her figure and stunted her growth that she might have passed for a child not over twelve. The impression produced by her figure was still further confirmed by her face and manner. She was so agitated by her position, and the flood of new and strange emotions by which she was possessed, that her sallow skin was suffused with an unearthly pallor, which extended even to her trembling lips, while her eyes, of immense size, stared in the face of the minister before her, with the wild, frightened look we see in a newly captured animal, in which native wildness is combined with a dawning fear of its captors.

So far as any personal part in the ceremony was concerned, she might as well have been absent, or only a looker on. The minister had repeated, on her part: "I Camille, take thee Loui," and then waited to hear her enunciate the sentence; but he would as soon have had a response from the lips of some marble statue; and so her part in her marriage was a mere nullity.

At last it was over, and the clergyman, after shaking the hand of the passive bride, with an air more indicative of pity than of any more genial feeling, uttered a few polite platitudes, wished the young couple a pleasant journey, and then proceeding to the vestry room, took off his surplice and buried himself among the books of his library, in whose congenial society he soon lost all remembrance of marrying and giving in marriage.

The only spectators of the ceremony—an old and withered specimen of the genus attorney, with highly glazed eyes and a nose which seemed formed by nature

for the express reception of the snuff with which he kept it liberally supplied, his clerk, and a tall mulatto woman wearing a brilliant head-handkerchief, with the picturesque grace which seems peculiar to her race—now left their stations and approached.

The lawyer muttered a few sentences of stereotyped commonplace, and then, with the all-powerful word "business," drew the arm of the groom within his, and followed by the clerk, walked through an aisle which led to the vestibule, and soon plunged himself and his companion into the contents of a mass of papers.

The young girl stood on the bottom step of the flight leading to the chancel, and slightly shivering, drew her mantle around her with a half subdued sigh, which, under the circumstances, was very touching.

"I give you joy, Miss Camille, Madame La Fronde, I should say," said the mulatto approaching the bride, and speaking in a constrained voice; "but I wish your father had been 'live to give you away to Mas' Loui."

A sudden flush reddened the girl's whole face, while the corners of her mouth worked convulsively, and with a low moan she sank down on the step and covered her face with her hands.

"Don't, Miss Camille. You'll jest swell your eyes up and make them red and ugly, and if there is anything in this world Mas' Loui likes, its a pretty lady. What'll he do with a ugly wife?"

"Oh! Ffine," was the low, passionate reply; "everything seems so strange. I am frightened, and so lonely and unhappy, when I think of papa!"

"Well, it's too late to be frightened now, and you ought to ha' thought about being unhappy before you let mademoiselle marry you to Mas' Loui before you'd seen him a week."

"She told me he loved me dearly, but was too diffident to tell me so," said Camille simply, glancing up in the face of her yellow comforter with a look, which said the latter assertion settled the matter.

"Umph!" was the expressive reply. "Mademoiselle would say it was so, if she wanted it to be so! but as to Mas' Loui's being shamed and not asking for what *he* wanted! Well, *I* never heard of it, and I nursed him ever since he was born, till his father sent him from Belle Espérance to Paris!—But, Miss Camille, they're coming back, so please stand up and let me try and smooth your dress; it's all rumpled, and Mas' Loui is so particular about ladies' dresses."

Camille rose and stood submissively while Fifi's skillful fingers endeavored to repair the disorder visible in her dress; then when Mr. La Fronde and the lawyer approached, quietly accepted the arm of the former and proceeded with him to the carriage, which stood waiting.

Very sombre did it look looming up dimly through the gray of the early winter morning, and taken in connection with the long whip in the hand of the motionless driver, and the manes and tails of the horses which streamed in the mist with a whimsical resemblance to the long moss pendant from the encircling trees, it presented a weird and funereal picture, well in keeping with surrounding objects.

Mr. La Fronde handed in his bride and took a seat beside her, while Fifi found a place opposite, and the carriage rolled softly away, followed by another in which the lawyer and his clerk found ample accommodations.

A drive of a half mile brought them to a high fence of iron work extending on each side of a kind of porter's lodge, once well built and substantial, but now so much dilapidated and out of repair, as to present rather the appearance

of a picturesque ruin than any thing else.

It was the entrance to a large enclosure, well planted with trees of native growth, through whose depths a broad road led up to the door of the mansion.

Perched up on the rough home-made gate, which did duty in place of the highly ornamented and Frenchly emblematic one, which had fallen a victim to damp air and luxuriant vegetation, sat a negro boy. He was in full enjoyment of the acme of happiness in the opinion of his age and color, and which, according to a song reported to have originated during the Presidency of General Jackson, was, in conjunction with the act of eating molasses candy, accounted one of the legitimate delights of that, then, high office.—Ceasing his swinging, he sprang to the ground, and exerting his whole force on the gate, threw it open with a harsh and grating noise that jarred most dismally on sensitive ears; then taking off his old straw hat, he stood with it under his arm, grinning to such an extent that every one of his huge white teeth was distinctly visible.

A few moments more and the carriage stopped at the door of a large and once handsome house, built with considerable pretension to taste; that is, if it can be accounted a specimen of taste to imitate the marble magnificence of Versailles in stucco and mortar. The party descended from the carriages and crossing the weather-stained portico, walked through a long, gloomy looking passage, and entered a large apartment at its extremity.

Like every thing else about the premises, the furniture of this room told of former prosperity and present decay; fashioned in the Renaissance style and composed of rich materials, its faded colors and thread-bare draperies bore but a ghost-like resemblance to their original splendor.

In an angle formed by a large folding screen covered with well worn India tapestry sat a lady, confined as it seemed, in a chair of highly complicated machinery, rendered necessary by a very apparent deformity, which developing, itself in early life had increased, as she advanced in years and consigned her to the state of a confirmed invalid.

The enforced idleness of body consequent upon this painful affliction, had produced the effect of quickening her mind to a double amount of activity. So much so indeed, that even a stranger might infer the fact from the rapid and intelligent glances, which she shot continually from her bright, bead-like eyes and the nervous manner in which she kept her hands engaged as if in a kind of perpetual motion.

Traces of a beauty which must have been very great in her youth, still existed, and despite her faded dress of an obsolete fashion, her emaciated figure and deformity, there was about her an air of elegance and aristocratic refinement, which stamped her as a lady of high birth and breeding.

"I have counted the moments till thy return Loui," she said as he approached her chair with Camille on his arm, the vivacity of her manner no less than the exquisite accent of her French attesting her nationality.

"How long it seemed!—Little bride, thy future is assured—come that I give thee thy first kiss as madame. Loui, *mon cher*, I make thee my congratulations on thy happiness!"

"I am glad that you consider it a subject of felicitation," was the cool reply with the slightest possible accent on the second pronoun.

"Of course—of course," responded the old lady quickly. "A day of days this, which sees the two remaining branches of the old family joined in happiness and union. Fifine, call Joseph—let the

wine placed in bottles and laid away the night Monsieur was born, be brought. Summon the servants and let all the household drink health and *bon voyage* to the newly married."

Fifine left the room and the animated lady continued. "All is arranged Monsieur Sampson? That is well—my nephew will forgive your withdrawing him from his bride in consideration of the necessity for such removal. Mr. Robbins, approach our group; on a day so auspicious we lay aside all distinctions of rank!"

The individual thus condescendingly addressed, who had not joined the party gathered around the chair of mademoiselle La Fronde, simply because he found himself very comfortable where he had first stationed himself, was made dimly conscious that some difference of rank which he had never previously imagined, might possibly be considered to exist, between himself and the family at Belle Espérance. In consequence of such perception, he became possessed of a feeling of undefined wrath, which invested his manners with a greater amount of awkwardness than nature, a prodigal parent in this respect, had bestowed upon him.

"Camille," continued mademoiselle La Fronde, whose nervous energy of feeling seemed to render it impossible for her to remain silent, "a child no longer, thou wilt look back to the days of childhood with more loving eyes than greeted them as they passed!"

The eyes thus alluded to, said it was just possible that the speaker might be mistaken, but their owner made no reply and the old lady continued her speech.

"Weary of the delights of Paris, thy thoughts will often turn to the desolation, as thou callest it now, of Belle Espérance, and what at present seems to thee but gloom and dullness will then appear as peace and rest!"

The large eyes of the young girl timidly sought those of her husband as if in wonder that such things as cares, regrets or gloom could possibly exist in a life shared with him. Perhaps she half hoped for a responsive and appreciative glance; if so she was sadly disappointed.

He was leaning listlessly on one corner of the large mantel piece, the contour of his faultless figure thrown into full relief, moodily biting a finger of his white glove while he gazed up at a portrait of some beauty of the La Fronde family, who, painted in the style of Bouchér, smiled in her canvass loveliness, alike on all beholders.

In due time Joseph made his appearance carrying in his venerable hands the precious bottles, which he would consign to no meaner charge.

Fifine followed him holding a silver salver on which was placed a number of those antique Venetian glasses, clear as air and almost as thin, which are popularly supposed under certain circumstances to display a prophetic intimation of the, then, impending danger to those who drink from them.

Joseph, with the care of a connoisseur about to unveil some priceless treasure, removed the dust and cobwebs, which for twenty-three years had gathered about the sealed bottles, and drawing the cork of one of them, proceeded to fill the glasses while the rich aroma of its contents diffused itself through the room.

"Time presses," said mademoiselle glancing towards the clock, which copied from the celebrated one of Madame Du Barry, ticked softly on the mantle piece.

"Joseph, thou who sealedst these bottles on the night thy young master was born, fill for thyself and the others and unite in drinking to his health and happiness—

All are ready?—Now, then—your glass Loui—yours Camille

—so—click them to mine. We three stand here the last representatives of a great and noble race.—My children, your happiness.—Drink!"

Camille, who held her glass tightly in her slender fingers, raised it to bring it into contact with that of her husband. Either the coldness of the morning, or her own agitation made her hand unusually tremulous, for the glass shook and clattered as if about to fall. In her eagerness to prevent this, she grasped it so hard that the fragile crystal shivered in her fingers and the rich wine, mingled with a still richer fluid, ran down her dress and gathered in a little pool on the carpet at her feet.

"Mon dieu!" exclaimed Mademoiselle in unaffected dismay.

"Bah!" muttered her nephew with all the force that can be concentrated into that expressive and contemptuous monosyllable.

"*Absit omen!*" feebly ejaculated the lawyer, as he stooped mechanically to pick up the shining fragments which lay gleaming on the floor.

"But, madame," he continued, "you have cut your hand, see, it is bleeding; it must hurt you; will you not allow your maid to dress it?"

"No," she said, with a proud, pained air, as she wrapped her handkerchief around her fingers, from which the blood was still dripping, "it was not the glass that hurt me."

Further notice of the accident was prevented by a peremptory message from the hired driver, that if the party wished to reach the river in time for the New Orleans boat, they must leave at once. A hurried farewell ensued. Mademoiselle La Fronde embraced Camille in the fervid French style, whispered a few hurried words in her ear, and then turned to her nephew with an air of more genial feeling than she had exhibited to his wife.

"Loui, mon bien aimé," she whispered, "thy heart is good, though sorely led astray by thy will; show its goodness to that child; cherish her; be kind to her; remember—"

"Ca ira," was the light reply. "Be tranquil, my aunt, the little one shall have toys and trinkets to her heart's content; everything but love. I have no intention of bestowing that rich treasure on any woman except—your dear self."

He bent down over her feeble form, laid his handsome face on her shoulder, and kissed her, then walked rapidly after the party which had already reached the carriage.

Taking a ceremonious leave of the lawyer and his clerk, he said frank good byes to the servants, shook hands cordially with Joseph and Fifine, and seating himself by the side of his pale bride, was driven quickly away.

SUPPRESSED PART OF GEN. BEAUREGARD'S REPORT OF THE
BATTLE OF MANASSAS.

GENERAL S. COOPER, *Adjutant and Inspector General, Richmond, Va.*

Before entering upon a narration of the general military operations in the presence of the enemy on the 21st of July, I propose,—I hope not unreasonably—first to recite certain events which belong to the strategy of the campaign, and consequently form an essential part of the history of the battle.

Having become satisfied that the advance of the enemy with a decidedly superior force, both as to numbers and war equipage, to attack or turn any position in this quarter was immediately impending, I dispatched on the 13th of July one of my staff, Col. James Chesnut, of South Carolina, to submit for the consideration of the President a plan of operations substantially as follows:

I proposed that General Johnston should unite, as soon as possible, the bulk of the army of the Shenandoah with that of the Potomac, then under my command, leaving only sufficient force to garrison his strong works at Winchester, and to guard the five defensive passes of the Blue Ridge, and thus

hold Patterson in check. At the same time, Brigadier General Holmes was to march hither, with all of his command not essential for the defence of the position of Acquia Creek. These junctions having been effected at Manassas, an immediate impetuous attack of our combined armies upon General McDowell was to follow, as soon as he approached my advanced position at and around Fairfax Court House, with the inevitable result, as I submitted, of his complete defeat, and the destruction or capture of his army. This accomplished, the army of the Shenandoah under General Johnston, increased with a part of my forces, and rejoined as he returned, by the detachment left to hold the mountain passes, was to march back rapidly into the valley, fall upon and crush Patterson, with a superior force, wheresoever he might be found. This, I confidently estimated, could be achieved within fifteen days after General Johnston should march from Winchester for Manassa.

Meanwhile I was to occupy the enemy's works on this side of the

Potomac, if, as I anticipated, he had been so routed as to enable me to enter them with him, or if not, to retire again for a time within the lines of Bull Run with my main force. Patterson having been virtually destroyed, then General Johnston would reinforce General Garnett sufficiently to make him superior to his opponent, (General McClellan) and able to defeat that officer. This done, General Garnett was to form an immediate junction with General Johnston, who was forthwith to cross the Potomac into Maryland, with his whole force, arouse the people as he advanced, to the recovery of their political rights, and the defence of their homes and families from an offensive invader, and then march to the investment of Washington, in the rear, while I resumed the offensive in front. This plan of operations, you are aware, was not

acceptable at the time, from considerations which appeared so weighty, as to more than counterbalance its proposed advantages. Informed of these views, and of the decision of the War Department, I then made my preparations for the stoutest practicable defence of the line of Bull Run, the enemy having developed his purpose, by the advance on, and occupation of Fairfax Court House, from which my advance brigade had been withdrawn.

The War Department having been informed by me, by telegraph on the 17th of July, of the movement of General McDowell, General Johnston was immediately ordered to form a junction of his Army Corps, with mine, should the movement in his judgment be deemed advisable. Gen. Holmes was also directed to push forward with two regiments, a battery, and one company of cavalry.

SHAKSPEARE AT HILTON HEAD, 1865-6.

ACT II.

SCENE I. *On Beaufort Island.*

Enter GONZALEZ, (Redpath,) SEBASTIAN and ANTONIO.

Gon. Had I plantation of this isle ———

And were the king on't, what would I do ?
 I' the commonwealth I would by contraries
 Execute all things ; for no kind of traffic
 Would I admit ; no name of magistrate ;
 Letters should not be known ; no use of service,
 Of riches or of poverty ; no contracts,
 Successions, bound of land, tilth, vineyard, none :
 No occupation—all men idle, all ;
 And women too.
 All things in common, nature should produce
 Without sweat or endeavor ; *treason*, felony,
 Would I not have ; but nature should bring forth,
 Of its own kind, all foison, all abundance,
 To feed my innocent people.

Sebastian. No marrying 'mong his subjects ?

Antonio. None, man ; all idle ; whores and knaves.

SCENE II. *Another part of the island.*

Enter CALIBAN, (Freedman,) with STEPHANO and TRINCULO, (Emancipators.)

Caliban. I'll show thee every fertile inch o' th' island ;
And I will kiss thy foot ; I prithee, be my god !
I'll kiss thy foot : I'll swear myself thy subject.

Trin. Come on then ; down and *swear*.

Cal. I'll show thee the best springs ; I'll pluck thee berries ;
I'll fish for thee, and get thee wood enough.
A plague upon the tyrant that I serve !
I'll bear him no more sticks, but follow thee,
Thou wondrous man !

[*Sings drunkenly*]

Farewell, master ; farewell, farewell !

No more dams I'll make for fish ;

Nor fetch in firing

At requiring ;

Nor scrape trencher, nor wash dish :

'Ban, 'Ban, Ca-caliban

Has a new master : get a new man,

Freedom ! hey-day freedom ! hey-day freedom !

ACT V.

SCENE. I. *Before the office of the "Blessed Bureau."*

Enter CALIBAN, after "sober second thoughts ;"

Cal. (Soliloquizing.) — What a thrice-double ass
Was I, to take this drunkard for a god
And worship this dull fool !

GUANO.

Guano is a Peruvian word which signifies "manure." The substance of this manure is known to be derived chiefly from the excrements of sea-birds, which has accumulated for centuries, upon certain unfrequented islands and rocky shores, where these birds congregate, in immense numbers, to lay their eggs, and hatch, and raise their young. A large amount also of the bones and flesh of seals, and other aquatic animals, as well as of the eggs, feathers and bodies of the sea-birds themselves, has, no doubt, in many cases, been imbedded in the accumulatory mass, from age to age. Humboldt, who, in 1806, first directed the attention of the scientific world to the nature and value of this substance, tells us that the deposit amounts, in some places on the coast of Peru, to as much as fifty or sixty feet in depth ; and one visitor informs us that, even now, so thick are the gulls, pelicans and cormorants which gather upon some of these desolate islands, that the traveler is compelled to use a stick in making his way through them. The guano thus formed is sometimes a pulverulent mass, the recent deposits of which are white,

passing into a light fawn yellow, and then to a darker brown, as you descend, till the lower strata become of a rusty red color—such are the varieties of Peruvian guano. At other times, it is found as a granulated substance which, by chemical changes not well understood, has become crusted over with a compact enamel-like covering; or the whole mass may be so solidified as to require to be quarried, like rock, and afterwards ground into powder before it is used; of this kind are the Columbian varieties from Monk's Island, El Roque, and other places. Sometimes, also, the deposits, during the lapse of centuries, have become buried beneath the drifted sands of the sea, and must be exhumed for the market; at other times, geologic changes seem to have taken place since the deposition, by which the surface on which it rests has become elevated into peaks hundreds of feet high. Facts like these give us some hint of the immense periods during which these deposits have been forming. For at least six hundred years, guano has been known and valued by the Peruvians—so valued that penal enactments by their monarchs, made it a capital offence to destroy the birds that formed it. But, notwithstanding this great antiquity, the history of guano, both in this country and Europe, dates back but a few years. From its first introduction to the scientific world, by Humboldt, it remained only a curiosity of the laboratory till about twenty-six years ago, when the first experiments were made upon twenty barrels, imported to test its agricultural value. From that date, it has grown rapidly into favor throughout the civilized world, till now hundreds of thousands of tons are consumed annually upon the products of the soil.

The different varieties of guano, offered in the markets of this country, vary greatly in their

qualities and value. Their age, the character of the climate in which they are formed, and the chemical changes through which they have passed, all exert a modifying influence. The upper or more recent layers are always the richer and more valuable, because, even under the most favorable circumstances, some of the nitrogenous compounds must undergo decomposition as time wears away, and thus lose some portion of their volatile elements, which, in ammoniacal manures, constitute the most valuable portion. The climate, too, if damp,—subject to frequent rains or heavy dews—likewise promotes fermentation, and the consequent loss of ammoniacal gases; or, the guano itself may, by a leaching process be deprived of much, if not all, of its soluble constituents. By peculiar chemical changes some of the Columbian varieties have been rendered hard and stone-like, and are found to contain scarcely a trace of ammonia, while the richer Peruvian kinds have more than fifty per cent. of the salts of that substance.

These facts show that it is not sufficient to be sure that you have a genuine, unadulterated article, when you purchase guano; you should know its exact quality, and though this information cannot be certainly obtained without the chemist's aid, yet a few simple tests may help to guard us against gross impositions. The following observations, by Prof. Johnston, may assist in forming a practical judgment:

“1. The drier the guano the better—there is less water to pay for and to transport.

2. The lighter the color the better; it is less completely decomposed.

3. If it has not a strong ammoniacal smell, it ought to give off such a smell when a spoonful of it is mixed with a spoonful of slacked lime in a wine glass.

4. When put into a tumbler with water, stirred well about, and the water and fine matter poured off, it ought to leave little sand or stones.

5. When heated to redness in the air till all the animal matter is burned away, the ash should nearly all dissolve in dilute muriatic acid. The insoluble matter is useless sand or earthy adulterations.

6. In looking at a published analysis of a Peruvian guano, those representing the water should be small; the organic matter containing ammonia should approach to fifty or sixty per cent.; the phosphates should not much exceed twenty per cent., and the common salt and sulphate of soda ought not to form much more than five or six per cent. of the weight of the guano."

The following table, compiled from several authors, will show the varying composition of different kinds of Guano:

	Peruvian.	Bolivian	Chilian	Patagonian.	Ichaboe.	Saldanha bay.
Water.....	13.09	15.79	15.09	24.36	16.71	18.35
Ammoniacal salts...	53.17	56.09	12.88	18.86	46.61	22.14
Phosphates.....	23.54	15.13	16.44	41.37	22.40	50.22
Alkaline salts.....	4.63	6.81	6.04	2.70	12.92	5.78
Carbonate of lime...	4.18	0.15	8.93	2.94	0.27	1.49
Sand.....	1.39	6.03	40.62	7.56	0.52	2.02

Guano being like common barn-yard manure, an animal product, like it, also, contains all the elements essential to vegetable growth, and is, therefore, suited to almost every variety of plant, and every condition of soil. The history of its use, however, furnishes us with many discouraging examples in which the laborious farmer, after all his toil and expense, has found that he had labored for nought. The fields, to which his guano had been applied, instead of the abundant harvest for which he had confidently hoped, yielded no perceptible increase beyond the ordinary product. Sometimes, too, even after a most vigorous early growth which gave promise of the richest results, his plants began to droop, perhaps to die, and his crop not only did not yield him an ordinary return for his labor, but was cut off in the midst of the season, and failed to restore even the seed which he planted.

It is not strange, therefore, that the mass of prudent and calculating farmers should, under such

circumstances, have, at first, been slow to invest their hard-earned capital in so doubtful a speculation. But this doubt is now passed away; the chances no longer seem equally balanced between success and failure. Guano has established its claim, beyond all controversy, to the confidence and patronage of the agricultural classes, and the only question now to be settled is how to get the most of it, and how to make the most out of it when gotten. Increased knowledge, derived from protracted experience, under every variety of circumstance, has shown us that guano is a powerful agent, and that our former failures oftener resulted from our own ignorance of the unusual strength and value of the article, than from any lack of fitness in itself to serve as a manure for any of the various crops to which it was applied. In the light of this wider experience, we can now see that, when we failed, it was either because we allowed the guano to come into contact, in a too concentrated state, with the tender roots of the growing plants,

by which they were corroded, and the plants themselves seriously injured, if not utterly destroyed; or because we had applied it alone in such small quantities—and all within the immediate reach of the young plant, so that it only stimulated the first stages of its development, and produced a luxuriance, in its early growth, which could not be sustained after the guano became exhausted; or, it may be, we had applied it as a top-dressing to our lands, in a time of drought, when the heat of the parching sun was sufficient to expel all of its volatile and valuable elements; or possibly we covered it too deep, and the washing rains carried it still lower into a porous subsoil, entirely beyond the reach of the growing crop; or, as is equally probable, the guano may have been only a spurious, adulterated article, of scarcely more value than a “wooden nutmeg.” How, then, are these evils remedied? In the first place, we must be sure that we have a genuine article by obtaining it only from reliable dealers.

In the second place, we must guard against its corroding power by thoroughly mixing it with the soil by ploughing, if it be scattered broad-cast on the land, or by properly composting it with absorbent materials, if it is to be applied by hand to the seed, or the growing crop. The materials best suited for this composting process are gypsum and powdered charcoal, or if these cannot be obtained, dry earth or vegetable mould will serve as a good substitute. A convenient method for producing the mixture is to spread the guano an inch thick upon a floor, and over this spread evenly a layer of the other materials 3 or 4 inches thick, and then another layer of guano, and so on, alternating the layers till the whole is composted, after which cover the pile with the absorbent matter, and allow it to stand for several days in order that the ammonia may permeate

the mass. The lumps, which we find in the guano while thus preparing it, should be carefully removed by hand, and separately crushed before it is added to the compost pile. The sifting and stirring, sometimes recommended in order thoroughly to mix the materials, is objectionable, as it promotes the escape of ammonia, and, besides, it is unnecessary as, when arranged as above described, the removal of the mass for application to the field, and the after process of ploughing, will sufficiently commingle the component parts. This preparation of the guano, by mixing it with absorbent matter, is of much importance in whatever way we would apply it to the crop;—it promotes economy by saving the volatile elements of the manure which are absorbed; it dilutes the guano, and thus prevents its too caustic action on the tender roots; it promotes the more even distribution on the soil, and renders the whole mass more pleasant to handle. It should never be neglected.

As a third precaution in the use of guano, we must see to it that our soil be rich enough, either by nature, or by the addition of sufficient farm yard manures, or by the quantity employed of the guano itself, to sustain the plant throughout the season in the vigorous growth, which the use of guano produces. It is from the neglect of this precaution, that our crops, which have been manured with any of the concentrated fertilizers, often fail as the season advances, because they have consumed the *homeopathic* dose deposited at their roots, and then the patient dies, not from the action of the food, but from the want of it—*starved to death*. This explains why some believe that guano will not do alone on *poor land*, and why all agree, that it is best applied with other more sluggish manures, as stable compost; for the prompt and energetic ac-

tion of the one gives to the crop an early development, pressing it rapidly forward beyond the attacks of insects and other influences to which it is specially exposed in the young and tender state, while the other, more sluggish in its action, continues to decompose slowly and furnishes its strength to the plants, in the later stages of their growth. By this combination also, the costly guano may be economized, as only one half the quantity of each manure will then be necessary.

When guano is in sufficient abundance, it would always be best, if convenient, to spread it broad-cast and thoroughly incorporate it with the soil, by ploughing and harrowing, in order that the little rootlets, which usually pervade every inch of the adjacent earth for several feet in all directions, may each find in its path some portion of the rich nutriment, and contribute its quota to the growth and vigor of the parent stalk. If, however, the quantity is small, and the soil good, and especially if other manures have been abundantly used, guano will be applied with the best results directly to the plant itself, in the composted state above described. That guano, when judiciously applied, on the principles announced, is not injurious, even on the poorest soil, is antecedently probable, if we consider the fact that it is an animal manure containing just what the plant wants, and what the poor soil is unable to give: but we are not left to inference merely. Travelers tell us that, in many places, the Peruvian soil is *entirely destitute of organic matter*, and yet from the days of the Incas until now, for hundreds of miles along the coast, the inhabitants have depended almost exclusively upon this fertilizer. Their method of application is to place it near the roots of the young plants, and then cover it with soil.

The quantity of guano proper to be used so varies with its quality,

as well as the nature of the crop, the condition of the soil, and the character of the climate, that details would be tedious.

From most of the field and garden plants, good results have been obtained, in this country, by the application of from 1 cwt. to 5 cwt. per acre—perhaps 250 lbs. would be a good average.

Mr. Fleming, of Scotland, applied 400 lbs. to Irish potatoes, and increased his crop from $5\frac{1}{2}$ tons to $13\frac{1}{2}$ tons per acre,—nearly trebling the yield: by the use of five hundred pounds he also increased his turnips from twelve and a half tons to thirty two tons per acre.—Such results as these need no comment.

Guano may be applied to corn, by dropping in the furrow where each plant is to grow, a small handful of guano-compost (making about a tablespoonful of pure guano) and then, with the foot, brushing a little earth over it, before the seed is deposited upon it. For cotton, from two to three cwt. per acre, of good Peruvian guano, well composted, may be deposited in the furrow with the seed, at the time of planting. The cereal crops, the roots of which do not descend far into the earth, require the guano to be only lightly harrowed in, that their roots may readily reach it; and when these, or the grasses are top-dressed, the guano should be applied when the weather is damp, and if possible, just before a rain, so that the soluble portions may be carried down directly to the roots, before the hot sun has expelled its gaseous elements.

These general principles, at which we have now hinted, of course, lead out, in their application, to an infinite variety of details, which modified by circumstances beyond our control, must be left to the prudence and good sense of every practical farmer.—And it is best so; we would not have it otherwise. God thus

teaches us our dependence on Him: and who more than the farmer should feel this dependence.—The success of all his daily duties depends upon agencies which he cannot control—the air, the earth, sunshine and storm, obey alike and alone the Divine behest. And how beautifully does our subject illustrate God's goodness to the farmer! He sent his ravens once to feed the prophet, but He has

been sending his *sea-birds* from an unknown antiquity, to regions otherwise useless, to store away for us there, rich treasures of fertilizing matter, to crown our fields with fatness, and fill our barns with plenty. Everywhere He surrounds the farmer: in everything let the farmer's heart ascend in gratitude to Him,—

"Him first, him last, him midst and without end."

THE LAST OF THE CRUSADERS.*

The victory of Lepanto was hailed throughout christendom with a joy of which we, of the present day, can form no adequate conception. Modern Turkey is but the "sick man," whose case requires the powerful aid of such physicians as France and England, to prevent a complete dissolution; it was not so in the sixteenth century. The Ottoman Empire, at that epoch, extended from Austria on the west, to the banks of the Euphrates on the east. On the south, Egypt owned its sway, and more than one of the kindred and piratical people that skirt the shores of Northern Africa, looked to the Sublime Porte, as their acknowledged head and protector.—To two, at least, of the parties to "the League," the proximity of this colossal power was a constant threat. Great, therefore, was the rejoicing in Rome and Venice at the news of a victory, from which some well-informed historians date the waning of the power of the crescent. His Holiness, Pius V., the true soul of the League, had previously declared that the victory had been revealed to him from Heaven; this did not prevent him, however, from being exceedingly moved at the profane confirmation

of this miraculous revelation. As he listened to the glorious details, the old Pontiff burst into tears, and exclaimed, in the words of the Evangelist: "There was a man sent from God, and his name was John." Nor was Spain backward, in expressing her delight and admiration at the achievements of her favorite son. Poets and sculptors were employed to perpetuate the memory of his great victory. On the walls of the museum at Madrid, the traveler may still look with admiration on Titian's great picture of the victory of the League; and a yet more enduring memorial keeps alive the memory of the great event, in some of the most brilliant pages of the Spanish Muse. So far as immediate results are concerned, however, its chief importance appears to have been the damage it inflicted on the prestige of the Ottoman arms. Like Rome after Cannæ, or Washington City after first Manassas, the Turkish capital, for a short time after Lepanto, seemed to lie helpless and exposed to the victor's blows.—Many, indeed, of his contemporaries, as well as some subsequent historians, were of opinion that Don John should at once have sailed against Constantinople.—But it is a cheap task to criticise after the event. If obvious con-

* Continued from page 205.

siderations can be urged why Don John should have thus pressed home upon his gigantic adversary, while staggering from the tremendous blow he had inflicted, considerations no less obvious suggest reasons against so hazardous a step. Without entering into the argument, it is enough to know that Don John himself regarded the undertaking, as one too great for his means. The season was already far advanced, and on a careful reconnoissance of the ground, the siege even of Santa Maura—a strongly fortified place, commanding the northern entrance to the gulf of Lepanto—was adjudged to be an undertaking of too much time and labor. Accordingly, it was determined to postpone further operations until the next season; and after a proportionate division of the spoil, the confederates separated, the Venetians and Romans steering homeward, and Don John shaping his course for the Messina. Great was the rejoicing that welcomed the return of the youthful conqueror. The city gave a splendid banquet in his honor, and as a more substantial token of approbation, voted him the sum of sixteen thousand crowns. It is pleasing to remember that Don John accepted this money only to devote it to the relief of the poor soldiers wounded in the battle of Lepanto. He showed a like generosity and nobility of soul, in directing all his individual share of the spoil obtained in the action to be divided among the captors. "Great men," says Byron—the quotation is from memory—have always

"—despised great recompenses;
Epaminondas saves his Thebes and
died,
And left behind—not even his funeral
expenses."

Our own hero, Lee, has repeatedly refused to accept anything like money in payment of a debt, which a grateful country feels she owes

him. There is something singularly admirable in this noble delicacy. Men instinctively recognize the fact that even in this world of barter and sale, there is something which money cannot pay for, something beyond the reach of the almighty dollar itself. In men of great name and place, the greed of gold is peculiarly odious. Of all the meannesses and vices, which stain the character of Marlboro', perhaps the most contemptible is the filthy love of lucre, for lucre's sake. The man whom Addison could compare to the destroying angel,—whose genius, amid the terrors of the battle, could "ride on the whirlwind and direct the storm,"—such a man, pouching every scrap of honest or dishonest gain, and like a greedy magpie, hoarding them for the mere love of hoarding, is a spectacle to make men and angels weep.

If Don John had no claim to the disinterestedness of an Epaminondas or a Lee, at least, his ambition was too lofty and absorbing, for the ignoble thirst of gold to dispute the empire of his soul with the thirst for fame. Nor was he destitute of those chivalrous sentiments, which prompted the Black Prince to make his triumphal entry into London side by side with the captive John, himself mounted on the humbler steed, while the French monarch rode a magnificent charger. He treated the captive sons of the unfortunate Ali, who had fallen to his share, with every consideration due to their birth and rank; and dismissed the survivor—for one had died meanwhile, it is said, of a broken heart—without ransom. He even refused to receive a present from the sister of these poor lads, not, as he said, because he under-valued her beautiful gift, but because it had ever been the custom of his royal ancestors to bestow their favors on those, who stood in need of them, without money and without price.

Notwithstanding the massacre of Galera, it is impossible to believe that his was a blood-thirsty or cruel nature. Whilst we cannot, therefore, accord our highest admiration to one whose ambition was purely selfish, we may indulge a legitimate commiseration for the disappointments and crosses of his subsequent career, and for the sad end of so much that was knightly and noble.

Like that of Napoleon at Austerlitz, the career of Don John reached its culminating point on the great day of Lepanto. His hopes of acquiring further distinction in the war against the Turks were doomed to disappointment. In the ensuing season, the several contingents of the allies were not ready until the summer was far advanced. When at length the Spanish contingent had been assembled, Philip, whose affairs were then at a critical juncture, refused to allow his brother to leave the port of Messina. It was not until the latter part of August, that Don John obtained permission to join the rest of the allies with his whole fleet. The junction was effected at Corfu, and once more unfurling the sacred standard of the League, the young leader steered southward in quest of the Turkish fleet. But the Turks had learned that they were not invincible by sea.— Their commander took refuge in the harbor and under the guns of the Castle of Modon and persistently refused to meet the christian fleet on the open waters.— The latter prolonged their stay in the neighborhood until the season was far advanced, when, despairing of accomplishing anything in a campaign begun at so late a day, they separated to their respective winter-quarters. Two of the allies, Spain and Rome, profiting by their experience, were resolved to begin the next campaign earlier in the season and on a yet more formidable scale. Venice, however, with that “Punic faith”

which is so dark a blot on the escutcheon of the Republic, had already determined to play them false. Early in March, 1573, contrary to an express stipulation of one of the articles of the treaty, she concluded a separate peace for herself, on most dishonorable terms. So early was the end put to that League, which claimed on its face to be perpetual; and so ended the fond dream of the Pope, revived after three centuries, of humbling the power of the unbeliever, and wresting from his grasp the ever sacred spot, which witnessed the passion and burial of the Saviour. Philip received the news of the defection of Venice, as he did all news whether good or bad, with real or feigned composure. It left him free to direct the armament under Don John against an enemy nearer home than the Turkish Sultan, the Corsairs of the Barbary coast of Africa. The point selected for attack was Tunis, then a flourishing town and the home of many a pirate that preyed on the commerce of the Mediterranean. The history of the campaign is a short one. When Don John appeared before the town, it opened its gates to him without resistance, and the Spaniards at once marched in and took possession. The capture of the place, indeed, is scarcely worth recording, but for one circumstance connected with it, which throws no inconsiderable light on the then hopes and aspirations of Don John. Commanding the approaches to Tunis stood the castle of Goletta, captured by the famous Emperor Charles V., and ever since that time in the possession of Spain.— This fortress, finding its value much inferior to its cost, Philip had recommended, or as some historians report *ordered*, his brother to destroy. Don John, however, not only failed to comply with this recommendation, but ordered the fortifications of the citadel to be

thoroughly repaired ; establishing, at the same time, a strong fortress in the city itself, which he garrisoned with eight thousand troops. The explanation of his action in this matter is to be found in the fact that he already aspired to a separate and independent sovereignty ; and that he regarded Tunis, the capital of a fruitful and flourishing country, as the most eligible spot for the seat of his proposed dominion. Here he dreamed of founding a new Carthage, whose fame should rival or eclipse that of the once opulent and powerful rival of Rome. Sprung from the descendant of so many kings, brother to the most powerful monarch of his time, the idol of his own people and the admiration of the whole christian world, it is not surprising that such hopes should have taken possession of his imagination. Even before Lepanto, he appears to have indulged in these alluring dreams of sovereignty.—After the conquest of Tunis, he went so far as to request the good offices of the Pope with his most Catholic Majesty, to secure him in his African Empire. His Holiness lent a favorable ear to his request, and backed by this powerful recommendation, his petition, to all appearance, was graciously received by Philip. It seems probable, however, that the jealous suspicions of the tyrant were, now for the first time, seriously excited against his brother ; suspicions, which once aroused, never slumbered nor slept, and which dogged him thenceforth to the grave.—Nothing of this, however, appeared on the surface. Without refusing or granting Don John's petition, he merely replied in substance, that he had information that the Turkish Sultan was fitting out an expedition for the recovery of Tunis, and it would therefore be well, before giving it away, to know to whom it really belonged. It soon appeared that

this information was correct. On learning the loss of the Barbary capital, Selim at once equipped and despatched an armament for its recovery. The town, as before, made no resistance, but it was not until after a siege of more than two months, and an incredible loss of life to the besiegers, that both the fortresses surrendered to the enemy. Don John, all this while, in the interests of his brother, had been occupied in Genoa with settling the disputes of two rival factions, whose violence threatened the Republic in civil war. So soon as he had been able to extricate himself from these civil broils, he had hurried back to Sicily, and made every effort to collect an armament in time to save his African conquests. But the very elements were against him. His fleet was scattered by a tempest and when he again collected it and put to sea, he was baffled by contrary winds until the unwelcome news reached him of the fall of his proposed capital.—It was the death-knell to all his gay hopes of African dominion.

But Don John's was a nature too hopeful and elastic to be cast down by one or two disappointments. Like a true knight-errant, he still indulged the fond dream of carving out with his good sword an independent empire for himself. Suspecting that Philip was little pleased with his daring schemes to secure a throne, and aware that reconciliation with him was the first step to the attainment of his object, and that every road to high preferment must begin with the Castilian court, he resolved, though not summoned, at once to return thither. With this return, the curtain falls upon the second act of his life's drama. When it rises again, the scenery and actors, save only the actors in chief, will have been entirely changed.

TO BE CONTINUED.

THE SEARCH OF THE SAGES.

I.

All night upon their lofty tower,
With up-turned brow, and straining eye,
The Persian sages watched each hour
Of the brief, orient night go by :
Yet still that unfamiliar star,
Mysteriously near, yet far—
Shining with such a steadfast blaze
Of silver radiance, that the rays
Of neighboring stars seemed dim,—was there,
Unheralded, unnamed, unknown ;
No learned chart its place had shown
Within the heavens :—and yet, how rare
Its lustre was !—how strangely fair !

II.

It did not set, like other stars,
It did not melt away, nor wane,
But steadier than the fiery Mars,
Each night beheld it beam again,
In fadeless splendor. Was it sent,
The herald of some grand event
Which heaven would thus reveal to earth ?
Did it presage some Prince's birth
Whose regnant sceptre should extend
From north to south—from east to west—
O'er all the Islands of the Blest,
Far as the sun his beams could send,
Even to the world's remotest end ?

III.

So grew the thought :—"It must be so !
The star tends westward, as we see ;
Heaven beckons us, and we must go,
And seek the Prince, and bow the knee.
Nor on an embassy so grand,
Dare we depart with empty hand ;
But of our rarest, richest things,
In homage to this King of kings,
We'll carry offerings : Ophir's gold—
Arabia's spiciest odors, meet
To pour in worship at His feet,
Whose empire, vast and manifold,
Yon marvellous star hath just foretold."

IV.

So forth upon their western way,
These Magi journeyed long and far,

Watching with anxious gaze the ray
 That trembled from their guiding star.
 And when the blazing sun on high,
 Flooded its spark from out the sky,
 Trustful, they paused within their tent,
 Until the orb of glory went
 Down goldenly beneath the plain ;—
 And then with hope half touched with fear,
 They looked aloft, and high and clear,
 Each eve, amid the daylight's wane,
 They hailed the mystic star again !

v.

With steady steps they followed still ;—
 Had heaven not sent a guide for them ?
 Nor rested in their search, until
 They trod the streets of Bethlehem.
 They looked to see the palace lights,
 Whose dazzle should eclipse the night's.
 But through the thronging ways they passed,
 And reached the city's verge at last,
 Where o'er a straw-roofed shed of clay,
 The starry finger pointed. There,
 Amazed—dumb—yet undoubting, they
 Entered, with homage, worship, praise,—
 With prostrate form, and awe-struck gaze,
 And owned His sovereignty, who lay
 Swathed in our weak humanity,
 A babe upon a woman's knee !

vi.

— Ye sages of a younger time,
 Who from the lofty heights of thought,
 Reach upward toward the true sublime,
 And search to know what God hath taught,—
 See, where amid the central blue,
 A star hath shot its crystal through ;
 Uncatalogued in all the lore
 Ye've syllabled so often o'er,—
 Yet shining with a heaven-born light,
 That hath not elsewhere met your sight.
 Gather your choicest treasures :—take
 Your wealth, your fame, your wisdom ; far
 Your native realm of self forsake,
 And lift your eyes to faith's pure star,
 And let it lead you onward : till
 With an unquestioning heart and will,
 Ye bring your gifts, and kneel with them,
 Before the child of Bethlehem !

MARGARET J. PRESTON.

THE ENTERPRISE AND ENERGY OF THE SOUTH.

The people of the Southern States have been often charged with love of ease, want of enterprise, and aversion to steady and systematic labor. The self-sufficient Jacobin has long harped upon this theme, offering himself as a bright example for imitation. According to him, the South has done little, and the North, under better guidance and inspiration, has done every thing to develop the resources of the country. He laid it down as an infallible dogma that the existence of negro slavery in the South deteriorated the character and habits of the people, was an obstacle to the progress of population and civilization, and to the improvement of the country. All slave labor was unskilful, slovenly and superficial, an obstacle to the use of machinery and improved methods of production—and made labor discreditable to the white man. It stamped incompleteness and inefficiency on all that was done, or attempted. He had preached this doctrine so long and confidently, as not only to convince himself, but some people in the South began to believe it. Yet the history of the Southern States flatly disproves these dogmatic assertions.

Two centuries ago, the whole territory of the Southern States, with the exception of the neighborhood of Jamestown in Virginia, the Spanish forts of St. Augustine and Pensacola, and two French posts on the Mississippi, was a wilderness and the hunting ground of the red man. Another century brought little change to this vast region, although several European colonies flourished on the coast.

What progress has the South made within the last hundred years? and how far can the peo-

ple of the Southern States claim that progress as their own work?

The characteristics of a people result from the race from which they sprung, the institutions and conditions under which they have lived, and their efforts or neglect to maintain and advance their position. It was no small advantage to the people of the Southern States that they were descended chiefly from British, and generally, English ancestors. From the same source they derived social, political, and religious institutions well adapted to secure their liberties, and promote their prosperity and civilization. In spite of the ruin which has lately fallen upon them, we think it can be proved that they did not by their own negligence throw away the advantages that God had given them.

Had the colonists of the Southern States been Frenchmen or Spaniards, we feel assured, from what we know of the attempts of these nations at colonization—that they would have made little progress compared with what has been done there. The Spaniards, stimulated to great enterprise and conquests in America in their search after gold, came into possession of vast and fertile regions, yet have shown little aptitude for turning the wilderness into a civilized and cultivated land. Among the French, an adventurous people, many have shown a remarkable readiness in throwing off the trammels of civilization, in order to identify themselves with savage communities, and become the leading spirits among them. But as civilized colonists, neither the French nor the Spaniards have shown much aptitude for spreading themselves as detached settlers over a new country, and pushing forward the great work

of extending widely and rapidly, European cultivation and civilization over barbarous regions. It seems to be characteristic of the Celtic races to herd together in crowds, to feel and act in masses, and to sink the individual in the community—while those of Teutonic origin have more individuality of character, or at least seek to live more within themselves, and avoid that close contact with the mass of their fellows, which puts their self-originating impulses under restraint. Even in cities, they are more strongly attached to the domestic hearth than the places of common resort—and they indulge this characteristic most fully in rural life. Boone, of Kentucky, was the very type of the Teutonic colonist, who seldom cared to locate himself where he could see the smoke rise from his next neighbor's chimney; while the opposite trait is strongly displayed in the American settlements of the Spaniards and the French. Although the French were early and eager explorers of the interior of the North American continent, yet in Canada the considerable population of French descent is still found chiefly in towns and villages, or on the little farms which line the banks of the St. Lawrence. The colonists of Louisiana spread slowly, as settlers, over the fertile territories lying invitingly open to them. So too, the emigrants to Mexico and other Spanish conquests, with every inducement from the fertility of the country, to become an agricultural people, and cover the land they had conquered, are still chiefly townsmen, and villagers; at the most, cultivating petty farms crowded around the communities in which they dwell. The *Haciendas*, the great estates, are chiefly vast stock farms with little tillage; and nothing in the country represents peasantry, but the lazy and inefficient Mexican race. Three centuries and a half have elapsed since the con-

quest of Mexico, yet in spite of the tide of migration thither, which set in and continued for centuries, the Mexican population of Spanish blood does not exceed a million. The same slow progress of population has been seen in the Portuguese colony of Brazil.

But it is a comparison of the progress of the Southern or slave holding States with that of the Northern or non-slave holding, that presents the true points of interest. Nor must we forget that negro slavery had existed in all the old States both Northern and Southern, and that the people of New England were perhaps the most active agents in the slave trade.

Even a century ago, the tide of European immigration into North America seems to have been much diverted from the Southern Colonies; after the Revolution it ceased to be a stream flowing steadily into the South. The Europeans and Northern men, who since then have settled in the South, seldom brought families with them, and have not added much to the population. A vast majority of the people of the Southern States are sprung from ancestors, who settled in some part of the South several generations ago.

The bulk of the negroes too in the Southern States are sprung from Africans imported long before the Revolution; for it was not late in the history of these colonies, when the slave population increased more by birth than by importation.

In this respect, the English colonies differed from those in the West Indies, whether English, Spanish or French. There, from causes unknown to us, perhaps the cost of maintaining the families of slaves, only adult made negroes were in much demand—and of course, the cargoes of slaves were chiefly of that sex; while among the negroes brought into the English continental colonies,

there were almost as many women as men. Indeed it was not uncommon for the slaver, after selling out the male part of the cargo in the West Indies to bring the women and children to a continental port. The negroes on a plantation in the West Indies resembled a regiment in this—that the members were kept up only by the frequent introduction of recruits—while in North America, the importation of Africans was like the introduction of a body of peasantry for the permanent settlement of the country. The effect of this was that, although fewer Africans were brought to North America than to any one of the large West Indian islands, their descendants are twice as numerous as all the negroes in the West Indies.

We have access to few early sources of statistical information, and the census of the U. S. dates only from 1790. But from that it appears that the number of negroes increased very little faster, during the last eighteen years of the slave trade than they have done since; from which we infer that no great number of Africans were imported during that time. We think it likely that there never were more than 300,000 Africans brought into this country, and in 1860 their descendants exceeded 4,000,000.

In 1810, on the taking of the first census after the slave trade had ceased, the population of the Southern States was:

Whites,	2,153,000
Slaves,	1,159,000
Free colored,	95,000
	—————3,407,000

At that time the chief productions of the Southern States, for exportation, were:

About	220,000 bales of cotton,
"	90,000 hhds. of tobacco,
"	130,000 tierces of rice,
	\$8,000,000 in lumber, &c.

The usual marks of a civilized country—considerable towns, well built houses, well traveled roads, wealth and education—were only to be found at a few points in the vicinity of the sea coast.

In 1860, after the lapse of only fifty years, not a long life for a man, a brief period in the history of a people, the population of the Southern States amounted to:

Whites,	8,400,000
Free colored,	200,000
Slaves,	4,000,000
	—————12,600,000

But the progress in production and wealth had been far greater than in population. Numerous cities and towns had grown up throughout the country; almost every part of it was intersected by rail roads; wealth, education and refinement were widely disseminated and rapidly advancing in every part of the country; civilization and christianity had been planted a thousand miles westward of their former limits.

We have more accurate means of measuring the material than the moral progress of the country; and in order that the reader may the better judge of the direction largely given to labor in the Southern States, and of its results, we will set down the quantity and value of some of the principle productions that sought a market abroad.

In 1860, the quantity and value of the following commodities, produced for market, in the Southern States, were:

Cotton	5,000,000 bales, valued at	\$250,000,000
Tobacco	200,000,000 pounds	30,000,000
Sugar	400,000 hhds.	22,000,000
Molasses	20,000,000 gallons	4,000,000
Rice	4,500,000 bushels	4,000,000
Hemp	35,000 tons	4,200,000
Lumber and naval stores		10,000,000
		—————\$324,200,000

Of this amount, at least \$280,000,000 were produced for exportation beyond their borders. This, with many minor items of production omitted, was the surplus crop of the South, after agricultural labor had supplied the necessities of life to the inhabitants ; for, although some of the extreme Southern States did not produce all of the grain and provisions they consumed, the deficiency was far less than the amount of these articles exported from slave-holding states farther North—as Virginia, Maryland and others.

History tells of no instance of so rapid an increase of an agricultural product, as that of the cotton crop. The Southern States seemed destined to clothe the world. No people, in proportion to their numbers, not even the population of California and Victoria, ever furnished to the commerce of the world, an equal amount of valuable commodities, providing the materials of industry, and thus of subsistence and wealth to millions, and of comfort to untold millions.

One is apt to imagine that so great a progress, within so brief a period, could only be the result of a combination of all the advantages that could promote a people's prosperity, and to feel certain that the people of the Southern States had shared all the advantages enjoyed by their Northern neighbors living in the same confederation with themselves. But we will show that this is far from being true.

They enjoyed, indeed, some great advantages in common with the Northern States ; they had inherited those ideas and institutions, on which Anglo-Saxon liberty and social order are based, and had adapted them to their circumstances in a new country. On these were founded their liberal and efficient State Governments, securing internal order and justice. They had an extensive country lying open before them, invit-

ing occupation and culture : they had near at hand, no great foreign power to involve them in costly and dangerous wars. Yet powerful influences obstructed the progress of the Southern States ; one was the character of the climate.

In the Southern portion of the continent, colonized by the English, as in the adjacent islands, the European settlers had found a climate and soil admirably adapted to the growth of agricultural staples, eagerly sought after in every land. Here was a great field for agricultural enterprise, industry and skill ; but it was soon found that on the more productive soils of this bountiful region, the man of European blood followed the labors of the field, at the cost of health, and the hazard of life. He cultivated summer-growing crops, requiring frequent tillage, chiefly by manual labor, at the hottest season of the year. Few constitutions long withstood the wasting effects of the climate when laid open to its worst influences, by the fatigue and exposure of the husbandman's toil under even a sub-tropical sun.—The Southern colonies of England were settled at a fearful cost of human health and life, and this tribute to the climate, though diminished, has never ceased to be paid. Indeed, in many parts the clearing and cultivating the land seemed to aggravate its malignancy. Apart from this, any one, who is familiar with the climate and knows the amount of work habitually done by an English or Scotch farm laborer, is aware that such labor is possible in few, and only the least productive parts in the Southern States. The climate has continued to divert the tide of European immigration, which would otherwise have flowed into the South, and has for years been adding so immensely to the population, and yet more to the command of labor, in the Northern States. On the first settlement of

the English on the Southern coast, the need of more suitable labor was at once felt ; and the African slave trade, long since opened by Spaniards, and now fostered by the British Government, soon began to supply the want.

The introduction of the negro in a measure overcame the obstacle the climate presented to the cultivation of the country. The negro slaves brought from Africa (for almost all had been slaves at home) found here a climate and country congenial to their nature; differing somewhat from their own, but perhaps more favorable to them. We may infer this from their ready multiplication by natural increase, and their improvement in efficiency, intelligence and civilization ; or must we attribute these effects not in part to change of country and climate, but solely to their improved social condition ?

In the Southern States, both climate and soil are peculiarly adapted to the growth of agricultural products, of the first importance in the commerce of the world.— This had stamped an agricultural character on these communities, leading them to peculiar pursuits, in which skill and labor are directed chiefly, not to growing the ordinary crops of the farm, most of which are consumed in the country, and even neighborhood in which they are grown, but to the production of crops, which become at once commercial commodities, which will pay the cost of distant transportation, and are sought after in foreign and distant lands. Thus on the first settlement of Virginia, tobacco became the great staple of agriculture and commerce, and even the chief currency of the colony ; further south, indigo, rice and naval stores took its place. In a still lower latitude, the growth and preparation of sugar profitably employed much labor and the richest lands. But for many years past, the wealth

of the South has been chiefly derived from those ever increasing cotton crops, with which the planter has striven to supply the ever growing demands of the world, and thus render all nations tributary to his wants.

The civilization, systematic industry and controlling intellect of the white man, directing and aided by the ability for labor and the constitutional peculiarities of the negro, in a country and climate so capable of valuable productions, made the Southern States what we lately saw them, rich, civilized and prosperous communities, whose annually increasing produce took the lead in the commerce of the world, and supported, in peace and plenty, two distinct populations, differing in race and condition, each of which already numbered several millions. Nor do we know of any other possible combination of human powers, which could have raised these peculiar regions to the condition they had lately attained.

It is a common mistake to suppose that the agricultural success of the South was owing to the peculiar fertility of the soil. In the extensive territories covered by these States, there is a large proportion of poor land ; and in the more southern States, the climate is not favorable to the production of grain ; the people cultivated certain crops for exportation simply because their soil and climate, and the labor at their command, was especially adapted to their production. Inferring God's designs from his works, and not being wise or righteous above Scripture, nor deeming that wrong which Christ condemned not, the people of the Southern States turned the territory they occupied, and the negroes introduced there, (not especially by themselves,) to the most useful purposes to which they were adapted, greatly to the profit of themselves,

of the negroes, and even of the world at large; if it be true that God has so contrived the relations of a world-wide humanity, that every country is immediately or remotely benefited by the cultivation, civilization and prosperity of every other country in the world.

The great evil, which long obstructed the progress, burdened the industry of the people of the Southern States, and tapped the fountains of their prosperity, was the financial and commercial policy of the very government, they had joined in establishing for the security of their interests and their rights; for the pursuits of the people of these States afforded peculiar temptations and facilities, for practicing this fraudulent and oppressive policy towards them.

All this production in the South, of commodities for foreign markets, had one object, that is to purchase articles not produced at home. What the producer everywhere aims at, and has a right to, is liberty to sell his produce at the highest price he can get, in the best market he can find, and replace it with the commodities of his choice. This is an essential part of liberty, without which no man is truly free. The producer seeks to exchange his produce for some other commodities, money being merely the measure and medium which facilitates this exchange. That which was his at home is still his when he has carried it abroad; and when he has exchanged it, that which he receives in exchange, when brought home, is as much his property as that which he carried abroad in order to obtain it; and it makes no difference in principle, whether he carry it abroad himself, or sell it to another who buys it for that purpose.

The people of the Northern States, from the nature of their climate and country, were not producers of large amounts of valua-

ble commodities, in great demand in foreign countries. Europe, in particular, produced, besides many things that the Northern States did not furnish, most commodities which they did produce, and at lower prices. Now the exports from a country pay for the imports into that country, and the imports for the exports; there is no other possible way of paying for either. But as the great bulk of the exports from the United States was the produce of the South, the great bulk of imports came to pay Southern men for that which they had sent abroad, or sold to be sent abroad by others.

But if the people of the Northern States had little to export, they had what they resolved should be quite as profitable to them—they had a majority of voices in the councils of the common government, and were thus able to control the commercial and financial policy of the country—and resolved to pervert the common agent of all the States into the source of profit to themselves, at the cost of the South. No government can be supported without a revenue, and they sought to avoid, as far as possible, contributing their share to that revenue which had to be raised by taxation.

A tax may be defined—the requisition by the law, from individuals, of a portion of their substance, for the support of the government under which they live; but a *just* tax is a requisition by the law, from individuals of an *equal* proportion of their substance, for the support of the government under which they live *protected in their rights*—taxation and protection are correlative terms. Unnecessary taxation is evident oppression, and an equal apportionment of taxes, especially in a confederacy, is the plain dictate of justice. It is not often practicable to find this proportion; but governments are bound to seek it, and approximate to it. How did the

Federal government deal with the South on this point?

Congress provided for the support of the government almost exclusively by laying duties on foreign goods; the rest was chiefly raised by the sale of public land in the territories, most of which had been ceded to the Federal government by the Southern States. Now a tax, on imported foreign goods, affects the producer of exportable articles in this way: While trade is free, the exported produce of the country is paid for by as large an amount of foreign goods as will leave the ordinary profits on commercial transactions, after all expenses are paid; but when there is a tax on foreign goods coming into the country, there is a new and great expenditure added; for the merchant must pay ten, twenty, thirty and perhaps forty per cent. to the government on the value of his foreign cargo, before he can sell it in the country. The price of these foreign goods are raised in this market, by the amount of the tax, and the producer of commodities for exportation, obtains for them proportionally less foreign goods in exchange. The foreigner's means of purchasing being diminished by the amount of the tax he pays on his goods, the price of Southern produce falls when the tariff is raised in the United States, and rises when it is lowered; the burden of supporting the common government has been thus thrown chiefly on the South. While this has been long the case, the bulk of the revenue has been systematically expended at the North.—The people of the Northern States, who through their numbers, controlled the financial and commercial policy of the government, so contrived it, that they received more than twice as much from the United States treasury, as they paid into it, while the people of the Southern States paid more than twice as much into it as they

received from it, in the shape of government expenditure among them. Now as long as the revenue of a government is expended among the people who pay it, it is difficult to say what is the limit of possible taxation. When a government expends among a people twice as much as it takes from them by taxation, the higher the taxes the richer that people will become; but when the government takes twice as much in taxes as it expends among the people who pay them—even low taxes tend to impoverish them, and high taxes to ruin them.

But this taxing power was made to minister in another way to the profit of the North. Great is the ingenuity of the New Englander, but never so great as when he would embark in some undertaking in which others are to pay the cost, and he is to reap the profit. Thus the character of the coast and seas in his neighborhood tempting him to establish fisheries—he first invents plausible grounds to induce the government to pay a bounty per ton on every vessel he should fit out for the fisheries—that is, to pay him for doing his own business. He caught the fish and the bounty too, nor do we know that he sold his fish any cheaper on that account, as foreign caught fish were carefully excluded by taxation. To increase his profit as a ship builder and a ship owner, the yankee procured the passing of the navigation laws, which imposed tonnage duties on all foreign vessels, and prohibited their taking part in the coasting trade, the aim being to secure to the yankee ship owner, high freights at the cost of the Southern States, the great exporters of produce. When he took to spinning cotton and wool, knowing that the English and French manufacturers could furnish a far better article at a cheaper price—and that in a free market he had no chance of selling a yard of his stuffs in the South, he per-

suades and bribes Congress, under the plea of protecting American industry, to impose a heavier duty on foreign cotton and woolen goods. The object is to exclude the better foreign article, to confine the Southern man to the Northern market, and compel him to pay an extravagant price for inferior goods. When he took to smelting and manufacturing iron—the South must bid farewell to cheap iron and tools, for a duty of thirty per cent. it is hoped will exclude the English article and give the Northern man exclusive control of this necessary of civilized life. And so with coal mining, and every other enterprise, which can be made profitable to the Northern man by such government interference, as will raise the commodity to an artificial price.

For many years, the whole object of the commercial and financial policy of the U. S. government has been to drain the South of its wealth, in order to raise the wages of Northern labor and the profits of Northern capital, and to furnish the government with the means of lavish expenditure at the North. The corrupting effect there of this system can hardly be exaggerated, and it has created a large party who look upon the government, not as an institution, which they are to aid in supporting out of the proceeds of their honest industry, but which owes them a living, and is bound to support them.

The wonder is how did the South contrive to grow rich while thus drained? It is too plain how the North grew yet richer, thus constantly flooded with wealth, not of its own production.

The people of the North have always been far more numerous; and great as the progress of the population in the South has been, that at the North has been greater. For it has been long swelled by the unparalleled influx of emigrants from the old world as numerous, perhaps, as the barbarous

hordes that overran the Roman Empire. We have few means of reference at hand—but in some years, as 1854, this immigration amounted to nearly half a million. At the same time, the prosperity of the North has been stimulated by the influx of the surplus capital of Great Britain and other countries of the North of Europe. Both labor and capital naturally sought in the New World a latitude, climate, and employment similar to those of the country from which they had come. Of the foreigners living in the U. S. in 1850, 1,965,000 were found in the non-slaveholding States, only 245,000 in the slaveholding States; and since then the disproportions, we believe, is vastly increased. The North thus acquired an almost unlimited command of labor—including skilled mechanics and men of science of high attainments. All the great works of internal improvement there are chiefly the result of Irish and German labor, and mechanical skill from England, Scotland and the north of Europe. In addition to the capital borrowed from Europe, it drained annually from the South far greater means of setting that labor to work.

In truth, the South is like a farm, from which all the manure has been annually carted away to be spread on the fields of the farm lying north of it. The tenant of the first farm must have possessed no little skill and industry to enable him to compete at all with his favored neighbor, who by the by has never ceased to abuse him both as a man and a farmer. The Southern farmer has been undergoing this process for half a century, for the profit of his Northern neighbor, who had the ear of that parental government which had undertaken to protect them both. But he may now ease his mind with the bitter consolation that no more of this valuable manure will be raked upon his premises to en-

rich so unfairly his Northern neighbor.

"Viator vacuus coram latrone cantabit!"

We bemoan the fate of the farmer's black cattle, which under his care have thriven and multiplied so wonderfully, but are now destined to dwindle and die out far more rapidly than they had increased. But this is too solemn a subject for a jesting metaphor.

The decrease in the number of negroes in the British and French West Indies, since their emancipation, though great, will be no measure of the rate at which they will die out in the Southern States.—The negroes in the West Indies had not in contact with them, a large population of a superior race to shoulder them out of the way, in the struggle for existence.—And, what is perhaps more essential, in these islands, clothing, shelter, and fuel are scarcely needed, and the soil and climate yield the actual necessities of life, almost spontaneously, to the slightest exertion. But it is not so in any part of the Southern States, which have a marked winter; there, food, clothing, shelter, and fuel can only be obtained through forethought and real labor, to which the negro is so averse. Like the Indian, he is destined to die out.

It has been asserted by some Northern theorists that there is a tendency to degenerate in the white population of the Southern States, which has only been partially counteracted by new comers from Europe and the North. The yankee has great faith in statistics, yet skilfully as he has manipulated those of the U. S., he is reluctant to receive some of the conclusions necessarily to be drawn from them. He is loth to admit what these statistics clearly prove, for instance, that the negro thrives in servitude and dies out in freedom. That of all the classes of the population, crime was most frequent among the free negroes, and

rarest among the slaves. That the dogma that free labor is more productive than slave labor is false, when applied to the black race.—Equally false are his inferences as to degeneracy in the people of the South. They have yet shown no no sign of it, or of inferiority to any other people. There are statistical and historical facts utterly incompatible with this idea of their degeneration. It appears from the census of 1850, (the only one we have access to) that while but one hundred and ninety five thousand persons, who had been born in the Northern States, were then living in the South, there were at that very time, four hundred and eighty five thousand natives of the Southern States then living at the North. Is it to be supposed that they would have settled there, if from inferiority, in industry and ability, they had found themselves less capable of making a living and pushing their fortunes than the people they went among? Eighty-five thousand Virginians were found in Ohio alone, fifty-one thousand in Indiana; sixty-eight thousand Kentuckians in Indiana, fifty nine in Illinois; fifty-eight thousand North Carolinians in Ohio—thirty three thousand in Indiana; thirty-two thousand Tennesseans in Illinois, &c., and some Southerners in every Northern State. Far the greater number of these emigrants from the South were farmers, and their object was to find a climate in which field work and out-door labor was not so injurious to the white man, as in that which they had left behind them. Another motive may have been, that in removing from the South to the North they experienced bounty in place of oppression at the hands of the Federal government. All these statements apply to the white population, and it appears that the rapid increase of the whites in the South, was in spite of the fact that they sent out far

more emigrants than they received from Europe and the North.

The Southern man, says the Northerner, is constitutionally indolent, and generally illiterate; in the South you see but slovenly farming and rudeness in the mechanic arts.

It is true that there is often an air of languor about the Southern man from which many have inferred want of energy—while it is but the result of energy expended in a prostrating climate. Neat husbandry and high tillage must not be looked for in any country where land is abundant and labor scarce, nor is such a region a favorable home to the mechanic arts. Yet peculiar forms of such high cultivation could have been found on the sugar plantations of Louisiana, the rice plantations of South Carolina,—and there, also, in that limited region producing the fine cotton known as sea island. It is peculiarly difficult to bring education home to a rural population scattered over a large territory, such as the people and country of the South. But the members of the learned professions and other educated classes there, have been the equals of those at the North. The pursuits of letters and science are promoted by, almost require, a residence amidst a dense population, where one can have intercourse with numerous cultivated minds, and access to large libraries and the material and apparatus for scientific investigation.

Yet among the names best known in the somewhat flimsy literature and pretentious science of the U. S., not a few are those of Southern men. Southern statesmen in the Federal councils have generally taken broader views, and, except on questions affecting the sectional and pecuniary interests of the North, they usually controlled the counsels of the government. In all the wars from colonial times to this day, the names of Southern men have been preminent. The military spirit of the South was shown in the Mexican war, by the superiority both in numbers and conduct of the Southern volunteers over those of the North.—Even now, defeated and ruined as they have been, they can boast that, except perhaps in some very small and compact state, no population ever sent forth a larger military force in proportion to its numbers, and made greater efforts and sacrifices for the national defence; though little in this instance can be said in praise of the statesmanship and strategy, that wasted the resources and misdirected the energy of the country.

Of the present condition of the people of the Southern States, we care not to speak. Their future will depend much on their not forgetting what they have been, and what they have done, even in the midst of their failure. Theirs has been no inglorious past; woe to them, if, in the day of their humiliation they strive to forget it.

PAGE-BROOK.

There is dust on the door-way, there is mould on the wall,
There's a chill at the hearth-stone, a hush through the hall,
And the stately old mansion stands darkened and cold
By the leal, loving hearts that it sheltered of old.

No light at the lattice, no smile at the door,
 No cheer at its table, no dance on its floor,
 But "glory departed," and silence, alone!
 "Dust unto dust," upon pillar and stone!

No laughter of childhood, no shout on the lawn,
 No footstep to echo the feet that are gone,
 Feet of the beautiful, forms of the brave,
 Failing in other lands, gone to the grave!

No anthem of praises, no hymn rising clear,
 No song at the bridal, no wail at the bier,
 All the chords of its symphonies, scattered and riven,
 Its altar in ashes! Its incense in Heaven!

'Tis life's deepest sadness, thus lonely to stand,
 'Mid the wreck of a HOME, once the pride of the land,
 Its chambers unfilled as its children depart,
 The melody stilled in its desolate heart.

Yet softly the sun-shine still rests on the grass,
 And lightly and swiftly the cloud-shadows pass;
 And still the broad meadow exults in the sheen,
 With its foam-crest of snow, and its billows of green.

And the verdure shall creep to the mouldering walls,
 And the sun-light shall sleep in the desolate halls,
 And the foot of the Pilgrim shall find to the last
 Some fragrance of Home at the shrine of the Past.

P. O. TICKNOR.

TWELVE MONTHS IN SPAIN.*

We start for Seville. Immured (hinder part,) and the *verlina*, within Madrid for more than six (top.) These apartments differ in months, I was delighted to escape comfort, and, of course, in price. on an excursion through the *The verlina* is the cheapest, and Southern provinces. the best for a view of the country.

Have you formed an idea of a The unwieldy vehicle is usually Spanish public coach? It is a drawn by ten mules, with a horse huge, cumbrous vehicle, not unlike a locomotive, consisting of in the lead, on which is seated a four parts: *the coupé*, (front,) *the interior*, (middle,) *the rotonda*, held in, nor guided by bit or bridle. They move wholly by word of mouth and the crack of the whip; and they go, on level ground

* Continued from page 102.

or down hill, with thundering noise, as fast as their feet, under a sharp lash, can carry them.

The company consisted, altogether of Spaniards, save myself; and I had occasion again to observe, as I had often done before, the infinite good humor and pleasantries of this people at those petty annoyances, which frequently put us so much out. Spaniards are very Jobs. They bear all the ills of life, from bad government down to a crying child, with admirable patience. We had a lady along with an infant that behaved every way as badly as an infant could. Had we been in a crowded coach of Englishmen or Americans, there would have been, I know well, some looks and intimations betokening displeasure, at its childish performances. Not so, however, with our Spanish *compagnons de voyage*. They cracked their jokes in vain attempts to quiet the unruly brat, about as often as our driver cracked his whip. And the mother, understanding the temper of her countrymen, never seemed to feel that she was furnishing an annoyance to anybody. Nor, indeed, was she; for nothing is so catching as good humor.—We all partook of the general glee; and when she parted from us, in the evening, we felt that something was taken from the stock of our amusement.

We took dinner, the first day, and rested several hours at Aranjuez, a royal residence, some twenty-eight or thirty miles from Madrid. The court removes to this place, about the last of April, and remains till the middle of June, when, passing again through Madrid, it proceeds to La Granja, beyond the Guadarrama mountains. Aranjuez is a delightful retreat. At Madrid, you have one of the most magnificent palaces in Europe, situated on a stream not larger than a spring branch, without a tree, or garden, or flower, or blade of grass. At Aran-

juez, on the contrary, we see a palace of ordinary pretensions, amid a valley clothed with verdure, through which the Tagus rolls its yellow waters. The chief charm of the site is its forest, which, extending for miles up and down the river, boasts of trees brought from every clime of the old world and the new. Among others, I remarked, with patriotic pride, two, which came from the Dismal Swamp in North Carolina. Amid the spring glories of this unrivalled forest, embellished with fountains, and gardens, and fields of green, the Royalty of Spain is accustomed to repair its energies, wasted by the dissipation of the capital, and to repay itself for the cheerless prospect at Madrid.

We move on. As the sun was declining, a small village, whose picturesque situation attracted our attention, loomed in the distance. It was perched, like an Eagle's eyrie, upon the summit of a bold cliff of rocks. It had been an out-post *guard*, in former times, against the Moors—hence its name: *La Guardia*. Slowly ascending the eminence, our diligence was beset with a swarm of beggar-children, who came pouring out of the side of the hill, in which they burrow like rabbits. The French, during the wars of Napoleon, sacked the town and destroyed many of the houses, and the miserable population are either too lazy or too poor to undertake any repairs. So they live, chiefly, in the holes of the earth. I never saw better specimens of Spanish beggars than these children presented—naked, dirty, emaciated—yet, withal, so joyous and blithe! They mingled with their entreaties for money all sorts of little gymnastics—standing on their heads, walking on their arms, skipping like kids over each other—evidently for the amusement of the passengers, and intended as a kind of recompense for what they expected to get when the diligence stop-

ped. While we were changing mules, I was particularly engaged by a little bright-eyed girl, whose pretty face and lively manners struck me. She had a joke and a smile for every one. She asked me if I did not want a drink of water, (they *sell* water in Spain,) holding out to me, at the same time, a glassful. I told her I did not want water, but that I did want a kiss, and asked her what she would take for one. She answered gaily: "I never *sell* my kisses; I always give them freely. But," she continued, "if you really want a kiss, come with me, and I will take you to the Virgin—the mother of God—in the church over there," pointing to a small chapel hard by. "The Virgin," she added, "is better to kiss than I am." "No," I said "the Virgin is ugly and dead." "Not so," she cried, "the Virgin is alive too. The Virgin lives in heaven. And our Lady of La Guardia is the prettiest in all Spain. Come and kiss her." I was not quite so devout a catholic as that; but pressed by the charming importunity of the little girl, I was puzzled to find a gallant way of retreat. Fortunately, just then, the postillion cracked his whip, the *mayoral* shouted "a la coche, Senores," and in a few minutes La Guardia and its rocky cliffs were lost to our view, as we bounded over the plains of La Mancha.

La Mancha! Your classic recollections start up at that name, and the veritable history of the renowned Don Quixote de la Mancha pass in ideal review before you, as did the actual scenes of his never-to-be-forgotten achievements before me.

Off to our left, lay the village of *Tobosa*, where dwelt the fair dulcinea of all his hopes and woes, who "had the best hand of salting pork of any woman in all La Mancha." (P. 1., b. 2., c. 1.)

We went rapidly through the *Pass of Lapiche*, where he exult-

ingly told brother Sancho, "we may thrust our arms up to the elbows in adventures;" and they did too, for they encountered the wind-mills there. (P. 1, b. 1, c. 8.)

We stopped a few minutes at the *Venta de Quesada*, where he took a pleasant method to be dubbed a knight. (P. 1, b. 1, c. 3.)—And the inn and its well are standing to this day, just as they were described three hundred years ago.

Not far off, immediately to our left, is *Argamasilla*, where (though the name is purposely omitted) our hero domiciled, and in whose gloomy prison, Cervantes wrought this whole wondrous web of fancy. (P. 1, b. 1, c. 1.)

We passed along the same road near *Torre Nueva*, where the kind hearted knight liberated a band of galley-slaves. (P. 1, b. 3, c. 8.) And we too met in the neighborhood a herd of these wretches, chained two-and-two, who would have been no doubt equally glad of a like service rendered to them, but the age of chivalry is gone.

We approached, finally, the *Sierra Morena*, whose lofty heights reminded us of the story of Cardenio and Dorothea, and all those valiant feats of the amorous knight, which are faithfully recounted in part 1, book 4, whereunto I refer for particulars.

I quote chapter and verse. I traveled, indeed, with book in hand. There is no guide-book through La Mancha like Don Quixote. You feel that he is a real personage, so life-like are the representations of Manchegan character, habits and localities.—I have never discovered anything out of place or out of time, in Don Quixote. Let me illustrate. In my ignorance, I was accustomed to fancy the never-before-imagined adventure of the wind-mills rather far-fetched. It seemed to me that no man could be crack-brained enough to mistake those common implements of husbandry for giants. But how truthfully did

the great novelist picture the manners as they rose.

Wind-mills had been introduced into Spain only a short time, when Cervantes wrote. They were a seventh wonder even to men of science; and came into most general use in La Mancha, which has ever been a grain-producing province, with little water power.—The Spanish wind-mill is smaller than ours; and as you pass along the highway, you may see them now, as three hundred years ago, in groups at some distance from the road, particularly in the vicinity of Lapiche, standing in the open air, with arms extended, not unlike giants in battle array.—The illusion would be most natural, even at this day, to an imagination fired like that of the valorous Don. Thus you perceive that, with not less of historical accuracy than of local appropriateness, has the unmatched humorist introduced this incident. And it is hardly possible to meet a Manchegan peasant without welcome recognition in his features, in his language, in his dress, in his donkey, in everything that is his, our old familiar friend, honest Sancho Panza, who has moved to laughter or to tears eight generations of readers. Such is the power of genius, and so much stranger is truth than fiction!

Leaving La Mancha, we penetrate the *Sierra Morena* by a defile, which is singularly called *Despena perros* (throw over dogs.) The scenery is very fine. The mountains rise on either hand.—At certain points you look down over rocks piled on rocks, hundreds of feet into the gorge below, until the head is giddy; while far off to the left loom up, mingling with the sky, the peaks of the *Sierra Nevada*, crowned with a diadem of snow. The name of this narrow passage through the mountains is derived, it is said, from the practice of the Spanish christians of throwing the Moors

over these rocks, when they refused to abjure the faith of the Prophet. I suspect there was a reciprocity in this kind of sport—for the enmity between the races was mortal. While the Spaniard called the Musselman "infidel dog," the Moor knew the Spaniard only as "christian dog." As either party gained the ascendancy, in the course of the changeful fortunes of their long warfare, we cannot doubt that each availed itself of these craggy heights to reek vengeance upon the other, by this terrible manner of death.—Far down there in the deep gorge, mouldering together, lies the martyred dust of the follower of the Cross and the Crescent!!

Passing *Despena perros*, a change, as instantaneous as it is refreshing, comes over the face of the country, and of course, over one's own spirit. You bid adieu to solemn, dreary La Mancha—you hail bright, cheerful Andalusia, which spreads out like a rich carpet before you in "gay, theatrical pride." The soft voluptuousness, which now envelopes the amplitude of earth and sky as with a garment, leaves you no longer to doubt that this balmy region was the loved land of the Moor.

The genial summer sun, which knows no winter; the little hills, which rejoice on every side; the green pastures, which are clothed with flocks; the valleys also, which are covered over with corn; the vegetation, so rich and varied and fragrant; the vine, the orange, the lemon, the olive, the palm—"even every tree that is pleasant to the sight and good for food." Such is Andalusia! I do not wonder that the Moslem fought for it, through eight long centuries, as for his life. I do not wonder that he shed bitter tears, when the obstinate valor of the Goth wrested it from his dominion forever!

We dined the second day at *La Carolina*, whose neat, fresh appearance made me feel that I was

again in one of our new-born villages in America. All the Spanish towns, which I had hitherto seen, had an ancient air and a decayed aspect. In all of them you find marks, more or less distinct, of the several races which have held possession of the country—the Roman, the Goth, the Moor. Not so in La Carolina, which looks as modern as Charlotte or Raleigh. The streets, deeply shaded, are laid out with exact regularity; and the cottage-like houses are ranged with a uniformity, and finished in a recent style of architecture, that is very novel here, and, by contrast, exceedingly pleasing to the eye. On inquiry, I found that the town was established about the middle of the last century—in America, we would call even that an old town—and peopled by some Dutch and Swiss, whose tastes have combined to make it one of the prettiest villages in Spain, though altogether non-Spanish.

I stopped a day in *Cordova*.—This is one of the places which should be well-seen—not so much for what it is as for what it was. Situated in a vast plain, on the Guadalquivir, amid olives and palm-trees, its aspect, as you approach it from a distance, is truly oriental. But of a glory, which once rendered it the foremost city of the world, there remains now but a single object of chief interest. I refer of course to the celebrated Mosque, which was built towards the close of the 8th century, and ranked in sanctity next to the Caaba at Mecca. The exterior did not impress me. Passing through the once beautiful Court of Oranges, 430 by 210 feet in extent, now the favorite resort of beggars, I entered the main building by the great central door.

The scene was magical. An area of 400 by 350 feet, where a thousand variegated marble pillars support the roof; the airy architecture of the orientals, now

seen for the first time; the rich mosaic curiously wrought in the floor, representing incidents in Arabian story; the solemn stillness which reigns there, so inspiring to tranquil devotion; the dim religious light falling over all from a sky of cloudless beauty!! It was absolutely like enchantment. It is vain to attempt details.—They would not be intelligible.—The Catholics, who have converted the Mosque into a Cathedral, have marred the general effect somewhat, by erecting a choir and altar in the centre of the building. But, happily, neither all the changes of Rome, nor yet the ravages of a thousand years have availed much to impair the primal elegance of this monument of the Saracenic domination in Spain.

I lingered almost the day long amid this forest of pillars, filled with such thoughts of things past, as might recommend solitude before choicest society.

And now, ere the shadows of evening close upon us, let us ascend the tall and graceful minaret, whence we gain an extensive prospect of city and country. Would you know what Cordova was? Give fancy no play—but accept the dry details of pains-taking delvers in Spanish-Arabic antiquities. Eight centuries ago, the muezzin who summoned the faithful to prayers, at this hour, from the spot where we are standing, had his words taken up and echoed back from the minarets of three hundred Mosques. Look around on the bare and silent plain, as far as your eye will carry in the falling twilight; and know that, for ten miles in every direction, while London and Paris were yet mud-built towns, there moved here, along streets solidly paved and brilliantly illuminated, a million of busy human beings. Two hundred thousand private residences, furnished with all the delicate luxuries of the east, and embosomed in orange-groves and

palm-trees, sparkled amid the eternal verdure like "orient pearls set in a cup of emeralds." Nine hundred public baths, supplied with water cold or warm to suit the caprice, attested the healthful voluptuousness of the inhabitants in a manner yet unrivaled by the largest of our modern cities. Six hundred houses of public entertainment evinced the attractions, which drew curious strangers and devout pilgrims from every land, to this capital seat of a civilization, the most unique and most refined ever known among men. For you might find here not merely all that could contribute to the highest gratification, from the world of sense. There was also every thing that could minister to the most exalted pleasures from the world of intellect. Cordova was the schoolmaster of the nations. Law, medicine, the exact sciences, philosophy, theology were eminently cultivated within these dilapidated walls, ages before their study was commenced beyond the Pyrenees. Even the intolerance of race and of religion—a prejudice the most irrational, though the most deep-rooted—lost all its bitterness and grossness in Moorish Cordova, under the soft touch

of a policy at once as wise as it was liberal. Abdurrahman, the Mohammedan, practiced in the eighth century, a lesson which, many a christian teacher and ruler in the nineteenth has still to learn. He accorded to the Spanish christians the largest religious toleration. And he solved that difficult problem in political philosophy, which yet vexes our statesmanship, how to bring into harmonious unity, races separated by the widest diversities.

Would you know what Cordova is? Behold her tomb! A wretched town of 50,000 souls!

"How doth the city sit solitary, that was full of people!
How is she become as a widow, that was great among the nations!"

For what follies or for what crimes, the judgments have fallen, as lightning from Heaven, upon this beautiful valley, we presume not to inquire. But, as we pass down the winding stairs of the minaret, and catch the deep tones of the solemn organ, calling the people to vespers, we remember, that the portal, through which we now see an occasional worshipper enter, was thronged for long centuries by the devotees of a false God!

SKETCH OF GEN. A. P. HILL.

Ambrose Powel Hill was the son of Major Thomas Hill, a respected and prominent citizen of Culpepper, Va., and bore the name of his paternal uncle, Capt. A. P. Hill, himself an honored representative of the same county. Powel was the youngest of four sons, and was born at his father's country home, called Greenland, ten miles west of Culpepper C. H., on the 9th November, 1825. He was of slender frame and delicate health, but of a handsome person and strangely fascinating manner.

In intellect, he was quick and retentive; in disposition, cordial and affectionate; and in sensibility, eminently refined. During his boyhood, he attended the neighborhood school; his first teacher being the Rev. Andrew Broadus, then just entering upon his career, as a leader in the pursuit of truth and knowledge. Major Hill now moved to Culpepper C. H., and Powel was placed under the instruction of Mr. A. G. Simms, at whose institution he remained some years. A noble and gener-

our youth, he was loved by teacher and companions ; nor were these school-boy friendships ignored or forgotten by the Lieutenant General. Having progressed well in his studies, at the age of seventeen, he left Bleak Hill and entered West Point. At this place, he was classed with Burnside and McClellan, and other officers conspicuous among our enemies during the late war. With the latter, he was on terms of great intimacy ; and a subsequent visit of the hero of the Chickahominy to the home of his Virginia schoolmate, bound yet closer the ties to be so rudely torn in the unforeseen war. In 1847, he graduated at West Point with high honors, and was sent with his class to Mexico. Always brave and dauntless, he here gave many evidences of his courage, and was promoted for gallantry to the rank of First Lieutenant : nor were there wanting signs of the genius which afterward threw lustre on the Southern name. Entering with Scott the city of the Montezumas, he remained in Mexico until the return of the troops. He was then stationed with his command in Florida, and served actively in the Indian wars. His health now became very poor, and the poisons of that wide-spread swamp induced yellow fever, which so prostrated his system that he obtained leave of several months' absence. During this time, he spoke of traveling, in company with his friend McClellan, on the continent of Europe, but was disappointed ; and instead of receiving pleasure among the storied scenes of ancient greatness, he remained in his western home, himself the joy of many hearts, the medium of most intense happiness to others. It was during this stay at his paternal home, I first remember him. As a gay Lieutenant, social and sportive, I recall his manner and appearance ; and the narrow escapes and bloody encounters, told of Mexican and

Indian wars, burned on my childish memory indelible traces. In later years, I rarely met him ; yet often enough to see that he still wore the charm which captivated the child, and that even the stern duties of mature manhood did not destroy the wonderful gentleness of his fine gray eye. Subsequently, he was transferred from the army to the coast survey, which more properly belonged to the navy ; where he acquired a reputation for dispatch of business and urbanity of manner, so very rare, that Congress remarked upon it. Whilst in this position, he was married, on the 18th July, 1859, to Mrs. McClung, formerly Miss K. G. Morgan, of Lexington, Ky., and a sister of the gallant John H. Morgan, of that place.

Capt. Hill held the office in Washington, until the beginning of the war, when he promptly resigned, and offered his services to his mother State. He was immediately made Colonel of the 13th Virginia infantry, and stationed at Harper's Ferry. Of his untiring devotion to our cause, and able services in the field, I may not speak. To his ceaseless care of his men, every veteran of the 13th will testify ; and to his honor be it said, in every position he held, the health, comfort and safety of his brave comrades were held as inferior only to the imperative call of the country. His own life was held no more sacred than a private's ; and at Williamsburg, where he commanded so ably, and won a Major General's wreath, he twice saved by his own hand, an unknown private, who was struggling in personal combat. During many campaigns, Gen. Hill was too feeble to continue on horseback, and was dragged from field to field, yet unwilling to be absent from the post of duty and danger. In the campaign of 1864, from Orange C. H. to Richmond, was this the case, though his attending physicians

were then urging his brothers to use their influence to save his services to his country, by inducing him to rest. But no entreaty could avail; the iron will of the brave man spared not his feeble frame. He had returned from a furlough *coerced* by his commanding General, in the hope of recruiting his health, on Friday before the fatal Sunday on which he fell. Of the daring and energy which exposed him to the cruel shot, all have heard; over the fatal result, a nation yet mourns. Yet why mourn we? For him there was no surrender, no defeat, but falling in his unstained uniform, and under the flag for which he fought, he at least died *free*! And though he knew no tender care, as did Jackson, no weeping friends, as did Stuart, the swift-winged messenger of death left neither want-

ing. His death groan was lost in the roar of the battle, his death couch moistened with the blood of his comrades, and for his requiem was heard a nation's wail. Hurriedly and silently, his body was laid in a quiet spot on the banks of the James, while war-worn brothers wept over their brave comrade, their best beloved leader. Louder and louder was the roar, nearer yet nearer, came the cruel foe, and the sacred dust was left with its Maker alone. But soon, in Hollywood, by the side of his world-renowned brother, John H. Morgan, the ashes of A. P. Hill shall slumber; and though the cold marble record his deeds of fame, his noblest memorial shall be written on each returning 10th of May, when the weeping daughters of the South shall scatter over his grave the flowery tokens of undying love.

JOHN BROWN, HE WHOSE "SOUL IS MARCHING ON."

The trite saying that "History is perpetually repeating itself," finds strong illustration in the record of enthusiasm, which is excited so often by great crimes, and in behalf of great criminals. All are cognizant of the profane and blasphemous worship so widely offered to the ruffian, horse thief and murderer, executed a few years ago at Harper's Ferry.—Garibaldi perhaps excelled the rest in the religious intensity of his admiration, but Victor Hugo was not far behind him.

There was nothing original, however, in their strongest language and most "odious comparisons." Similar phrases—very nearly the same words—were employed to express similar sentiments in the case of Jaques Clement, the assassin of the Ex-Huguenot King Henry III., of France, and in that of the atrocious Marat. I copy

from St. Edme's "*Causes Celebres*," the following statements, translating as literally as possible, in reference to the latter:

"An orator appointed for the occasion, read a formal discourse during the celebration of the obsequies of that 'Friend of the People,' held in the Garden of the Luxembourg, where a sort of altar (*reposoir*) had been arranged for offering the heart of Marat to the veneration and gratitude of patriots.' In this discourse the orator 'compared the labors of the son of Mary with those of the 'Friend of the People.' Sacred Heart of Jesus! Sacred Heart of Marat!' he exclaimed. 'The Apostles were the Jacobins and Cordeliers of their day; the Publicans were the Shopkeepers; the Pharisees the Aristocrats.' In the procession a *hymn was sung* in honor of Marat." S. H. D.

COLLEGE HOSPITAL IN GETTYSBURG.

The battle of Gettysburg will ever live in history, as the most stupendous struggle of the war, and North Carolina will always look back upon it, as a page in her history bedewed with the blood of some of her noblest sons. It was here the gallant Pender received his mortal wound. Pettigrew painfully wounded refused to leave the field, and of his brigade, eleven field officers being present, the report showed after the fight,—field officers killed, four—wounded, seven—total, eleven. Burgwyn, Marshall, Richardson* and Ross, noble souls! here fought their last fight. While the record of our beloved State was illumined by the gallant conduct and bloody sacrifice of a host of others, such as Kenan, Lewis, Leventhorpe, Lane, Parker and Jones, whose names should be honored by North Carolinians, as long as gratitude maintains a place within our bosoms. And the field officers of Pettigrew's brigade were not all that freely bled in that gigantic contest. It was here the gallant Hughes, his Adjutant General, received wounds from which he shortly afterwards died, and McRary, another of his staff officers, was killed leading the 26th regiment in a charge, after its Colonel had fallen. Lieutenant Robinson, ordnance officer, also was wounded, and the adjutants of the different regiments all were killed or wounded except one.—And here it may not be amiss to give an instance of devotion, not commonly seen even in *our* army. The Adjutant of the 47th North Carolina, was in the hospital, eight miles to the rear, quite sick,

when the first day's fight commenced, and on hearing the cannonading, he walked out against the urgent remonstrance of the surgeon, and mounted the first horse he could find, and rode to the field in time to join in the grand charge, and went through the whole battle—though unable to act in his position,—receiving a wound in the knee, and losing his right eye from a buck shot, in the attack on Cemetery Heights, the third day. Among the company officers, the losses were terribly severe, several lost three out of four, and the privates, equal in bravery to the best, left two-thirds of their comrades upon that hard fought field before our final repulse on the third.

"July 7th. To-day I was carried to the hospital." I shall never forget that day. The suffering I had undergone, during the four or five preceding days, I will not recall. It was the College Hospital I was carried to, and to my joy I was placed in a small room with five others of my own brigade, two of them intimate friends, from whom I had parted in our last day's fight. Here we were furnished with one blanket apiece, which had to serve as bed and covering. The building had a short time before been filled with students, but they had all gone before the approach of our army, and most of the furniture had been removed; except in some of the rooms, a few beds had been left, which were a god-send to those, who were fortunate enough to be put in them. In this hospital, there were six hundred of our wounded men, and about five of our surgeons remained with them. And here let me remark of the inefficiency of our medical department, besides the great want of

*Major Richardson of the 52d North Carolina, was brutally murdered on the field after being shot down.

medicines in our army, it has been my experience and observation, generally, that one yankee surgeon was worth half a dozen of ours. In our hospitals at home, it might have been different, but their discipline was so much superior to ours, and it extended to officers as well as men; and if a surgeon did not do his duty, he was dismissed from the service.

As a consequence of the small number of surgeons left with us, our men in the hospital suffered much. Unless it was a case of amputation needed immediately or the stopping of a hemorrhage, they had not time to attend to any one. Thus for the first two weeks, there were no nurses, no medicines, no kinds of food proper for men in our condition, our supply being two or three hard crackers a day with a small piece of fat pork, with now and then a cup of poor coffee; and for men who were reduced to mere skeletons from severe wounds and loss of blood, the floor was a hard bed with only a blanket on it. And it is strange how cold wounded men will get, even in the warmest weather. I saw one poor fellow on the field, named Hammond, from Anne Arundel county, Maryland, who was riddled with balls and slowly dying. He continually asked to be covered up, "he was so cold," and I put my jacket over him though I too was shivering with cold, yet it was in July.

Day after day passed by with no difference, the same hard floor, the same hard crackers, the same want of attention, and it had its effect on the men, as is always the case. We each day became weaker and thinner until a certain point was reached, then if our wounds were curable, nature began to revive the wasted frame; if they were not, a little struggle, a low moan, and the poor emaciated skeleton, of what was once a man, was wrapped in a blanket and borne from our sight forever.

Many have sat by the bed of dying persons watching the spirit struggling to be free, and know how sad it is, but in a hospital with hundreds around you dying, and you not knowing but that in a few days you too will go after them, and will have no one near who can help or comfort you,—ah this is more than sad. And in that hospital,—those weary days,—those restless nights, ah mothers, sisters, wives, at home, your presence was the sunshine needed in those gloomy hours, it was the heart yearning for you, that showed itself in quivering lips and moistened eyes. Yet we were not wholly forsaken. one day as I lay waiting, I heard a lady's voice, it was sweet music to my ears. A few moments afterwards, two ladies from Baltimore came into our room. To speak a few kind words, to ask us what was our principal wants, to promise to come soon again, and whisper as they left "poor things"—this was all.—But next day, more came and then more, until every hospital had two or more of "our angels," as we used to call them, doing their works of mercy. And what they did, and what they told us, and what they had passed through for us, what tongue can tell? How I remember one pale sad face, as it leaned over me and told the sad story. She was from Southern Pennsylvania, as many other noble women and men were. Her only brother was in our army, and when we entered the State, she was so hopeful she would soon see him, and when we came to the town he lived in, he was so anxious to see her that he went in with the skirmish line, and exposing himself too much was killed just in sight of his home; and how when our army had gone, her neighbors carried her to his body and shewed it to her, spit upon it, and kicked it about, calling him "rebel" and "dog," and none of them would bury him for her, and how he lay

there, until some of our soldiers, left behind to wait on the wounded, buried him, and then she said her life henceforth should be spent in our service, feeding our prisoners, and nursing our sick and wounded. After leaving Gettysburg, I never heard of her, but wherever she be, the good angels guard and watch over her. Not very far from Gettysburg, there were other ladies living, who came and did all they could for us, many of them belonging to families, who had moved from the South, and whose brothers and friends were, principally, in our service.

But the ladies of Baltimore were preëminently the persons, to whom we were indebted for everything that made our situation bearable. For weeks, they had been preparing for the entry of Lee into Maryland,—into Baltimore, and comforts, clothing, delicacies of every description, they had hoarded up, hoping soon to be able to distribute them, with their own fair hands, among the men, who were fighting for the cause they loved; and when the dreadful news of our repulse reached them, their first thought was to visit our hospitals and supply our wants. What if passports to leave the city on the railroad were denied to all except those who would take "the oath;" did they not take their carriages and ride through the country? What if the bridges were guarded did they not ford or ferry the stream? And when the hotel keepers in Gettysburg were ordered not to receive them in their houses; did they not go to the houses of private citizens, stay in barns and outhouses, or remain with us day and night in the hospital, reclining in a chair or resting on the floor, in a room of the building we vacated for them, when sleep would overcome them? What if large trunks full of comforts for us were seized on their arrival; did they not go back to Baltimore and return with dresses

that had pockets as large as haversacks and almost numberless? And, finally, when every plan to thwart them had failed, and the yankees hoped by personal hardships inflicted upon them, and by insults directly given, to drive them away; did they not tell the yankees to their faces they had come prepared to bear insults and wrongs for the men they loved? Or as I heard one put it in very strong language (speaking to an officer who had the politeness to apologise for a false accusation made against her, which caused her arrest,) "I want no apology, we came here expecting and prepared for this, we can bear it for the cause; *to us* contact with such as you is synonymous with insult, *there* is the door." And when we were in prison, and until we were prevented from receiving supplies from friends; did they not do all in their power to clothe and feed us? Yes, many after using all the money their husbands could afford to spare, actually sold their jewels. And since the close of the war, even to-day, the unfortunate of the South are the recipients of that same bountiful charity.

Then let it not be said by history that Maryland was not true to the South, let it not be said by the Southern people, she gave not her share. Her 12,000 sons scattered through an hundred commands, did not equal N. Carolina's numbers in proportion to population, but there was no conscripts among *them*, and the soil of unnumbered battle-fields from Manassa to Appomattox can tell how true was their faith, and pluck. Her men in *numbers* did not fill the measure, but their devotion, the oppression of her citizens during the war,—the disfranchisement of three-fourths, the dungeons of McHenry and Carroll, the charity of her women and their constancy in adversity as well as prosperity, these, all these, will place Maryland a peer among our best.

Often during the long sleepless nights, the events and incidents of the late battle would pass through my mind. I recollected the first wounded yankee I passed over on the first day; how piteously he begged for help, saying, "he knew we would whip them," that "he didn't want to fight us any more," &c., &c. He was probably some poor mother's craven-hearted son, but it is astonishing how cowards can be made to fight; I saw that well illustrated during the fight. At one point, where we had carried a portion of the line, and were struggling desperately for the rest, I, with my own eyes, saw several officers standing in rear of their line of battle, with cowhides or whips in their hands, seizing every one that attempted to run, and whipping them back to the fight. I saw more than one strike the men over their heads with the butt of the whip, slash them across their faces, pull them by their collars, and kick them back to their positions. Another instance:—After my capture, I saw a squad of fifteen or twenty making for the rear, and just as they were crossing a road, General Patrick, the Provost General of the army, came galloping along, and espied them. Riding up to them, he drew his sword, and asked where they were going, &c. Some said they were wounded, others said they had lost their guns; each had his tale. "No!" said General Patrick, "damn you, you are skulkers; go back to the line," and he commenced whacking them over the head, making the blood flow profusely, and forcing the skulkers to take the back track.

In addition to the rigid discipline maintained by such violent means, everything was done to excite and keep up the spirits of the men.—At that time, General McClellan was undoubtedly the favorite of the army of the Potomac, and after the fight commenced, the men were told that he was in com-

mand. At one time, on the third day, when the battle was at its height, an officer on horseback arrived on the field, and rode down the line, and I saw wounded and dying men rise up and hurrah for McClellan, thinking that it was he. I afterwards heard that it was General Butterfield.

One of the few instances of kindness I met with, I must not forget to mention. On the — day after I was wounded, Col. Bryan, of the 18th Pennsylvania cavalry, found me on the field, had my wounds washed, and gave me drink and food, treating me as kindly and respectfully, as if I had been one of his own officers, and failing to get a surgeon to dress my wound, had me sent to the hospital. His timely assistance most probably saved the life of a mighty good "reb," who will ever gratefully remember him.

Nor must I forget the Northern ladies, who were connected with the "Sanitary Commissions," though they did enter our rooms in the hospital, with always the expression "poor rebels," and now and then gave us a cracker or slice of bread covered with apple butter, saying, "see how kind the ladies of Pennsylvania are to you, though you came here to invade *our* land, and kill *our* brothers and husbands." For what they did, I thank them, and suppose they were not to blame for not seeing both sides. They also brought us reading matter, "such as it was," tracts on the sin of slavery, &c., and particularly a Sunday School newspaper, published in the "city of learning," the "modern Athens," the "hub of the universe,"—Boston, Mass. It was called "The Gospel Banner," and on the first page of every issue was a large "star-spangled banner," in colors. Its reading was on a par with that of the tracts, interspersed with war stories. One I recollect. It was to illustrate the heroism of the

African race, and went on to say, "that in the spring of 1863, when Washington, N. C. was surrounded by the rebels, a boat of soldiers was sent across the river one morning, just before day, to reconnoitre, and that in it was one negro servant, that just as the boat reached the shore on the other side, hundreds of concealed rebels rose up and commenced firing into it, killing and wounding most of the men, that the others laid down on the bottom of the boat, and the water being shallow, the boat ran aground, and in this condition the negro rose up, and seeing that the soldiers were lying still and being riddled by bullets, said, 'if no one was going to help shove the boat off, he was going to try it, and was willing to give his life for the country;' and, stepping out in water only knee deep, shoved the boat off, jumped in, and fell dead, pierced by a dozen bullets." As I read, I recollected that I was near Washington at that time under General D. H. Hill, and happened to be near the boat when it arrived; Lieutenant R—, of the 47th, who was still nearer, (only a few feet from it,) says he saw "nary nigger." I know there was none that shoved the boat off, for the water was deep, and the boat did not touch the shore. So much for the truth of the story.—For the good their literature did us, I thank them.

The last few days I spent at Gettysburg, I was able to walk out in the grove surrounding the building, owing to attention bestowed upon me by our indefatigable nurses. The cool air, freed from the impure effects of sloughing wounds, had a most exhilarating effect. It was here that I first observed the ingenuity in cutting and fashioning trinkets with a knife. Two or three had become expert in the art, and many a dollar from the ladies repaid some private for a few hours whittling

in white pine, and many a house in Baltimore has its specimen of rebel handicraft, ranging from the plain wooden fan, ornamented with red and white ribbon, to the costly gutta percha bracelet inlaid with gold, and pearl set with diamonds. Of course, this happiness of ours, to have attention shown us by "she rebels," and that in a "loyal" (?) State, could not last long. So as soon as the men could possibly bear moving, they were sent off to the regular hospital in the cities, or to one of the various prisons in the North, where no voice of sympathy could reach them.

One of the most villainous acts of our keepers, while at the College Hospital—besides the insults offered the ladies—was this: when our men were brought to the building, all of them being wounded, were more or less covered with blood and dirt, and the ladies from Baltimore made arrangements with a sympathizer, who lived near, to have all the washing done that would be needed at the hospital, and they would pay for it. As soon as the yankees found out this was being done, they stopped it, making many of the men who were unable to obtain a change of under-clothing, lie for weeks in clothing covered with a mass of putrid blood. After our friends came, the majority of us got at least a part of a change of clothing, but it must be recollected that there were over ten thousand to supply, and that through a pretty strict blockade.

I received hat, shoes, handkerchiefs, brush, combs, &c., in addition to under-clothing, and when it came my time to leave, I felt like I was equipped for a whole campaign. The day before I was sent off, I was notified that I would leave on the morrow. One would ask, "have you a tooth-brush?"—You had better take another, and a comb or hair brush; take this and give it to some friend you

meet, who has none; and this bunch of segars, perhaps you will feel strong enough to smoke on the way; and this cologne or bay-water, I am sure it will refresh you, should you feel sick." Could such kindness be surpassed? But where were we going? To be exchanged of course, that was invariably the answer every yankee would give a prisoner, whenever

he was to be moved anywhere, and asked where he was to be sent. At last the day came; we were put in a lot of box cars, as thick as we could lie upon the floor, bade adieu to our friends, promised to write often, and the train started. In my diary I find entered: "July 25th. To-day we left Gettysburg for ———."

TO BE CONTINUED.

THE HAVERSACK.

Another of the "Six Heroes of Petersburg," belongs to the old North State! A goodly proportion for so loyal a State. From Byhalia, Mississippi, we learn that this fourth hero was private Wm. Guffey, lately of company K, 49th N. C. regiment, now of the loyal and true county of Gaston, N. C.

Capt. T. J. Adams writes to us: "Private Wm. Guffey, of my company, while rubbing up his 'field piece,' as he was pleased to call his rifle, had the misfortune to have it smashed up by a mortar shell. He was more enraged than frightened by the occurrence, and uttered a very uncomplimentary expression against the whole yankee race. When seeing the shell with the fuse burning rapidly, and almost ready to explode the dreadful missile, he cried out—'Why, there's the darned old thing frying now,' and immediately seizing it, he threw it over the works."

There is a big bomb-shell "rolling around loose" in our noble State, threatening to blow her back into a territorial condition. Since our gallant soldiers have been so expert in throwing overboard mischievous projectiles, can no one toss out of the trenches this fizzing, frying, incendiary

shell? After all, the hissing, sputtering "old thing" may not be a bomb-shell, but only a North Carolina pumpkin, with a very fussy, but very harmless, fuze stuck in it. If so, 'tis fitter to feed swine than to frighten the heroes of Petersburg.

From Natchez, Mississippi, we get the next anecdote:

As a Cavalry courier was dashing along the Winchester turnpike, after the bloody battle of Sharpsburg, he was suddenly halted by a bare-foot infantry soldier, who, looking curiously at his big spurs, said—"excuse me, Mr. Cavalryman, but it is my duty to warn you not to ride upon this here road." "Why should I not ride on this road?" replied the gay trooper. "Well, you see," answered the footman, "it is all along of the intrust I feels in you, for you see the old General (Lee) has offered a thousand dollars to any feller who will find a dead man with spurs on, and I was kinder 'fraid some rascal would knock you over to get the money." The bold dragoon evinced, by language more energetic than Chesterfieldian, his gratitude for the well-meant kindness.

On another occasion, a trooper passed by and saw a foot soldier

earnestly examining his shirt. On forced marches and with few changes of clothing, this occupation was, alas! but too often necessary, from the commanding general to the private. In camp, it was called "skirmish drill," but received from a charming lady the more euphonious name of "reading linen." The cavalryman shouted—"Hallo, web-foot, what are you doing?" "Well, you see," replied the footman, pointing to an oil-cloth hanging over his head, "I've histed the black flag, and been a tryin' to kill all these critters, but they are jist like the yankees, the more on 'em you kill, they more on 'em is left. So I'll jist parole the balance on 'em, and let 'em go." So saying, he picked up his oil-cloth, threw away his shirt and marched on, trusting to the next battle to supply him with an article, which needed no black flag hoisted over it.

W. J.

Our kind friend, T. H. B. M., of Parkersburg, West Virginia, furnishes the next three incidents:

William McG., of 36th Virginia Infantry, was a good shot. At the battle of Fort Donelson, Bill saw a yankee's head peering above a stump; pointing his gun in that direction he fired. The yankee remained with his gun leveled across the stump. Bill re-loaded, fired, once, twice, thrice, four times, with the same result. Turning to his brother, he said—"Charley, do you see that yankee behind that stump? I have fired five shots at his head, and cannot make him withdraw it. You give him a shot." Just then the line was advanced, and Bill made for the stump. The yankee still held his position, with *five holes in his cranium*. "Bill" sleeps with many of his comrades in the valley of Virginia.

Private A. C. Stowe, of N. H. Rangers, now numbered with the Confederate dead, was noted for

his coolness in battle and his eccentricities. After firing, he always looked intently at the object of his aim; in giving his reasons therefor he said—"If I can see which way they dodge, I will know how to shoot next time."

There was brought before the Examining Board of our brigade an individual, who claimed exemption on account of deafness. This individual prided himself on his skill with the violin. After being complimented highly by the Board, he was asked if he could *tune* a violin as well as he could play on one. Elated with the compliments of the Board, he assured them he could: — he was assigned to duty. T. H. B. M.

Sergeant P—, was placed on provost duty at ——. Most faithfully did he serve, and very successful was he in breaking bottles and demijohns, and in knocking in the heads of barrels full of the juice of corn, rye, apples and peaches. But very disagreeable was the task to the honest soldier, and the fumes of the broken vessels brought up almost maddening recollections of the old cellar under the store at home, now all left to his lucky partner. He wrote to this friend a most touching account of the struggle between duty and inclination. The old ballad came up to his remembrance, "water, water every where, but not a drop to drink." In his worse than shipwrecked condition, it was "liquor, liquor all around, but not a gill for me." He ended his pathetic letter by a gentle hint to his partner about his visits to the cellar aforesaid; "in short, my dear friend, I have reached such a point of extreme thirst that I would give five dollars in gold for a single smell of your breath." Honor to the brave man, who so conscientiously performed his duty in such a season of drought.

It was one of the peculiarities of General —, to put Irish sol-

diers to guard the commissary liquors. Whether he thought that they felt their responsibility more than other soldiers, when on guard, or that they would keep a more zealous watch over an article they loved so well, we do not know, we only know the fact that he always chose Irishmen for this special service. Some old comrades may remember how one Peter McIntyre, by a vigorous use of his bayonet, kept off a raid upon some Mexican liquor in the black fort at Monterey; and how the same Peter, when his tour of duty was over, joined himself in a more successful foray upon the same stores.

"Do you ever have any yankees in your army?" asked a rebel Pat of a U. S. prisoner. "I guess there be," replied the other with a twang, which O. W. Holmes would have recognised, but which Patrick seemed not to regard as distinctive. They must all be

horse-majors and cow-majors and thiffs," continued Pat. "What be they?" asked Jonathan, (not yet brother Jonathan.) "Och, that's what the rebels call the quartermasters and commissaries riding round, pretending to get us clothes and rations. Faith, me boy, you yankees must be after following the same trade, for devil a one do we ever catch." There be lots

of Americans in our army, I be an American myself," said Jonathan. "And do you tache them all to talk dutch?" "No." "Well thin, me jewel, you tache them all to be smart thin, for I niver laid me two eyes upon a yankee afore."

After the battle of Sharpsburg, the Northern papers contained a most affecting account of an interview between Mr. Lincoln and the rebel wounded, who had been taken prisoners. It told how kindly he addressed these deluded wretches, and pointed out to them the sin-

fulness of their course, and how they wept and professed penitence, and made earnest vows of future good conduct. Few could read the thrilling story, without being moved by it. We had some few doubts about some of the minor details, and inquired the particulars of our clerk, Mr. Ellis, of the 4th Georgia regiment, who had been a wounded prisoner at the time and place indicated. He said that Mr. Lincoln did not come closer to them than three hundred yards, and that the nearest approach to an interchange of sentiments was when some of the least wounded cried out to him, "Hal-loo, Old Abe, let us have a lock of your hair." Mr. L. rode on and the lock of hair we regret to say, was not given. However, the wish to get it showed kind feeling, and there was a sufficient ground for the beautiful myth, about tears and penitence.

As the soldiers of Lee's corps were wading along through the slush after the battle of Bentonville, a citizen rode by on an anatomy of a horse, all covered over with mud, and with tail and mane matted up with burs and Spanish needles. A soldier accosted the sorry looking rider of the pitiable pony, and bantered him for a purchase.

Soldier. How much will you take for your horse?
Citizen. Five hundred dollars.
Soldier. Agreed! give me the charger.
Citizen. Where's your money?
Soldier. We don't have any of that kind of thing in our army.—
But I have two years' pay due me, and I'll give that for the war steed.

Citizen. I'd rather have the money.
Soldier. And I'd rather have the horse!
Citizen. You're just joking.—
They won't let an infantry soldier ride.

Soldier. Bless your soul! I never thought of riding that *thing*. I only wanted it to cheer me up.

Citizen. How could my horse do that?

Soldier. Well, I thought of trying to drive him along, so that I might have the comfort of seeing something dirtier, poorer and meaner looking than myself!

The citizen was not patriotic enough to part with his horse, from the laudable motive of comforting a soldier, and poor Jack — was left without his anticipated consolation.

General Taylor landed at Corpus Christi in the summer of 1845, with a portion of the 3d and 4th infantry, and Bragg's battery without guns. Learning that the Mexicans were about to advance upon him, he began to throw up some earthworks under the direction of Captain Larned, as the acting engineer officer. The weather was intensely hot, and the sun reflected from the bay the shells and the sand, peeled most unmercifully, the skin off from the lips and noses of the soldiers, toiling away at the intrenchments. — There are those still living, who will recollect a conversation between two Irishmen in a fatigue party, under Lieutenant George H. Thomas, the loyal Virginian, who became a Major General in the U. S. Army.

Dennis. Do you know, Pat, me boy, how many skins a mon has on his nose?

Patrick. No. What do you mane by the likes of that?

Dennis. Well, you see, I've paled (peeled) off three afore this, and I jist wanted to know how many more were a comin'!

The South has been peeled of the Confederacy. She has been peeled of her negroes. She has been peeled of her currency. The Haversack, like poor Dennis, wants to know how many more

skinnings are a coming. May our people have strength given them, to look forward to the next peeling, with the imperturbable good humor of Dennis Mahoney, and regard it simply as an interesting question in physiology.

At the time of the first invasion of Maryland, there was no more loyal city than Frederick. The Dixie soldiers were often treated with the greatest contempt, and "My Maryland" lost half its sweetness to their ears. All the "Army of Northern Virginia," will remember a Southern major, with a long white beard. Chesterfield was not more distinguished than he for urbanity and courtesy. His bearing towards the ladies was more than courtly, it was profoundly deferential. Well, as the grey coats filed through the loyal city, the good major, seated on his horse in the principal square, cheered each tattered flag as it passed by, in the most enthusiastic manner. At length, made hoarse and thirsty by his vociferations on that sultry day, he rode up to a window and in his blindest tones asked a lady looking out of it, for a glass of water. She had been watching him for some time, with intense vexation depicted in her face. But of this, he was happily ignorant. "No," replied she, "you hoary-headed rebel, I would not give you a drop, unless I thought 'twould choke you." Imagine the feelings of the politest man in the army at a rebuff, which was all the more galling as there was no youth and beauty to palliate the rudeness. The town was full of lovely girls, but this lady was not of their order. For some moments, the major looked as though struck by a shell, but recovering himself, he raised his cap, made the lady a low bow and in his sweetest and gentlest tones, said, "Madam, your ugliness excuses your want of politeness." — There was a look from the eyes in

that window. Were you ever near a flash of lightning?

E. A. Wilson, Esq., of Seguin, Texas, corrects a mistake in the November number of the *Haversack*. He says it was the First, and not the Fourth Texas, which lost its flag at Sharpsburg. The loss of the flag, under the circumstances, was far more honorable than to have saved it. The loss was due to trying to keep it on the field, against odds of ten to one. However, we do not wish to misrepresent the gallant Fourth, and accordingly, the *Haversack* goes forth corrected.

The letter of Mr. Wilson brings up an incident of the first day's fight at Sharpsburg, which had almost escaped us. The writer of this placed a battery on a hill to the right of Hood, to aid him in meeting the enemy's attack.—Finding the attack more formidable than at first expected, he brought up two or three more batteries farther to the right, and remained until the firing ceased, probably an hour after dark. As he rode back to his own command, he was called by name by a soldier conducting a prisoner. "What shall I do with this yankee, sir?" "Where did you get him?"—"Well, you see, I didn't wake when our men retreated from the mountain the other night. When I awoke, 'twas broad daylight, and I found myself all alone.—Soon this yankee came creeping through the bushes. I drew a bead upon him and told him to come with me, and *he came*."—"Where have you been for the last three days?" "Well, I've been *flanking* around generally, to keep out of the way of the yankee cavalry."

The incident is very remarkable, but it is entirely authentic. I did not know the soldier, but he knew me in the dark, and that removes the suspicion, which has sometimes occurred that he was one of Me-

Clellan's scouts. Perhaps, some of our readers can give the name of the gallant man. It should belong to history.

The next anecdote comes from Oxford, N. C., and as it is an *anecdote* merely, and not an incident of heroism, we give it a place, though not accompanied by any name. We would here say that this is the first instance of publication without a responsible name, and 'twill be the last. Our soldier friends must give us their names and regiments. We want the *Haversack* to contain fact and not fiction. And should our record be questioned, at any time, we wish to set ourselves right before the public.

BURNT THEM UP.—During the retreat of the Confederates through South Carolina, sergeant McD—, of western North Carolina, was sent on detail to the town of M—, where a regiment of home guards were stationed.—These valorous heroes, seeing a soldier from the front, gathered around him, eagerly enquiring the news. "News?" says Mack, solemnly, "I believe there is none. Yes, there is a little too, but it's not of much importance; *old Hardee burnt up a regiment of home guards at Florence the other day, to keep them from falling into the enemy's hands.*" Mack walked coolly on, and no more questions were asked.

A gallant cavalry officer, who is said to have made the last charge for the lost cause, sends us the next anecdote from Newnan, Georgia. He writes that he has been off on a courting expedition to Carolina, but for two whole days forgot his lady-love, while reading the back numbers of the *Haversack*. As we always advocated the marriage of soldiers, we are sorry to learn this, and hope that the fair lady has not sacked him for his want of appreciation

of her charms, during those two neglectful days.

After Sherman, with his host of destructives, swept through Georgia, the originally poor counties of Scriven, Ellingham, and Bullock, were in the fullest sense of that to soldiers, *distasteful*—term, “eat-out.” What the three infantry columns of the arson-king left, Kilpatrick, the torch-bearer for Sherman, tried to destroy; what he trampled under foot, Wheeler’s half-clad, half-starved followers eagerly picked up for themselves and horses, and the “cits,” as the boys used to call them, old and young, were, in good earnest, in a fair way to “go up” for the want of something for the “inner man.” One evening, while your correspondent was en route from Sister’s Ferry to the mouth of Brier Creek, after a steamer in which to cross Allan’s division to the Carolina side, he saw, on the road-side, a long, lean, plank-jawed, tallow-faced, sallow-eating, transparent, mosquito-defying, gopher-loving youth, seemingly about twelve years of age, and with a voice about as shrill as the treble of a Scotch bag-pipe, with great energy and all the strength he was master of, turning nervously the light gray earth, with a wooden spade made for the purpose. You may imagine that I was curious to know what he was about, for there was nothing that I could see to dig for but pine roots, and I did not think the citizens could be reduced to such straightigs for food.

Soldier-like, I did not hesitate to question him, in regard to his work, and asked him plainly what he was doing. In his shrill, cracked voice, he fairly screamed: “Can’t you see, mister, I’m diggin’ a hoe!”

“Yes,” said I, “my lad, I can; but what are you digging after?” intending, if my fears were verified, and he was in reality after

pine roots, to give him the contents of my haversack, which were scanty enough, I assure you.—This time, he merely let slip between grunts, “Gopher.”

“Do you think you’ll catch him?” I ventured to ask. This time, he laid his wooden spade down, and turned full upon me, (the first time he had done so during the confab,) his sallow face: on it was a look of supreme contempt, as if for my ignorance of gopher hunting, and his destitute condition, and then he replied with curled lip and upturned nose, “Ketch him, h—ll—I’m bound to ketch him, we’re out o’ meat.”

We heard a soldier at a depot in Georgia, give an account to a very appreciative crowd of the surprise of the enemy’s camp at Cedar Creek, by the troops under Early; and of their own subsequent defeat and utter rout, on the same day. “We tak the yankees on a sudden jist at daylight, and ran ‘em out’n their camps.—Jerusalem! how they did run, jist like rabbits” and the boys arter them. They woz so skeered, they didn’t stop to shoot at us. Want thar good things in them yankee camps? You better believe me thar war cheese, and herrin, and macarel, and coffee, and boots, and injun rubber fixins. Thar war the biggest store I ever see. I fairly eat till I war sick. Then I lied down and tuk a nap. I hadn’t got half sleep nuff, when I hearn the boys a hollerin’ “the yankees.” I kinder rubbed my eyes, and thar war the yankee cavalry a comin’ shore nuff, the horses snortin’ and cavortin’, and the yankee cusses a whoopin’ and a hollerin’. I had four par of cavalry boots round my neck, when I lied down to sleep. One for me, one for daddy, one for Bill and one for Sam. Bill and Sam is my brothers, you know. But when I see the yankees a comin’, sez I to myself, sez I, “these

old shoes will do me to tramp in a while longer? I jist throwed way one pair and then I tuk to my scrapers. Didn't this child run? Gentlemen, did you ever see a deer run with the hounds arter him? Pshaw! 'twas a baby runnin' to the way I run. I looked round and see a yankee a comin' on a big black horse with his cuttin' knife raised up to slick off my head. I could feel the hot air from the horse's mouth a blowin' on me, like a steam engine."

"Why didn't you shoot the yankee?" asked one of the excited crowd. "Stranger, how kin a man shoot with nary a gun. Do you think when I started a trottin' I toted that gun with me?"

Nary a time. I never thought wunst of my gun. No, stranger, I didn't shoot that yankee. I jist throwed Bill's boots at his head, and the feller stopped to git 'em. Didn't I heel it then? But he wos a comin' agin, and I shied Sam's boots at him, and he stopped for 'em too. Sez I to myself, sez I, 'I'll save your boots, daddy.' But that perseverin' yankee was a comin' agin, and daddy's boots had to go too. I war gettin' powerful weak like, and everything about me feeled kinder heavy. So as I run, I poked my hand in my pocket, tuk out my knife, and screw-driver, and wiper, and my last chew tobacco, which Bill Sykes gin me, and I throwed 'em all away. But that aggravatin' black horse was a blowin' his steam on me agin, and hadn't thar been some bushes thar, I'd a gone up sartin. The yankee stopped at them bushes, but I didn't. Gentlemen, I would have been runnin' yet, hadn't been for an accident."

"What was that?" inquired a listener. "Well, as I war a runnin', I met one of our cavalry couriers, and he coaxed me to stop." "How did he do that?" "Well, he jist said that he war sent by old Jubal to stop stragglers, and he put a pistol at my head and swore

powerful, and said he would blow my brains out, if I didn't stop. That wuz the accident, gentlemen, and my best respects to you."

Nothing seemed to excite the jests and laughter of our Dixie boys, so much as a bell crowned hat upon the head of some poor *breeder* of the conscription. But when the hair of that head happened to be red, the combination was too much for their rebel visibles, and they seemed from their wild laughter and boisterous shouts, to be half frantic with excitement. Everything that rebel ingenuity could invent, of the saucy, the impudent, and the taunting, would be said to the unfortunate object, of their spiteful fun. College bred young gentlemen, serving as privates in the ranks, did not disdain to adopt the language, tones and pronunciation of the uneducated, in order to make their sarcasms the more galling and unbearable. The following scene will be recognized by many still living:

Jerry—"Mister, is there any honey in that bee-gum on your head? I want some sweetnin' powerful bad. I aint had a drop since I kissed Sally Jones."

Henry—"I say, stranger, don't you never feel nothing crawling in your hair, like the bees was gwine to swarm?"

Pom—"Boys, you're a passel of fools. It's a stove-pipe the feller has on his head, and not a bee-gum. Don't you see the fire blazin' all round his head?"

George—"Mister, I'm the rigid mental cook, and am real tired cuttin' and totin' wood to make the mess-pot bile, and we've got the darndest, leatheriest, old cow beef now. Won't you be kind enough to come along with us, and when we're too tired to make the fire, jist stick your head in the water and make the old pot bile?"

From Oxford, Miss, we get the incident and anecdote following:

The Rev. John H. Miller, of Pontotoc, Miss., entered the Confederate service, as captain of a very fine company of cavalry.— He soon rose to be colonel. But in a few months, he was appointed by the Governor of Mississippi to a responsible civil position in the State. Some months afterward, while riding to the town of Ripley, one Sabbath morning, to preach, he was brutally murdered by two men in federal uniform, and robbed of his gold watch, spectacles, &c., &c.

At the battle of Belmont, in 1861, captain Miller's faithful and pious old body servant, Sam, after caparisoning the captain's steed 'Old Ball,' and arranging his commissary affairs, concluded to seek a private and safe place, and pray for his master, the boys, and the horse. While earnestly engaged in prayer, under the bank of the river, he heard a great noise, and climbing up the bank, he was horrified to see the captain at the head of his company, making a furious charge on the federal lines. As soon as he recovered the power of utterance, he exclaimed— "Now jist look at marse John; did you ever see sich a fool, running right into dem yankees, and old Ball gwine to get hurt, sartin shore."

R.

The remainder of the Haversack is given to the gallant Lieutenant Colonel of the 27th North Carolina regiment.

The writer of this has witnessed many instances of individual daring and gallantry upon the battle field, displayed by men of different temperaments, and dispositions: some impelled by impulse, or a reckless indifference or insensibility to danger: some, by a conscientious and patriotic sense of duty: some, by pride, sustained by a strong will, and iron nerve: and probably some, by all of these causes combined. But on one occasion, he witnessed an instance

of which forcibly impressed him with the support given by implicit faith in God's protecting care. Often has his admiration been elicited (though not himself a christian by any means) by the modest, unassuming, yet earnest interest evinced by corporal W. C. Story, of Co. B., 27th N. C. Infantry, in the mails coming to that regiment, and the eagerness with which he applied for the "North Carolina Presbyterian," "Christian Observer," "Christian Advocate," and all religious papers. These he took charge of and distributed, (in the absence of a chaplain) to the different companies. At other times, he could be seen going around among the men, giving them tracts, and other printed matter calculated to promote their spiritual interests. By his soldierly conduct in camp, and on the field of battle, he had won, and received an appointment, as one of the color corporals. And as such he acted at the battle of Bristoe Station on the 14th October, '63, when the color bearer, sergeant Sumner, was killed, and corporal Barratt, the next in rank, was severely wounded, in charging the enemy behind a rail road embankment. He seized the colors, on the fall of his comrades, and had he not been stopped in a few feet of the rail road by his regimental commander, would have gone over among the enemy, followed by the devoted few, who were not already killed or disabled. He promptly obeyed the order to retreat, and at the top of the hill, when his regiment was halted to protect some abandoned artillery, he as promptly obeyed the order to halt, although, still exposed to a most deadly fire. But when his commander grasped the staff of the colors, he indignantly withdrew it, and with a grieved but determined air, said "Sir when I fail to do my duty, it will be time enough for you to take the colors." His commander, struck with admira-

tion, told him that "he only wished the colors to remain where they were." To which he replied, with a calm, resigned and unexcited expression of countenance "major, I am prepared to die, and do not fear death: if you order it, I will remain here, go back towards the enemy, or go to the rear." He then turned around, and assisted by corporal Roscoe Richards, of Co. G, waved the flag, defiantly at the enemy till ordered off the field. Some idea, of the danger to which this gallant christian boy (for he was but a boy) was exposed, may be formed from the fact, that of four hundred and sixty four (464) officers and men, of his regiment, who went into the battle, upwards of three hundred were killed, or wounded, in a less time than fifteen minutes.

Corporal Story was afterwards promoted to 1st Lieutenant and Ensign of his regiment, and served as such till near the close of the war. Then his health became so bad from exposure in service, that he obtained a leave of absence on surgeon's certificate of disability, and went to his home in Guilford county, North Carolina, where he continued to decline in health, and died shortly after the surrender of the Southern armies.

Two days after the battle of Bristoe Station, in October, 1863, when the Army of Northern Va., was falling back to the Rappahannock, the troops were occupied in destroying the O. & A. R. R., and as was usually the case with Confederate soldiery, who liked fun better than work, they availed themselves of every opportunity to create a diversion from their labors. A fine subject was offered them on this occasion, in the musicians of Cooke's and Kirkland's North Carolina brigades, who had been left behind to attend to, and nurse the large number of wounded of the two commands, and were now passing along to rejoin their

regiments. They had been so much bedeviled, and hooted at, by the troops, that they tried to avoid them by going through the fields, and away from the road, but go where they would, they were sure to meet some of the much dreaded arms-bearing men: till at last, they betook themselves to the road in despair, assuming a sullen, indifferent air, never daring to turn their heads, to any of the hailing appeals of "I say mister" "I say, you man with the horn" &c., &c. The most shining mark and apparently the most sullen, and worst worried of them, was the Bass Drummer of the Band of the 27th infantry, (Cooke's brigade) who was a tall, handsome, dignified looking man, carrying one of the largest drums in the army. He was greeted on all sides, but heeded nothing, till attracted by a most pitiful and doleful sound of "mister! oh! mister," several times repeated very near him. He turned, and discovered, that it proceeded from a most woe-begone, tall, cadaverous-looking Georgia soldier, standing about half bent, his hands resting on the muzzle of his gun, and his chin on his hands, uncombed hair hanging over his eyes, and his under lip, (from which dripped saliva) hanging about half an inch below his chin —altogether, looking such a picture of misery, and bodily suffering, that said musician's sympathies were at once enlisted, and he asked in a tone of much commiserating kindness, "what can I do for you?" With a very beseeching air and trembling voice, the Georgian said "won't you please be so kind as to pick a tune on that ar' thing for a sick man." The poor musician went on his way, supremely disgusted, amid the shouts and laughter of all in hearing. So long as the war lasted, he never heard the last of it. And many were the applications made to him for the soothing tones of "that ar thing."

In February, 1864, A. P. Hill's corps and other troops were marched towards Madison C. H., Virginia, to intercept a portion of the cavalry of Meade's army, which was on a "raid" towards Charlottesville. But on reaching the vicinity of the C. H., it was ascertained that the enemy had returned to their own lines north of Robinson river. After picketing the roads, the Confederates bivouacked for the night. Next morning, all hands took the back track, returning to winter quarters. The cavalry, in passing the infantry by riding in the ditches on either side of the road, exasperated the foot soldiers by spattering mud, and water; and probably, too, excited the envy of some of the poor barefooted and weary fellows, who saw their more comfortable, and speedy mode of transportation to camp, which of course, called forth all the jeering, and derisive remarks that the infantry could command. Our regiment of Cooke's North Carolina brigade, was left on picket the night before, and the brigade commander sent Lieutenant Gay of the 27th, (who was at the time acting A. A. G.) back to bring it up. Now the Lieutenant, though as gallant a soldier as ever drew a sword, and having seen nearly three years hard service as a soldier in the field, had been equally as long a time, if not longer, using the most diligent and strenuous efforts, to raise a moustache (which is gene-

rally considered requisite to soldierly appearance); but had only succeeded in producing a scanty supply of down, devoid of color, on his upper lip, which could only be seen by closely observing, when a profile view could be had of him, between the observer, and a strong light. He had not ridden far, when he met Scales' North Carolina brigade, and had to stop till they passed. Having on his gray overcoat, with no insignia of rank visible, he was taken for one of the cavalry, and of course, was the recipient of the usual shower of compliments, all of which he received with much dignity and grace, till one fellow, with keener vision than his comrades, spied the fruits of his barbarous efforts, and called to him in a very bland and courteous manner. The man stopped short, and gazed long and beseechingly at the lieutenant, and then said in a very humble, supplicating tone, "will you please move that moustache out of the road and let me pass."

The Lieutenant had business, immediately, of an urgent nature off from the road, and carried the obstruction with him. But the fact of his efforts being so far successful, as to attract the attention of others, encouraged him, and by dint of patience, perseverance, diligent cultivation, and the aid of three more years, he can now parade quite a respectable affair, visible to the naked eye.

JOS. C. WEBB.

EDITORIAL.

Our friend, Daniel M. White, Esq., of Parkersburg, Val., sent us, some time since, a package of poetry written by our soldiers in prison. He said that some of them had been published by a

copperhead paper in Ohio, of small circulation, which was soon suppressed. The beautiful poem by Col. Jones, "First Love," published in our last number, and the "Victory of Faith," by Col. Haw-

kings, in the present issue, are both taken from that collection. We do not know whether, or not, they have been published in the Ohio paper, nor whether they have ever been published in any Southern journal. As we are entirely opposed to "hammerizing" in literature, as well as in war, we wish to give the credit, always, where it belongs, to author and publisher. We think that there is too much carelessness in this matter. We have recently seen two books: in one of which, there were two poems; and in the other, three, which were written for, and published in our office, and duly paid for. To our surprise, no acknowledgment was made of the source from which they came. In our innocence, we thought that these five poems belonged to us, and could not be used without some recognition of the original publication. In one instance, at least, we were supposed to have borrowed from one of these books, and our friend was very much surprised to find that the very reverse was the case. The lender was suspected of being a thankless borrower! This illustrates the wrong of the system. But we have a still more striking example of it. The "Dixie," of Mrs. Downing, published in our October number, comes back to us from a Kentucky paper, as being taken from the *Wilmington (Del.) Gazette*. It has neither the name of the authoress, nor of the publisher. We can imagine how the thing was done, by what occurred in another case in point. The "Æsop Again," of Dr. Ticknor, written for, and published in this Magazine, was copied, immediately afterwards, by one of our most respected and respectable contemporaries in Virginia, without acknowledgment to Dr. Ticknor or ourselves. The next paper, which transfers it to its columns, does so, of course, in ignorance of the author; and his name is soon lost. In this

way, we suppose, "The Long Ago," of Henderson, has been quietly appropriated by another. There has been no jealousy hitherto about these things at the South, because authorship has not been a profession. And, then, when through the neglect of our periodical press, and the indifference of our writers, the South could claim but few literary products, we were told by the most malignant, because the most cowardly and crack-headed of all the Jacobins, that the Southern people were not intellectual! However indifferent Southern authors may have once been in regard to their literary labors, it is not so now, and may never be so again. The pursuit of letters is not now a recreation, but an earnest effort for a livelihood.

The South has little left her besides the privilege of paying taxes, according to the great principles fought for by our fathers. In our season of humiliation and poverty, we may build up a sound, healthful literature of our own. But the first step toward this is to give every one his due, to honor our own writers, to be jealous of their reputations, to give them words of cheer and comfort, and to permit no one to wrong them.

We do not make these remarks in a spirit of unkindness, to any person, and we sincerely regret that we have had to draw our illustrations from our own experience. We present the subject not to complain of our grievances, but from a firm conviction that we need a better system at the South, and that without it, the work of literary men must be in vain.

The death of Bishop Elliott, of Georgia, is a national calamity. A great and good man has fallen! cut down, as it were, in a moment. We should rather say, *translated*, in a moment. For, the faithful ser-

vant of God has ceased from his labor, and entered his rest.

It was our inestimable privilege, in early life, to sit frequently under his ministry, during a year's residence in Savannah. We well remember that the first distinct impression ever received, that religion was a *beautiful*, as well as holy thing, was while hearing him preach from Isa. XLVIII., 18:—"Oh! that thou hadst hearkened to my commandments! then had thy peace been as a river, and thy righteousness as the waves of the sea." His sermons, his conversation, his life,—all exhibited the *beauty* of holiness. This it was, which made him so attractive to the young, and constrained even the most thoughtless and wordly minded, to see the loveliness of genuine piety. He presented religion in an engaging form, divested of all gloom and moroseness; and, therefore, all classes were captivated by him. The death of such a man, at this time, seems a strange Providence. His love for the afflicted South was intense.—Every feeling of his soul was loyal to his own people. He would have sacrificed all, except his hopes of Heaven, for their well-being and happiness. In return for this ardent attachment, we gave him our confidence, our reverence, and our love.

We cannot recall him, nor would we do so, if we could. But we can cherish his memory, follow his counsels, and try to imitate his example.

A friend writes to us from Chestertown, Md., for such proofs of the authenticity of the Mecklenburg (N. C.) Declaration of Independence, on the 20th May, 1775, as would satisfy the most sceptical mind. To enter fully into this subject would require an elaborate article. We can only refer now, to the histories of Hawks, Ramsey, Wheeler, and Foote. The address of Dr. Hawks delivered in this

place was exhaustive and unanswerable.

But there is one proof, which must be perfectly satisfactory to every sane mind. Every man and woman, of ordinary intelligence in the counties adjoining Charlotte, know by oral tradition of the verity of this Declaration. There are living among us not only the descendants of those, who were present on that occasion, but also of the signers themselves. The writer knows well a son of one of the signers, and knows also grand children of two other signers. A man in our county, who would have any doubts about the Declaration, would be thought to be a fit subject for an Insane Asylum.

We cannot conceive of a stronger proof of the truth of an occurrence than the universal belief in it, by the children and grand children of those, who are alleged to have been actors in it.

We are much gratified at the return of Generals Price and Ma-gruder. There is no land in the world like our own loved and lovely Dixie, and the heart of the exile must ever yearn tenderly toward it. When Jacobin fury has expended itself, and Jacobin schemes have been proved to be wild, foolish and wicked, we may yet have a glorious country to live in. So may it be.

New Orleans, ever foremost to appreciate real worth, paid extraordinary honors to Missouri's noble chieftain. We are curious to know what sort of *sonly* honor Gov. Fletcher will pay to "old Pap."

The papers announce the marriage of Gen. Kilpatrick to a South American lady. We had not heard of the death of the Mrs. Kilpatrick, with whom he travelled in the two Carolinas.

When McClellan threw his eighty thousand upon five thousand half-ragged, and almost wholly starved rebels; a poor fellow,

with three bars upon his collar, became so frightened by the vast host, that he started for his distant home in a cotton State, and never stopped till he got there, with the piteous tale "he only was left alone to tell" of the slaughter. We have been reminded of this almost forgotten incident, by seeing it stated that Gen.

Lew. Wallace has been making a speech in Chihuahua. We last heard of him on the Monocacy, making rapidly "to the front, which was strangely the rear," (as Thompson said of John Pope,) with one J. B. Gordon, of Ga., close behind him. We did not know that Gen. Lew. had kept on traveling, till he reached Mexico.

BOOK NOTICES.

A MEMOIR OF THE LAST YEAR OF THE WAR FOR INDEPENDENCE. By Lt. Gen. J. A. Early. Toronto, Lovell & Gibson, 1866.

We are delighted to see this paper-covered volume of 144 pages from our esteemed brother in arms, and we are glad that he is once more in easy communication with his old friends. We learn from a private letter that he wishes to place his Memoirs in the hands of some Southern book-seller, with directions to devote the proceeds to the relief of the widows and orphans of the Confederate dead. We hope to give a more extended notice of this volume, in some future issue. For the present, we can only give an extract from the preface.

"I believe that the world has never produced a body of men superior, in courage, patriotism, and endurance, to the private soldiers of the Confederate armies. I have repeatedly seen those soldiers submit, with cheerfulness, to privations and hardships which would appear to be almost incredible; and the wild cheers of our brave men, (which were so different from the studied hurrahs of the Yankees,) when their thin lines sent back opposing hosts of Federal troops, staggering, reeling, and flying, have often thrilled every fibre in my heart. I have seen, with my own eyes, ragged, barefooted, and hungry Confederate soldiers perform deeds, which, if performed in days of yore by mailed warriors in glittering armor, would have inspired the harp of the minstrel and the pen of the poet.

I do not aspire to the character of a historian, but, having been a witness of and participator in great events, I have given a statement of what I saw and did, for the use of the future historian. Without breaking the thread of my narrative, as it proceeds, I have given, in notes, comments on some of the errors and inconsistencies committed by the commander of the Federal army, Gen. Grant, and the Federal Secretary of War, Mr. Stanton, in their reports made since the close of the war; also some instances of cruelty and barbarity committed by the Federal commanders, which were brought to my immediate attention, as well as some other matters of interest.

As was to have been expected, our enemies have flooded the press with sketches and histories, in which all the appliances of a meretricious literature have been made use of, to glorify their own cause and its supporters, and to blacken ours. But some Southern writers also, who preferred the pen to the sword or musket, have not been able to resist the temptation to rush into print; and, accordingly, carping criticisms have been written by the light of after events, and even histories of the war attempted by persons, who imagined that the distinctness of their vision was enhanced by distance from the scene of conflict, and an exemption from the disturbing elements of whistling bullets and bursting shells. Perhaps other writers of the same class may follow, and various speculations be indulged in, as to the causes of our disasters. As for myself, I have not undertaken to speculate as to the causes of our failure, as I have seen abundant reason for it in the tremendous odds brought against us. Having had some means of judging, I will, however, say that, in my opinion, both President Davis and Gen. Lee, in their respective spheres, did all for the success of our cause which it was possible for mortal men to do; and it is a great privilege and comfort for me so to believe, and to have been able to bring with me into exile a profound

love and veneration for those great men.

There were men born and nurtured in the Southern States, and some of them in my own State, who took sides with our enemies, and aided in desolating and humiliating the land of their own birth, and of the graves of their ancestors. Some of them rose to high positions in the United States Army, and others to high civil positions. I envy them not their dearly bought prosperity. I had rather be the humblest private soldier who fought in the ranks of the Confederate Army, and now, maimed and disabled, hobbles on his crutches from house to house, to receive his daily bread from the hands of the grateful women for whose homes he fought, than the highest of those renegades and traitors. Let them enjoy the advantages of their present position as best they may! for the deep and bitter execrations of an entire people now attend them, and an immortality of infamy awaits them. As for all the enemies who have overrun or aided in overrunning my country, there is a wide and impassable gulf between us, in which I see the blood of slaughtered friends, comrades, and countrymen, which all the waters in the firmament above and the seas beneath cannot wash away.

LAST NINETY DAYS OF THE WAR IN N. C. By Cornelia Phillips Spencer. New York: Watchman Publishing Company.

We regard this book as a most valuable contribution to the history of the great struggle. There is learning, research and genius in it. We regret, however, that there is a disposition to give an extravagant prominence to a few individuals, whose extraordinary services to the country and whose claims upon its gratitude were never heard of before this book was written. Mrs. Spencer looked at the war from a more loyal standpoint, than this reviewer used to occupy before his conversion to union principles. But he supposes that the value of the book will be greatly enhanced by this fact. It will show the North how all the honorable, high-toned and good people of the South, although they may have been sincerely and ardently attached to the Union, yet nevertheless went heart and soul into the war; when husbands, fathers, brothers and sons were fighting under the Confederate flag.

Graham, Vance, Worth, and hundreds of others fought earnestly against the revolutionary movement, when some of the loyalists of to-day were advocating nullification, secession, — any thing to get out of the Union. But while the first named class gave their time, energy and personal service to the cause of the South and remained true to it to the last: the second class began to look out for themselves, when our reverses at Vicksburg and Gettysburg taught them that the final victory would not perch upon our banners. If there were Union men in our midst, before the star of the South began to wane, no one knew of their existence. They kept their loyal lights hid under a bushel. Mayor Monroe, of New Orleans, testifies that the first secession speech he ever heard was from the, at present, loyal and very blood-thirsty Governor Hall, and that he believed Dr. Dostie was the only Union man in that city, at the out-break of the war. We will be told that the Union men were kept in fear by the slave oligarchy. But if they were such poltroons as to profess a loyalty, which they did not feel, to one government while in power, may not the suspicion be reasonably excited that their present fealty to another government in power is from the same mean motive? We have too much respect for the intelligence of the men of the North, to believe that they are deceived by these hollow professions of self-acknowledged cowards. They use these poor creatures, just as they used mules and donkeys captured at the South, as beasts of burden, of drudgery and of scavenger work.

Mrs. Spencer mentions a few of the millions of atrocities committed by the troops of Sherman and Gillam. Enough is said, however, of the personal character of the latter to show that he was sadly out of place with a star upon his shoulder. His proper position

would have been with the banners of Sherman.

With many of the views of Mrs. Spencer, we have but little sympathy; and for her apotheosis of certain persons, we have a positive disrelish. But upon the whole, she has executed her task well. The book is written with so much real ability, and engaging sprightliness, that it will live.

WAR POETRY OF THE SOUTH.—

By W. Gilmore Simms, L. L. D.
New York: Richardson & Co.

General Sherman, in his triumphant march to restore the Union and advance the interests of civilization, found the quiet home of the veteran poet, a lion in his pathway, and destroyed it. With it, perished a magnificent library and the literary labors of many years. Stripped and peeled in his old age, but not discouraged, Mr. Simms has gone to work with new zeal and ardor. What a noble example does he set and what a rebuke it is to some of our youngsters, who seem to have no higher aim than to be as idle, and as thriftless as the freedmen.

With commendable industry, Mr. Simms has collected a volume of poems produced during the war. We miss from his collection many of the very best, and we certainly find some of the very worst.

"The Virginians of the Valley," "The Brave at Home," "The Confederate Note," are not there. Instead of these, we have some, which have but little merit in rhythm, grace, and spirit. We regret too, that he has not ascertained the authorship of more of the poems. This certainly could have been done, and was due to history as well as to the writers. Misled, moreover, by a *monde plume*, he has attributed the most celebrated of all the poems to the wrong writer. A. J. Ryan, and not Mrs. Dinnies, is the author of it. The letter, of Mrs. Ryan, on this subject, is one of the most modest

and graceful letters in the language. Again we think that Mr. Simms is in error in ascribing "All quiet along the Potomac to-night" to Lamar Fontaine. If he has ever claimed it over his own signature, then we are in error and not Mr. Simms. But in the absence of such proof, it seems strange that a man should be able to produce such a gem and produce nothing else. History tells of a single speech Hamilton, but of no single poem poet.

Believing that criticism should always be candid, we raise these small objections. The work is not perfect; what human performance ever was? But it supplies an important want and is in the main exceedingly well done.

SOUTHERN POEMS OF THE WAR.

Collected and Arranged by Miss Emily V. Mason, Baltimore,
John Murphy & Co.

The typography, binding and general finish of this book are admirable. Miss Mason has shown good taste, too, in her selection. There are but few poems in this book, which have not real merit, though there are some destined to have no other record than this. It is an unpleasant task to raise any carping objections to the work of a lady; but there are a few trifling defects which may be corrected in a future edition. In the first place, her title is a misnomer in regard to some of the pieces. Henderson's poem is not a poem of the war. 'Twas published more than twenty years ago. The war is supposed to refer to the Confederate struggle for independence. The poems of Henry R. Jackson were written during the Mexican war and were published in Griswold's collection, long before our war was thought of. Again, the name of a poet should be correctly given. On page 103, we see the name of S. T. Wallace; it ought to be Wallis. — Lucas, of Hattown, Va., is a true

poet, and his name ought to be familiar to an author. It is given by Miss Mason, as Dan Lucas; the middle initial, B., is omitted. Dan Lucas is rather too familiar, too much like Dan Rice, Dan Bryant, &c. These are trifles to readers, but not so to the writers themselves. It reminds us of the sarcastic remark about military glory, "being killed in battle and having the name misspelt in the bulletin announcing the death." The law allows no man more than one name; and there is scarcely any one willing to see his only name incorrectly announced.

We have, moreover, the same complaint to make of Miss Mason as we had, of Dr. Simms. The authorship of some of the best poems is omitted. We would like to know who wrote "The Brave at Home," "The Southern Scene," "Reading the List," and many others. Is it impossible to find out? We think not. Could not the names of the *periodicals*, in which the different poems first appeared, have been ascertained? We feel satisfied that this might have been done, in regard to several of them. Dr. Simms seems to have tried to do that *justice* to publishers, though he has not always done equal justice to authors.

Miss Mason does not seem to have looked much to this part of Dixie, for war poems. Had she been a reader of the North Carolina Presbyterian, and the Field and Fireside, we think that she would have embraced in her collection the poems of two of the sweetest of Southern poetesses, though they are from N. Carolina.

In the main, we are exceedingly pleased with the book, and wish it the large circulation, which it so richly merits.

THE REFUGEE HOUSEHOLD. By Mrs. Louise Clack, of Louisiana. New York, Blelock & Co.

This is a beautifully written book; sound, healthful, and at-

tractive. It is a truthful narrative of stirring incidents, and sad experience during the war, interspersed with tales related by different members of the "Household." There are now, unfortunately, but few *safe* volumes of light reading, which a wise parent would be willing to see in the hands of his children. Mrs. Clack has produced a safe, as well as an entertaining volume.

HISTORY OF A BRIGADE OF SOUTH CAROLINIANS. By J. F. J. Caldwell. Philadelphia, King & Baird.

We are delighted to see this book from a subordinate officer.—A truthful history can only be written, by a judicious blending of official reports with the facts and incidents furnished, by responsible subordinates and privates.—The former should furnish the great outlines, and the latter the filling in, and the coloring of the picture.

Since the invention of the art of printing, it has always happened that after the occurrence of grand events, there would be hastily got up, catch-penny, accounts of them. These, compiled from the newspapers, may bring money to the writers; but to the readers, are not worth the paper on which they are written.

Mr. Caldwell's book is from the record of his own field diary, and, therefore, may be regarded as trust-worthy. We hope that a similar service will be rendered to every brigade and regiment. It may be a work of vast labor, and long years, to collect all these memoirs, and to compare them with one another, and with the official reports of general officers. But in that way alone, can a history be written, worthy of a place in our libraries. A trumpety book, compiled from newspaper sources, is, simply, a cheat and a swindle.

MECKLENBURG FEMALE COLLEGE,

CHARLOTTE, N. C.

Rev. A. G. STACY, A. M. Principal.

The buildings and grounds known as the N. C. MILITARY INSTITUTE, in the City of Charlotte, having been secured for a term of years for the purposes of a Female College, the Institution will be opened, January 29th, 1867.

The first school year will be of irregular duration. It will comprise one long Session—January 29th to July 29th. There will be two terms.

Board, with lights, and Tuition in Regular Course, per term

of thirteen weeks, payable in U. S. Currency in advance, \$76 50
Extras, at fair rates.

The grounds, an area of more than twenty acres, are delightfully shaded with native oaks, and the magnificent college edifice will be refitted and furnished with especial reference to the convenience and comfort of young ladies.

The aim is to make the College a First Class Institution in all the Departments—Music, Painting, Drawing, Ancient and Modern Languages, etc., together with the Regular Course.

For circular, address

A. G. STACY,

January, 1867.

Charlotte, N. C.

Concord Female College,

In the N. C. Presbyterian of September 26th, an article was published over the signature of "Amicus." I invite attention to an extract from that article. "If wholesome discipline, devotion to the cause of education, skill and experience in teaching will secure success, then the Faculty of this Female College have all the elements of success. There is no institution where the mental culture, the health, the morals, and the manners of the pupils are more looked after and cared for."

The next Session will commence on the second Monday of January, 1867. Each boarder will find her own lights and towels, and also a pair of sheets and pillow cases. The entire expense of Tuition and Board, including washing, for a Session of Twenty Weeks, will be from \$115 to \$125, currency. Ten dollars will be deducted when full settlements are made in advance. Extra charges will be made for Music, French, Latin and Drawing. Advance payments will be expected, yet the greatest possible indulgence will be given our patrons. A large patronage is needed, desired and expected.

Address,

January, 1867. 6

J. M. M. CALDWELL,

Statesville, N. C.

CHARLOTTE FEMALE INSTITUTE.

CHARLOTTE, N. C.

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Miss NANNIE BURWELL, English Branches.

Miss MARY BATTE, English Branches.

Miss MARY PENICK, Music on Piano and Guitar.

The next Session commences on the 1st of October, 1866. For catalogue containing full particulars, address

Rev. R. BURWELL & SON,

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MILFORD, TEXAS.

THE LAND WE LOVE.

NO. V.

MARCH, 1867.

VOL. II.

MAJ. GEN. GORDON'S REPORT OF THE BATTLE OF MONOCACY.

HEAD QUARTERS GORDON'S DIVISION,
July 22d, 1864.

MAJOR:—In accordance with orders from corps head quarters, I have the honor to submit the following report.

About 2½ p. m., 9th of July, I was ordered by Major General Breckinridge, commanding corps, to move my division to the right, and cross the Monocacy about one mile below the bridge and ford (on the Georgetown pike), which were then held by the enemy.—On reaching the river, I directed my brigade commanders to cross as rapidly as possible, and then to file to the left in the direction of the enemy's line, and I rode to the front in order to reconnoitre the enemy's position. I found that Brigadier General McCausland's cavalry brigade (dismounted) had been driven back by superior numbers, and that the enemy was posted along the line of a fence, on the crest of the ridge running obliquely to the left from the river. In his front lay an open field, which was commanded by his artillery and small arms to the extent of their range, while in his rear, ran a valley nearly parallel with the general direction of his line of battle. In this valley, I discovered from a wooded eminence in front of his left,

another line of battle in support of the first. Both these lines were in advance of the Georgetown road. The enemy's line of skirmishers covered the front of his first line, and stretched far beyond it to the left. Having been ordered to attack this force, I had the division skirmishers, under Captain Keller, of Evans' brigade, deployed, and directed one brigade (Evans') under the protection of a dense woodland about 700 yards in front of the enemy's left, to move by the right flank and form so as to over-lap the enemy's left. The two brigades (Hays' and Stafford's) united under the command of Brigadier General York, were ordered to form on the left of Brigadier General Evans,—and Terry's brigade to move in support of the left of my line. These dispositions having been made, I ordered the command to advance *en echelon* by brigades from the right. The troops emerged from the woods 700 yards in front of the enemy's left, under heavy fire from infantry and artillery, and had advanced but a short distance when, on account of the wounding of one brigade commander, (Evans) to whom explicit instructions had been given as to the movement of his—the leading brigade—and the killing of several

regimental commanders, and the difficulty of advancing in line through a field covered with wheat-shocks and intersected by fences, the perfect alignment of this brigade was, necessarily, to some extent, broken. However, this temporary confusion did not retard its advance, which as I had anticipated, forced the enemy to change his front under fire. At this point, the Louisiana brigades, under the command of Brigadier General York, became engaged, and the two brigades (Evans' and York's) moved forward with much spirit, driving back the enemy's first line in confusion upon his second. After a brief halt at the fence, from which this first line had been driven, I ordered a charge on the second line, which was equally successful. At this point, I discovered a third line, which overlapped both my flanks, and which was posted still more strongly in the deep cuts along the Georgetown road, and behind the crest of the hill near the Monocacy bridge—and at once ordered Brigadier General Terry, who as yet had not been engaged, to attack vigorously that portion of the enemy's line nearest the river, and from which my troops were receiving a severe flank fire. This brigade advanced with great spirit and in excellent order, driving the enemy from his position on a portion of the line. He still held most stubbornly his strong position, in front of the other two brigades and upon my right. He also advanced at the same time two fresh lines of troops, to retake the position from which he had been driven by Terry's brigade. These were repulsed with heavy loss and in great confusion. Having suffered severe loss in driving back two lines, either of which I believed equal in length to my command, and having discovered the third line longer than either of the others, and protected by the cuts in the road, and in order to avoid the great loss it

would require to drive the enemy from his position by a direct front attack, I despatched two staff officers in succession to ask for a brigade to use upon the enemy's flank. Ascertaining, however, that a considerable length of time must elapse before these could reach me, I at once ordered Brigadier General Terry to change front with his brigade to the right, and attack the enemy's right. This movement, promptly executed, with a simultaneous attack from the front, resulted in the dislodging of this line and the complete rout of the enemy's forces.

This battle, though short, was severe. I desire, in this connection, to state a fact of which I was an eye-witness, and which, for its rare occurrence, and the evidence it affords of the sanguinary character of this struggle, I consider worthy of official mention. One portion of the enemy's second line extended along a branch, from which he was driven, leaving many dead and wounded in the water and upon its banks. This position was in turn occupied by a portion of Evans' brigade, in the attack on the enemy's third line. So profuse was the flow of blood from the killed and wounded, of both these forces, that it reddened the stream for more than a hundred yards below.

It has not been my fortune to witness, on any battle-field, a more commendable spirit and courage, than was exhibited on this, by both officers and men. To my brigade commanders, for their good example and prompt execution of orders, I am especially indebted. They rode in the midst of their troops, under the severest fire, and exhibited that cool courage so essential in an officer on the field. There are many other officers, of lower grade, who well deserve particular mention,—among them, I desire to call attention to the admirable conduct of Colonel Peck, 9th Louisiana, commanding

Hays' brigade ; Colonel Atkinson, commanding Evans' brigade ; Colonels Funk and Dungan, commanding the remnants of the "Stonewall" and Jones' brigades, of Terry's command.

I regret to state that my loss was heavy in both officers and men, amounting in the aggregate, as shown by tabular report, of brigade commanders, to 698.—Among the killed, are Colonel J. H. Lamar and Lieutenant Colonel Van Valkenburg, both of the 61st Georgia regiment, of Evans' brigade, and both meritorious officers. Colonel Lamar, a most promising young officer, was shot from his horse at the head of his regiment. Several other regimental commanders of this brigade, were wounded ; some, it is feared, mortally. Lieutenant Colonel Hodges, 9th Louisiana regiment, Hays' brigade, an officer of rare merit, was severely wounded and left at hospital in Frederick City.

I cannot too highly commend the conduct, on the field, of the members of my staff, Major R. W. Hunter, and Captains V. Dabney and L. Powell. The prompt, fearless, and intelligent manner with which they bore my orders to every portion of the field, met my hearty approbation. Lieutenant S. Wilmer, my signal officer, had been previously wounded, during the skirmishing in front of Maryland Heights, bearing, under severe fire, an order from me. Major Moore, my inspector, rendered efficient service in his department. My senior surgeon, Dr. J. H. Stevens, labored assiduously during the afternoon and night, in caring for the many wounded.

I am, Major,

Very respectfully,

Your ob't serv't,

J. B. GORDON,

Maj. General.

Maj. J. STODDARD JOHNSTON,

A. A. G., Breckinridge's Corps.

FADED.

She took the starry, blue-eyed flowers

From her own shining hair :

"Sir Knight of mine," she gaily said,

"Your Lady's colors wear !—

'Faithful' !—'tis as my love for you—

The language that they bear" !

She fastened them upon my breast,

Praising their azure hue,

While I, assenting, only saw

Her eyes of sunny blue.

"Wilt guard them well ?" On hand and flower

I vowed :—a Knight most true !

'Twas years ago. I oped, by chance,

A casket old, to-day,

O'er which, the dust of years forgot

Had gathered, deep, and gray ;—

Within, a knot of wither'd flowers

Were fondly laid away.

Her token ! I had "kept them well,"
 Though lack of sun and showers
 Had dimmed the brightness that they wore
 In those lost summer hours.
 Fit emblem of *her love*, alas !
 That faded with the flowers !

I saw her yester-eve, the one
 So fair in memory.
 Deceit dwelt in the brilliant eyes
 That won my heart from me,
 And harsh lines marred the sunny mouth
 I loved when twenty-three !

I saw her 'mid the pomp and wealth,
 Which gild her false life o'er.
 One glance, and, with a sigh, I turned
 Back to my books once more,
 Thankful that love of *twenty-three*
 Sleeps well at *forty-four* !

Alexandria, Virginia.

TWELVE MONTHS IN SPAIN.*

We are in Seville. We will spend a month here. In that time, we may hope to become somewhat familiar with Sevillian life and Sevillian wonders.

The Spaniards have a pleasant way of admiring every thing Spanish. I repeat, a *pleasant way*, for the way itself, is sufficiently common to the nations ; and among none is the manner of self-laudation more offensive than among ourselves. But the Spaniard's praise of whatever is Spanish, is refreshing from its very ardent simplicity. He will speak with child-like rapture of Madrid. London, Paris, Berlin, Vienna, pale in his esteem, before the capital on the Manzanares, as the candle before the sun. So, too, he gives you his mind of Seville, with animated voice and gesture, in a pro-

verbial couplet, which, I allow, has more truth than poetry :

"Quien no ha visto a Sevilla,
 No ha visto a marayilla."*

A mere *coup d'œil* of Seville,—whether of the past or of the present, reveals a body of attractions unrivalled in Spain. With an origin that runs back with fabulous antiquity—founded by Hercules, as tradition has it—rebuilt and embellished by Julius Cæsar, as history attests; owning the sway of successive conquerors and successive faiths—illustrated by war and genius for two thousand years—once the seat of a commerce that poured the precious wealth of the New World into her lap ; she is still glorious and beautiful in her decay and her ruins.

We notice only the chief matters of interest, and must be brief even

* Continued from page 287.

* He who has not at Seville been,
 Has not, I trow, a wonder seen.

with these. The central point of observation is the the celebrated cathedral. I thought at one time, to enter somewhat into the details of this marvelous structure. But what I had written, proved, when the ink got dry, unsatisfactory, even to myself, and I am sure it must be equally so to other readers. I give up, therefore, the vain attempt.

There is, indeed, a certain point, in all the imitative arts, beyond which word-painting, though never so finely done, fails to convey any just impressions. There needs the seeing of the eye, and the hearing of the ear, to realize the full power of the highest styles in these arts. What is low or common, or even elegant and beautiful, we can describe very well, and we can appreciate the works themselves, through the descriptions very well. But when we stand in the presence of what is great and grand, and awful in painting, in sculpture, or in architecture; language becomes speechless, or, at least unintelligible. *A look* is worth all its words. A sense of silent superlative admiration possesses us like a spirit. And this is exactly what we cannot impart to others. True, it were easy to tell you, as the guide-books do, that the cathedral in Seville has the basilica form,—that it is 431 feet long by 315 wide, and that the centre nave is 145 feet, while the transept dome is 171 feet high. And the bare figures themselves will give you the idea of stately heights and ample spaces. But the general effect of the whole—the vaulted roof, so airy and majestic—the floor checkered with white and black marble,—the long-drawn aisles melting away in the gloom, which, the subdued light of richly painted windows, makes gorgeously visible,—the solemn stillness, which is undisturbed save by the loud-swelling organ, now deep and dreadful, like “thunder heard remote,” now

soft and dulcet as the floating melody of a flute; this is absolutely incommunicable.

Some writers on Spain have put the Cathedral, in all the elements of architectural excellence, before St. Peter's at Rome. I cannot concur in this opinion. Yet, I can hardly say why, for I was more impressed by the Cathedral than by St. Peter's. But in these matters, we should learn to distrust our own feelings or our own uninstructed judgments. We should rest rather, in a reverent, humble spirit, upon the unerring psychological law, that the immediate impression of whatever is greatest in the works of genius or nature, is almost uniformly disappointing. The philosophy of this law is simple. The fault is subjective—in ourselves; not objective—in the work itself. Our minds need a process of education to bring them up to a level with the object.—Hence the universal experience among travelers, that the first impression of St. Peter's is one of disappointment. That experience, indeed, did we but analyze it, is the surest and highest testimonial to the vast overpowering grandeur of the building. A whole life-time spent in walking about St. Peter's, in telling the dome thereof, in marking well the magnificent distances, and the proportioned bulk of the structures, in considering the number and variety of its ornaments and monuments, would leave us yet much to learn. We should die but apprentices.

Now, I did not find this sense of disappointment in myself or in others, at the first view of the Cathedral, either so decided or so general as in the case of St. Peter's. Some there was undoubtedly,—but it was rapidly overcome, until, after a month's residence, the mind seemed to grow up to the full stature of the object, taking in all its amplitude, and filling in, nor more nor less, with the delighted satisfaction of com-

pleteness. This is praise,—but not the highest praise. Had I seen more of St. Peter's, doubtless the glory of the Cathedral to my vision might have been shadowed, if not entirely eclipsed. But, for all in all, beyond controversy, the Cathedral is second only to St. Peter's ; and we, who see it in its finished state, can best judge how well nigh it realizes the vast ideas of its projectors, when in 1480, they laid the first stone, with the expressed resolution “of constructing a church, such, and so good, that it never should have its equal. Let posterity, when it admires it complete, say that those, who dared to devise such a work, must have been mad.”

I was fortunate in spending Holy Week in Seville. It is said that the ceremonies of this season lack only the presence of the Pope to render them more splendid and imposing than those at Rome.—There is one spectacle, indeed, which, Pope or no Pope, is allowed to surpass anything exhibited in the Eternal City. About the centre of the Cathedral, an enormous wooden Temple is erected, said to be seventy-five feet high. The host, encased in a silver *custodia*, is deposited in this Temple, which, on Thursday night and on Good Friday, is illuminated from top to bottom, with variegated wax candles. The effect may be conceived, not described. The immense spaces of the Cathedral are clothed with light, as with a garment, and, especially at night, which lends a witchery to the scene and to the senses. The mighty pile, with its lofty pillars, its superb marble pavement and altars, its brilliant frescoes and pictures, seems more like a creation of enchantment than the work of human hands.

There is another show, which, lacking the luminous glory of the wooden Temple, is without merit of any sort. A bronze candlestick, of exquisite workmanship—

a wonder in itself—twenty-five feet high, is lighted up with thirteen variegated wax candles, which, about midnight on Thursday, are snuffed out, one after another, till a pure white candle is left burning alone. This absurd rite is designed to represent the desertion of Christ by the Apostles on the night preceding the crucifixion, while the lone, un-snuffed candle is figurative of the virgin :

“— faithful found
Among the faithless, faithful only she.”

I wonder they did not get up something to typify Judas going out and hanging himself.

The observances of this sacred festival, taken altogether, as I witnessed them, bating an occasional inappropriate display, like that which I have just alluded to, were deeply impressive. The order, decorum and reverential awe manifested by the uncounted thousands, who thronged the Cathedral, during the entire week, excelled anything seen in our protestant churches, on the most solemn occasions. There are those, I know, who, judging by a standard found at home in our own country, will deem it all hollowness and pretence :

“— Religion's pride,
In all the pomp of method and of art,
When men display to congregations
wide,
Devotion's every grace, except the
heart.”

The censure is not only harsh, it is unjust also. We have no more reason to doubt the sincerity of these worshipers than we have to doubt our own. If they counterfeit at all, they do it so well as to require more than mortal ken to detect what is genuine and what is false. Nor let it be forgotten, that in a grander mould of ritual service than even Romish pageantry can boast, was cast the simple faith and earnest piety of the old prophets and kings, who needed sensuous forms to illumine what, in them was dark, to raise

and support what was low. The truth is, the capital objection to the religion of Rome lies not against the pomp of the ceremonial, as producing hypocrites and formalists,—but rather against its fitness to the age. The Jewish economy was a worship. Its priesthood, its altars, its sacrifices, its minstrelsy, its tabernacle and its temple was a sublime worship; pointing, withal, like a finger, to better things. The christian system is a gospel; it is glad tidings, which needs but to be told. Its great and solemn business is to *teach* the nations. Hence praise is fitly subordinated to hearing, worship, to the foolishness of preaching, the building made with hands, to the temple of the soul. That wisdom which Solomon saw from afar off, but which in one season was made flesh, and dwelt among us, full of grace and truth, was oftenest seen and heard without, in the streets, in the chief place of concourse, in the openings of the gates. And it is high time, if we had ears to hear it, that not one stone be left upon another in the whole costly and stupendous fabric of ritualism.

We come back from this digression. It does not comport with my plan to notice the world of art in the Cathedral—the frescoes, the pictures, the images, the statues. An American, however, will pause with mournful interest over the plain marble slab, which covers the grave of Fernando, (son of Christopher Columbus,) who is buried here; nor will he fail to kindle with emotion, at the simple grandeur of the inscription to the memory of the great navigator himself, whose noble dust reposes in Havana:

“A Castilla y a Leon,
Nuevo mundo dio Colon!”

Columbus gave to Castile and to Leon, a New World!

Nor must we omit another thing before we dismiss the Cathedral. A Mosque formerly occupied its

site. When the Spaniards tore down the Mosque, they had the good taste to leave the minaret standing entire; and it is now the tower to the Cathedral, three hundred and fifty feet high. It is the most exquisite and unique work of its kind in Europe—a perfect gem of Moorish art. From its summit, to which the ascent is so easy and gradual that you may ride up on horseback, the view fills the eye with every element of beauty—the gay city—the undulating plain—the distant mountains—the gently-flowing Guadalquivir.

And now, in parting from the Cathedral, not to return to it, except, it may be, by an occasional allusion, let me hope, that you may one day behold the glorious edifice for yourself. The sight will store your mind with pure and varied satisfactions, which memory will recall with delight. You will love to go back in imagination and linger around a spot, which, of all upon earth, perhaps, putting tradition and history together, has been longest dedicated to devotion and religion. At least, we would fain believe so. Here, the old Iberian bowed to idols, whose very names have perished. Here, the Phœnician adored

“Astarte, queen of heaven, with crescent horns;
To whose bright image nightly, by the moon,
Sidonian virgins paid their vows and songs.”

Here the Roman erected a temple to thundering Jupiters. Here the Moslem, for five centuries, did homage to one God and the false Prophet. And here, in these last days, the christian renders a pompous worship to Jehovah and the Virgin. Shall anything come after? Who can tell?

FABRICA DE TABACOS.

A tobacco factory in Seville was what I had not been exactly prepared for, but for the guide-books. Amid so many memorials that carry us back over the track of the

dead ages, we do not look for anything so vulgar as the manufacture of tobacco. Romance associates even the practical arts here, with the graceful and the beautiful, with fine cloths, and silks, and velvets. But, after all, I know of nothing more calculated to put us in kindly sympathy, at once with the heroic past and the busy present, than the fragrant weed. I have always felt a touch of indignation towards that Pope (one of the Urbans, I think) who issued a bull against its use; albeit, the bull missed its aim, as a visit to the *Fabrica* will show.

The building itself is a model of architectural deformity, sprawling its huge dimensions over a quadrangle 662 feet by 524. But if it should be judged rather in reference to the uses for which it was designed, than by any abstract rules of harmony and proportion, then it is entitled to high merit.

The establishment is the largest of its kind in the world. It employed, when I was there, seven thousand five hundred hands, of whom five thousand two hundred were females. The business is confined to the manufacture of cigars and snuff. The Spaniards do not indulge in our habits of "chewing" and "rubbing."—The snuff rooms, in which men alone are employed, are on the ground floor—but my nasal organ was too sensitive for more than a mere glance. Passing to the second floor, you are shown into an immense hall. The scene, be what it may, is indescribable.—Four thousand women, (without a solitary specimen of the other gender,) of all ages, seated at long tables, making cigars! Allowed the utmost liberty of chat, their tongues go with an incessant and deafening discord. Yet they ply their work with a quick-fingered nimbleness that is surprising. A hand can put up twelve bundles a day, each bundle containing fifty cigars. A tolerable estimate may

thus be formed of the aggregate sent out from this factory annually.

These *cigarreras*, or female cigar makers, constitute a caste in Seville. They are usually the instigators, if not the leaders, in the turbulent disturbances of the city. They may be seen on Sundays and other gala-days flaunting along the streets and promenades, distinguishable as well by the gairish *mantilla*, drawn so as to show only the upper part of the features, as by their impertinent, dare-devil foreheads. Of course, they are no better than they should be—but, notwithstanding their lively air and Andalusian wit, one can look on their haggard, sallow, death-like faces with passionless serenity. In fact, the aspect of all the employées, of both sexes, is, to the last degree, forbidding; due, doubtless, to the unhealthfulness of their occupation.

The tobacco manufactured here is not raised in Spain—but brought from Cuba; though I do not see why it might not be abundantly produced in the Southern provinces of the Peninsula. The shipment of the raw material from the colony to the mother country, whence the manufactured article is distributed to the general markets of the world, is the exploded colonial system of the last century. And to export tobacco from Cuba to Europe to be made into cigars and snuff, is very like the economical blunder which we repeat, when we send our cotton to Massachusetts and to England, whence we receive again the products of our own hands, enhanced in price by all the multiplied changes in place and form. There are, however, recent evidences of progress in Spain, indicative that the force of ideas has, at last, penetrated her iron-clad conservatism. Time out of mind, she seized on tobacco as a government monopoly; and, when I was there, she seemed to hold on, like a miser, from the sheer love of a tight-grip. All

reason denounced the policy. It increased more than an hundred-fold the price of an article of general consumption among her people. A good cigar cost you at the government stall a peseta, or 20 cts., while you could buy the same article from the smuggler at less than half that sum. And here was another vicious effect. It filled the land with smugglers. *The Fabrica* at Seville is guarded, like a fortress, by a deep moat, and the employés are subjected to the most strict inspection.—Still, in spite of every vigilance and precaution, smuggling tobacco is a lucrative business.

I should mention the polite attention, almost universal among Spanish officials, accorded to strangers visiting this establishment. You are shown every thing and told everything, with a courteous frankness that leaves nothing to be desired.

LONJA, OR THE EXCHANGE.

I have already remarked, incidentally, that Seville had once been an emporium. Her commercial zenith was reached under the Moors, when the Guadelquiver was navigated as far up as Cordova. The mighty stimulus furnished to bold enterprise and insatiate cupidity by the discovery of America, established and prolonged her supremacy.

Her quays were crowded with merchants from the ends of the earth—eager now to reap where they had not sown—obedient now to the guiding genius of Columbus,

"* * * the first that ever burst
Into that silent sea."

At this period and for long after, the Bulls and Bears of Seville had their chief place of concourse about the cathedral (then unfinished,) like their Jewish prototypes, who made the Temple an house of merchandise. And never did Bulls and Bears have such a rollick! How the bulls tossed, as each returning sail brought home

tidings of some new region or untold riches in the far off world! What prodigious schemes! What amazing activities and adventures! What great thoughts of empire and power and titles of nobility! And how the bears, in their turn, pulled down, as one golden vision after another vanished into bankrupt hopes! What disappointments! What argosies lost! What valor in vain! What endurance unrewarded! What great searchings for hid treasures never found!

After a chequered career of about a century, at their high play for a whole continent, in the purlieus of the cathedral, the money-changers removed to "*la Casa Lonja*," or, as we would call it, the Exchange, which was ready for their reception in 1598. It is a noble edifice, a quadrangle 200 feet on each side, faultless in style and proportion, with a spacious court-yard.

There is a popular superstition that a man, who has been well to do in an old house—or in no house at all, had better not, in the decline of life, build himself a splendid mansion—for, as the superstition reasoneth, he'll not more than get fixed up in his new abode, before he'll die. Somewhat of this sort happened to the merchant princes of Seville. They had hardly felt themselves comfortable in their new and sumptuous quarters, ere commerce deserted Seville, which rapidly declined in population from 300,000 to, what it is now, 96,000 souls. The Exchange has never resounded with the busy hum of trade. Its magnificent court has been for ages as silent and grass-grown, as it is this day. The marble pavement of the elegant rooms echoes, as of old, the foot-fall of the solitary visitor, like a sepulchre. And it is a fit echo! For the Exchange has become in some sort a tomb, not, indeed for what is mortal of the dead, but for that which Milton calls an immortality—the record of their il-

lustrious deeds. The Archives of the Indies, as they are called, are carefully collected and deposited here in mahogany book-cases. They consist of every document of value extant touching the discovery, exploration and settlement of the Americas, in original manuscripts. I regretted that my knowledge of the language did not enable me to appreciate this collection, which embraces many thousand volumes of deep interest to an American.

Here, however, he may trace the chirography of Columbus and Cortez, and the other heroes, who discovered, explored, subdued and peopled our western hemisphere.

MURILLO AND HIS PICTURES.

It is well, perhaps, now to turn for a while to another branch of art—to that of painting. Seville abounds in pictures of every grade of merit, and a large number of no merit at all. But here, even more than in architecture, I must bespeak much allowance on the score, already alluded to, of inability to convey just impressions on paper—especially in the case of one, who is not a connoisseur in the art.

Seville is the chief scene of Murillo's works, a great Spanish painter, who lived and died here in the 17th century. I had become somewhat familiar with his style in Madrid; which pleased me more than that of Raphael or any other master, though it may show a want of taste to say so; as I cannot assign any good reason for the preference. Perhaps, however, in our judgments of pictures and painters, it is wise to follow the prudent example of that jurist, who always refused to give any reason for his opinions, since, as he said, the opinion might be very good and the reason very bad. I do not purpose, of course, to furnish a catalogue of the Murillos in Seville, where the pencil of the great artist was most abundant in

labors. He excelled in delineating feminine grace and loveliness in its highest type. His beauty is wonderful, passing the beauty of women. Fortunately for his fame, a fierce controversy arose in the Spanish church between the Dominicans and Franciscans, about the immaculate conception of the virgin Mary. Murillo espoused the cause of the immaculate conception; and he did more to enthrone that dogma in the religious creed of his countrymen, than all the writings of monks in the world. His genius was at home in such a subject: and he has given form and body to the unearthly mystery in the very colors of heaven. "Never," says a just critic, "has dignified composure and innocence of mind, unruffled by human guilt or passion, pure unsexual unconsciousness of sin or shame, heavenly beatitudes past utterance, or the unconquerable majesty and hidden strength of chastity, been more exquisitely portrayed. The virgin appears in a state of extatic felicity, and borne aloft in a golden æther to heaven, to which her beauteous eyes are turned, by a group of angels:

Her graceful arms in meekness bending
Across her gently budding breast."

These "*immaculate conceptions*," of which there are many here, form the great pictorial attraction of Seville. Yet there are one or two more by the same masterly pencil, which deserve a note.

"*The guardian angel*," which is in the cathedral, is a gem. An angel pointing with uplifted finger towards heaven, leads a child, the sweetest you ever saw on canvass or in life! This is all. But the blending of the angelic and human elements is perfect. "*Borrow's Bible in Spain*" (a work which I read before I visited the country) represents the angel as bearing aloft a flaming sword. The author certainly did not see the picture.

And how it came to pass that his fancy armed the angel with a sword, one is at a loss to understand. A tomahawk or a club had been as well, after the fashion of an Indian wood-cut. Murillo had a juster and more scriptural conception of the panoply of ministering spirits, sent forth to minister for them who shall be heirs of salvation.

"*Moses striking the rock*" is a grand picture and a profound study. It is of colossal size.—There is a touch of life and expression about it that brings you right into the presence of the scene recorded in the 20th chapter of Numbers. The parched desert, the goodly tents of Israel, the shekinah over the tabernacle, the cliffs of Horeb in the distant background; the smitten rock, which gave forth water like a river, the thirsty multitude and their beasts of burden rushing joyfully to the crystal stream, and the meek figure of Moses, with his rod, in the midst; his imperial brow yet stern with a wrath not quite passed away!!

Time would fail me to remark upon the innumerable works of Murillo scattered over this city; and it is out of my way, for the present, to remark upon specimens of art other than his—I close, therefore, with a sketch of a visit to his house. I have pleasant memories of that visit, as well on account of the celebrated painter, who lived and died there, as of its present occupant and owner. The house is located in the quarter of the city formerly occupied by the Jews—hence called *La Juderia*.—I was admitted at once, and shown into a small room, where I found two gentlemen in conversation upon a sofa. I was glad to recognize acquaintances. One was a Mr. Pizarro, who was employed in the Foreign office at Madrid.—The other was a priest, in the plain black frock usually worn by his

order in Spain, whom I recognized at once as a member of the Spanish Senate, and had seen on several occasions during the previous winter in Madrid. He did not know me, I think, as well as I knew him; for he did not seem at ease until Mr. Pizarro, whom I had often met, mentioned repeatedly that I was an American. When he got that idea or fact fixed in his head, his manner changed all at once to exceeding cordiality. I could not understand this circumstance, till he explained that (not remembering at first having ever met me) he had taken me for an Englishman, and that he hated England and Englishmen. He added—a hint by the way which I profited by—that two Englishmen had called the day before to see the house and the pictures, like myself, and that they had insulted him by wearing their hats all the while in his presence. He spoke bitterly of English writers, especially on matters of religion. In this connection, he commended Mr. Prescott in terms of warmest eulogy; and hastened out of the room to bring me an edition of his works. I felt proud of my country! He asked me if Mr. Prescott was a Protestant; and upon my telling him that I presumed he was, rather from his works than from any personal knowledge, he said sorrowfully: "Yes, he is a Protestant—but a just one."

He returned again and again to England and Englishmen, as if his hatred possessed him like a mania. "Why, sir," said he, "Englishmen believe that the Inquisition exists to this day in Spain. I will show you all I have of it." And hereupon he flew out of the room again, and returned apace with a scroll in his hand. "This," said he, "is a diploma from the college of Jesuits in Seville to an ancestor of mine. I would not show it to those English fellows yesterday.—They would have thought themselves in the jaws of the Inquisi-

tion. The diploma, indeed, was very curious. It was in Latin, of course, bore date April 20, 1550—covered with armorial devices, and enjoined the appointee to be especially vigilant in the extirpation of heretics;—at which injunction the priest laughed heartily. “I was,” he remarked, “a member of the Cortes in 1821, when the Jesuits were exterminated and their property confiscated. You will find my vote recorded against them. No papist of any intelligence favors their restoration.”—I confess to a relish for his dislike of Englishmen, whom I found so constantly and excessively patronizing in Spain that I wondered Spaniards tolerated them at all.

My ghostly cicerone now proceeded to show me the curiosities of his house. Mr. Pizarro meanwhile having left us. Pictures were everywhere. A crucifixion painted on a wooden cross, by Murillo, I thought exquisite among a mass of trash. Pausing before a portrait of Philip II, the priest broke into a rapturous encomium of his character. I mentioned that Mr. Prescott was engaged, I had understood, upon a history of Philip’s reign. Whereat he expressed high gratification, deeming that his favorite king would receive at Mr. Prescott’s hands, better treatment than had been accorded to him by Englishmen. I am afraid if the priest has lived to see Mr. Prescott’s work, he will have to change his opinion, either of our distinguished historian or of Philip. As to the portrait, he said it had been taken from life, and was a faithful delineation of the features of the monk-king. If so, I marvelled that the dark, sinister expression of the face, had not suggested to my worthy host, something unmistakably deceitful and desperately wicked in the monarch. But he had evidently made up his mind to admire Philip, as he hated the English—without measure or qualification.

There was a picture of Don Pedro, *el cruel*. It represented that wild king in full armor on horseback riding towards the seashore, where, just stepping from a vessel, with a red flag in his hand, was the Pope’s nuncio coming to denounce excommunication against Peter. In reply to a question, he said, Peter was one of the best kings Spain ever had, and did not merit the epithet of *cruel*. He spoke slightly of the virtue of excommunication in our day, and repeated an opinion, which I had heard him announce in the Spanish Senate, that the army was a more reliable instrument of rule in our age than the church.

We passed into the painting-room of Murillo, which is airy and cheerful, commanding a view of the beautiful gardens in the rear of the building. Here the great artist lived—for he lived to paint. I could not but feel an inspiration, as if in the very presence of his splendid genius. The walls are crowded with pictures. The priest pointed out—if any pointing were needed—all the Murillos—but none of them equaled, I thought, what I had seen from his pencil in Madrid and at other places in Seville. The collection of portraits was very large and very fine. Here were nearly all the kings of Spain, and her eminent men in arms, in letters, or in art. The priest could not vouch for the fidelity of the likenesses. But, in beholding the portraits of departed greatness, our faith becomes easy fathers to the thought, that there is some resemblance, at least in the general air, if not in the exact similitude of every feature. I felt this pleasing fascination, particularly, in seeing Columbus placed appropriately between his illustrious patrons—Ferdinand and Isabella.

I was now kindly invited down into the gardens. While on our way, the priest insisted that I would put on my hat, which I had

hitherto held in my hand—but mindful of the Englishmen the day before, and determined in all things to be respectful, I declined. The garden was redolent of the odor of flowers, oranges and lemons. Three crystal fountains rendered the air deliciously cool. On the back wall, were some Italian frescoes of Apollo and the Graces, attributed by some to Murillo, by others to Vargas.—The priest maintained that they were Murillos. Under the shade of a solitary palm-tree, which stood in the midst of the garden, we had every thing that was pleasant to the sight and good for food. The venerable priest talked of history, religion, politics, art, Spain and America, until I was alike impressed with his varied learning and his comprehensive views. Once, and once only, he touched on the controverted points between protestantism and catholicity; and from a silent admirer, he invited me to give a reason for the faith that was in me. Avoiding all vexed issues, I explained, as well as I could, how that, without priest, or altar, or sacrifice, or sacrament, or service, or church, the blood of Christ cleanseth from all sin. I thought I saw a twinkle of humor in his eye at the simplicity of my creed—but he was careful to shun all disputation, and we dropped the subject.

Thus four hours passed “with speed swiftly” in the company of

my agreeable entertainer and under his hospitable roof. As I rose to leave, he so loaded me with oranges that I feared to be taken in the streets for a vender of fruit. He called my attention to a portrait of Murillo taken, he said, not long before his death, set in the key-stone of a pretty arch leading from the court. The priest evidently believed the likeness was faithful, and he succeeded easily in making me believe so too. The hair is long, full and parted in the middle—the head round and large—the mouth of the ordinary size—the lips somewhat thick and slightly open—at least not compressed as in a man of stern aspect—the face without any expression of divinity, though benevolent and altogether pleasant to look upon—every thing is Andalusian—hair, eyes, complexion—all very dark. On the whole, I felt some disappointment. There was none of the genius which shines in all his works—but a genial, joyous temperament rather; more of the earth, earthy, than I had expected to see in one, whose pencil has given the world, so much of the spiritual and heavenly.

And so I parted from the eminent, noble-hearted owner of Murillo’s house—a fit inheritance in fit hands. A scholar without pedantry, a sectarian without bigotry, a patriot without narrowness—may we meet again!

THE LITTLE ROSALIE.

A little leaf from the rose’s heart!

And a little pen of pearl,

To write a little bit of a rhyme

For a little bit of girl:

A rhyme for the little humming-bird,

And the little honey-bee,

And for all that sing to the flowers of spring,

For the little Rosalie.

The violet's dyes are in her eyes,
 The violet's velvet in
 The dainty dimples about her mouth,
 The dimple upon her chin,
 And never a nectar humming-bird,
 And never a honey-bee,
 That may ever sing to a sweeter thing
 Than our little Rosalie.

Ah, yes! we think of the star-ward Palms
 Over the orient seas!
 Ah, yes! we drink of the blended balms
 Of the sweet Hesperides!
 We crooning here in the fading hours,
 With the humming-bird and bee,
 A little song with the flowers along,
 For the little Rosalie.

F. O. TICKNOR.

LIEUTENANT GENERAL STEPHEN D. LEE.

The subject of this sketch is a signal illustration of what a young man, with energy and gifts can accomplish, when his talents are properly directed. His life and career may be studied with pride and pleasure, and profit by all: with pride, because he is an American citizen of the true American stamp; with pleasure, because of the unvarying success of his energy and ambition; and, with profit, by pointing the unknown and aspiring to him as a fit instance of the triumphs of integrity, application and directness of purpose. All these winning qualities he possessed, and when the occasion presented its encouraging opportunities, he eagerly watched its recurring moments, and promptly used them for honorable advancement. He was one of those who thought ambition, not only a holy principle,—but the best seed from which all commendable human character grew,—without it great and illustrious action was sporadic, requiring rare occasion, for each

effort. But he pressed occasion, until the results of one occurrence, made occasion itself for other and greater results. In other words, he believed some occasion was indispensable, but by warmly embracing these fortunate periods, the man of pushing worth could make others. He never waited in idleness for the movement of the waters—for something to turn up—but was always richly preparing himself for every offer of fortune. He had no dormant powers—his were all awake, highly disciplined and ready for action. Such, in this respect, was the young Lieutenant General, of whom we write.

He was born in Charleston, South Carolina, September 22d, 1832,—and though not espousing all the peculiar opinions of that chivalrous and sensitive State, she never yet had a more devoted son. As Stonewall Jackson loved glorious old Virginia—so did Stephen D. Lee love South Carolina. Is not this remarkable attachment to their native land, by Southern

men, stronger than the same principle elsewhere? If there is a marked distinction between the native Northern man, and the native Southern man, we think it is this one. Of course, the native land of every man is dear to him, and ever remembered with pride. With the North it is a real, living principle, but of a more general, or national caste—the pride of the American—less local—less of the State—feebler and controllable.—Not so with the Southern man—it is devotion without depth—a love that knows no faltering, or change. But State love, State devotion, pure, all-sacrificing devotion, has no nobler exemplar in all history, than with our own unhappy people. No absence can obliterate it—no misfortune divert it—it is grandly indestructible and ineradicable.

Gen. Lee was educated at West Point, entering that institution in 1850, and was graduated in the class of 1854, numbering forty-six—his rank in the class being seventeenth. He, as a cadet, was especially distinguished for horsemanship. He was assigned to duty in the United States army as 2d Lieutenant of the 4th artillery. In 1856, he was promoted to 1st Lieutenant of the same,—shortly afterwards was made regimental quartermaster, and probably filled other staff positions; we know that he acted as A. A. General of the department of Florida in 1857 or '58, under Colonel Loomis, and at different times served in the United States army, in the States of Texas, Florida and Kansas, and the territory of Nebraska.—In 1861, probably late in January, or early in February, when he found war was inevitable, between the North and South, and he had to take part for or against his own State, that lofty devotion to South Carolina, of which we have spoken, prevailed: he resigned his commission in the United States army, and went immediately to Charles-

ton. He was appointed Captain in the army of his State and of the Confederacy, early after reaching home, and assigned to duty on the staff of General Beauregard. He participated in the attack upon Fort Sumter,—in fact, he was one of the two officers sent by Beauregard to demand its surrender, and to carry the order to fire upon it when Major Anderson refused this demand. He served on other staff duty after the fall of Sumter,—but these duties were not congenial to him,—was elected Captain of a battery in Hampton's Legion, and through the instrumentality of that officer, was relieved on the staff, and took the command of his company. He was engaged for months on the Potomac, in harassing gun boats with his artillery; was in the retreat from Manassas to Yorktown, and then back to Richmond.—Early that winter was made Major of artillery. Shortly afterwards was promoted to Lieutenant-Colonelcy of the same, and was engaged in the battle of Seven Pines, in Gen. Whiting's division. He served in Magruder's division in the seven day's fight around Richmond; was in the action of Savage Station and ever memorable Malvern Hill. After these battles, he was assigned to cavalry duty as Colonel of the 4th Virginia regiment of cavalry, and for weeks—it may be as long as two months—constantly and actively engaged in picket and scouting duty. His cavalry fights near the battle ground of Malvern Hill, though not great battles, were important and useful, and so efficient was his conduct on these occasions, as to call for special compliment from both Generals R. E. Lee and J. E. B. Stuart. His artillery service had marked him with unusual favor by Lee himself, and notwithstanding his efficient control of cavalry, this great soldier, with his unerring judgment of capacity, soon called for his services

in that line. Lee, therefore, relieved the young Colonel from his cavalry regiment and placed him in command of a battalion of artillery, with the rank of Colonel—in which he was months afterwards to distinguish himself so greatly—at the second battle of Manassas. Colonel in rank though he was, he became one of the heroes of that great day, and associated his name in indissoluble union with Lee, Jackson and Longstreet.—At this battle, where he sprang at once into national fame, and became a historic character, he occupied the commanding ridge between the corps of Jackson and Longstreet, with his artillery.—Of this important epoch in his career, we will defer notice to another place.

Again he appeared at Sharpsburg, on the left in that desperate struggle, which Hood's division had with the enemy. Here he commanded his battalion of artillery, of four batteries, and in an hour or little more, between daylight and half an hour after sunrise, he lost over ninety horses and about one hundred men.

When Gen. Lee returned from Maryland, we have heard one who knew, say that President Davis directed him to select one of his best officers, to be promoted Brigadier General, to be sent to Vicksburg. Stephen D. Lee was selected, and sent to that point, in November, 1862.

He had scarcely reached Vicksburg, and taken command of a Louisiana and Mississippi brigade, when Sherman appeared before the city. He had special charge of the line from the city of Vicksburg to Snyder's Bluffs, on the Yazoo river, (twelve miles,) including the batteries at the bluffs, to blockade the river. Of his conduct here, we shall speak in another place.

After the sanguinary, but glorious affair at Chickasaw Bayou, to which we will hereafter refer,

his great artillery fame, so nobly achieved at second Manassas, singled him out by Gen. Pemberton, (perhaps by orders from Richmond,) who with all his vanity and weakness, was an accomplished and noted artillerist, and assigned him to the command of the heavy batteries at Vicksburg, in addition to the command of his famous brigade of Louisianians and Mississippians. Surely this was no small testimony to his military worth, for one so young, amongst all those able officers, the Bowens, Moores, Tilghmans and Greens, to be placed in so prominent and important a trust. But in this, as in every other position he had been placed, he proved himself equal to the confidence.

When Grant crossed the Mississippi river, below Vicksburg, and Gen. Bowen had been driven back from Port Gibson, Stephen D. Lee was sent to take command of Tracy's Alabama brigade with Bowen—Tracy having been killed at the battle of Port Gibson. When Pemberton moved to meet Grant, on the morning of the battle of Baker's Creek, Lee was on the left of the army, covering the Clinton and Raymond roads.—About sunrise, the enemy were discovered in force on both roads, the first intimation our army had of their immediate presence or nearness,—a surprise certainly.—The enemy began to move around Pemberton's left flank, in heavy force, and Gen. Lee was compelled to move constantly to his left, while engaged, in order to prevent the enemy from gaining the road in the rear of Pemberton's army, leading to Edwards' Depot, where were most of the supplies of the army—a vital object to be gained, or to be thwarted. He was continuously engaged from sunrise until 4 o'clock, P. M., when the Confederates were defeated, without scarcely being seriously engaged. Surely no fault of this young soldier—but a heavy burden

for military incapacity to bear through all coming time. In this engagement, his brigade lost near a thousand men, in killed wounded and prisoners, in endeavoring to check the enemy—his and the Missouri brigade being most heavily engaged, and sustaining almost the entire loss. As to his own personal bearing, it is sufficient to say, that, within half an hour, he had three horses shot from under him, and was slightly wounded himself, but not enough to incapacitate him from duty. His division commander, Gen. Stevenson, complimented him most highly, for his personal gallantry, and for the good conduct of his men. During the siege of Vicksburg, in the celebrated assault of 22d June, his front was heavily assailed by a massed force of the enemy, carrying a portion of one of the redoubts on his line, and planting several stands of colors in it.—Those colors, defiant emblems of subjugation, nerved him and his brave men with new-born zeal, and a crushing power, which could not be, and was not, successfully resisted. The redoubt was retaken—the stars and stripes were hauled down—the Confederate battle-flag again thrown to the breeze, and one hundred prisoners taken in the breach. When the city was surrendered, the enemy's trenches were within twenty feet of Lee's lines in several places. After the surrender of this stronghold and connecting link between the east and west, Gen. Lee was immediately exchanged. His career had been a continuation of the rich promise given at second Manassas, and made him a Major General. He was assigned to all the cavalry in Mississippi, to operate under Gen. Joseph E. Johnston, against Gen. Grant. The latter did not advance farther than Brandon after the capture of Vicksburg, most of his army being withdrawn from Mississippi, and sent to other points. About this

time, we think, he started into middle Tennessee, to strike the communications of Rosecrans' army. On arriving at the Tennessee river, near Courtland, he met Major General Wheeler, who had just made his celebrated raid through West Tennessee, and had been compelled to re-cross that stream, pursued by a very large and superior force of the enemy. As General Wheeler returned to Chattanooga, south of the river, Lee did not deem it prudent, for the reasons given, to cross the Tennessee with his small force—but at once threw his command in front of Sherman, who was then moving to re-inforce Grant at Chattanooga, and building the M. & C. railroad from Corinth towards Tusculum. He vigorously disputed his advance to the latter point, and had so well and so thoroughly destroyed the railroad in his front, that Sherman was forced to retrace his steps from that point, crossing the Tennessee river at Eastport, and marching to Grant along the north bank.—His efficiency here was so valuable, as to draw special notice from General Bragg. Shortly after this—at what particular time we do not remember—he returned to Mississippi, and engaged in organizing the cavalry.

Sherman's great raid from Vicksburg, aided by the cavalry column under Generals Smith and Grierson from Memphis, coming down through North Mississippi, and by programme to form a junction with the Vicksburg force, was begun in February, 1864. Lee's troops, three brigades of cavalry, were the only troops, that opposed and harrassed his well appointed army of 30,000 men, mostly infantry. Sherman's numbers were discovered, and General Polk, department commander, did not deem it prudent to oppose this force, and retired to Demopolis, Alabama. Sherman's army was constantly annoyed to Meridian

and back. Forrest's brilliant victories at West Point and Okalona over Smith and Grierson, caused the whole enterprise to be abandoned.

In April, 1864, the exigencies of the army of Tennessee, called for more force; General Polk was ordered to re-inforce General Johnston, with *all* of his infantry, and a portion of cavalry, and to turn over the command of his department, consisting of Alabama, Mississippi, West Tennessee, and East Louisiana to Major General Lee—although there were two Major Generals in the department, who were his seniors. Polk took with him to General Johnston all the infantry, even the garrison at Mobile, and the division of cavalry, (three brigades) which he (Lee) had commanded. Thus he was left with the largest department East of the Mississippi, and no troops in it, except General Forrest's division of cavalry, recently raised in Tennessee. The reader must now take in the situation—see this immense department, extending from Tennessee north, to the Gulf of Mexico, and embracing two large States, and nearly one half of two other States:—Memphis and Vicksburg were heavily garrisoned, New Orleans was close at hand for co-operation—the Mississippi river in undisputed possession of the enemy for all practical purposes, and raids frequent and threatening from almost every direction, and here stood this young soldier in this vast field, with but a handful of men and small munitions of war, to defend an empire in territory, menaced by a military power, vast in resources, and with soldiers almost without number.—General Polk had no sooner left for Tennessee, than the enemy watching for weak points, seemingly afraid of equal numbers, commenced their raids into East Louisiana, from Vicksburg, and Memphis. General Forrest, who

had just been started into middle Tennessee, was recalled from the river, near Tusculum, by General Lee, to meet General Sturgis, who was marching towards the corn country of Mississippi for its destruction. This force, Forrest, always an ace of trumps in an emergency, met and completely routed, with one third of the force of the enemy, and gained the great cavalry victory of the war—Tishomingo Creek. About the same time a large raid, went as far as Jackson from Vicksburg, under General Slocum, and was so harassed by General Wirt Adams, as to return after doing but little damage. After these events, Lee was promoted Lieutenant General—June 23d, 1864.

The sting of disaster at Tishomingo Creek rankled in the Federal flesh. A large and well appointed force of infantry, artillery and cavalry under the command of A. J. Smith (who was brought from Louisiana to repair the disaster) numbering 18,000 men, among them the veteran infantry of that officer,—all concentrated at Memphis. Just at the same time, a large raid started from North Alabama towards Montgomery, under General Rosseau and the 19th army corps under General Franklin, embarked at New Orleans, apparently for Mobile, but really for Washington City to meet General Early. It seemed that nothing, short of divine power, could save the department from devastation and ruin. But the timely results of Harrisburg (the fights 13th, 14th, 15th July, 1864, around Tupelo) saved it intact, and made it stronger than ever. We shall refer to this period again.

Immediately after this battle, General Lee was relieved of the command of his department, and assigned to the command of Hood's corps in the army of the Tennessee—General Hood having taken command of that army in

place of General Johnston—removed. He reported late in July for duty. On the 28th of this month, his corps, with a part of Stewart's corps, was engaged in trying to prevent the enemy from extending his line to the west of Atlanta.—This was a severe engagement, resulting as did the battles of 20th and 22d July in making the enemy more cautious, but without gaining any material advantage. The next engagement of importance was the battle of Jonesboro, in which Lee's and Hardee's corps were engaged. This battle was unsuccessful, and Gen. Hood evacuated Atlanta—retiring with his army to Lovejoy's Station on the Macon rail road. After the fall of Atlanta, General Lee accompanied Hood in his Tennessee campaign. His corps was the first to cross the river at Florence. At Columbia, Tennessee, after the enemy had evacuated the city, and drawn up in line of battle, General Lee, with two of his divisions, occupied the attention of the enemy, while Hood with his two other corps, gained his rear near Spring Hill. Owing to some misunderstanding, the battle did not occur at that place, and the enemy made his escape to Franklin. By whose fault this happened, we confess our ignorance, and never have been able to ascertain. Hood, with a breadth of moral heroism truly sublime, assumed the censure for all the bad management or generalship of the whole campaign. Yet, by this misunderstanding and this alone, the splendid victory so near at hand was lost. At Franklin, a sanguinary battle was fought. In it only one division of Lee's corps was en-

gaged, and that after night; it captured several stands of colors. In the battle of Nashville, on the 2d day, Lee's corps was on the right on the Franklin turnpike, and repulsed the enemy in all his assaults—the fight was successful on his part of the field, and his corps withdrew only after the other two corps had abandoned their lines, and the enemy had partially gained the rear. But the enemy was so severely punished, that he could not give pursuit. Lee conducted the retreat with his corps, aided by Forrest's cavalry, the day of the disaster and the following day. His corps alone showed fight, and preserved its organization—so thorough was the defeat—he alone of the infantry baffled the vigorous pursuit—the enemy making every effort to rout this stubborn rear guard, but without success—it was assailed furiously in every direction, and with great gallantry. He himself was painfully wounded in the foot on the evening of the day after the fight, in one of the charges of the enemy, but did not relinquish command until next day. The noble hearted, but unfortunate hero, Hood, complimented him and his corps continually throughout this campaign. As a corps commander, he won great credit, and ranked himself as one of the ablest generals of the war. His wound disabled him for two months—when he joined the army under Jos. E. Johnston in North Carolina—where he was retained as a corps commander in the re-organization of that army. He was paroled with General Johnston's army in April, 1865.

TO BE CONTINUED.

Charity suffereth long and is kind—*thinketh no evil.*

St. Paul.

They (the people of the South) ought to be sent to the penitentiary of hell.—*Hon. Thad. Stevens.*

ALL'S WELL.

—“Post number one:—‘All’s well!’ Post number two:—‘All’s well!’ and so the assuring cry goes the circuit of the camp.”—*Officer’s Note-Book.*

‘*All’s well!*’—How the musical sound,
Is pleasantly smiting the ear,
As the sentinel paces his round,
And carols his tidings of cheer!
Half startled, the soldier awakes,
Recalling his senses that roam;
’Tis but for a moment it breaks
On the dream he was dreaming of home:
‘All’s well.’

‘*All’s well!*’—Through the lengthening lines,
Each sentry re-echoes the word,
And faint through yon forest of pines,
The distant responses are heard:
On the marge of the nebulous night,
A wavy, reiterate sigh,
It ripples,—then vanishes quite
In the infinite depths of the sky.

‘*All’s well!*’—In the battle of life,
Does my soul like a sentinel stand,
Prepared to encounter the strife,
With well-burnish’d weapon in hand?
While the senses securely repose,
And doubt and temptation have room,
Does the clear eye of conscience unclose?
Does she listen, and hear through the gloom,—
‘All’s well?’

‘*All’s well!*’—Can I echo the word?
Does faith wield supremest control?
Have its tender persuasions been heard
In the questionless depths of my soul?
Then fear not: the conflicts, the scars,
The deadly heart-struggles all past,—
Clear voices, that fall from the stars,
Will herald thee victor at last—
‘All’s well!’

MARGARET J. PRESTON.

THE FEMALE WRITERS OF THE SOUTH.

BY MISS E. B. CHEESEBOROUGH.

Two ladies, living in a Southern city, met one day, when the following conversation ensued.

"Did you read the tale which appeared in this week's Gazette?"

"I did."

"What do you think of it?"

The lady smiled, and asked, "What do you think of it?"

"It is so well written," was the answer "that the author must have been a Northerner, for no Southern woman could write so well."

The quiet reply was, "I am a Southern woman, and I wrote the tale myself."

The former lady only echoed a general sentiment; what do facts prove? Let us see.

When "Beulah," with its "metaphysical and philosophic research" first flashed upon the world, and took so deep a hold upon the public mind that it passed rapidly through numerous editions, its admiring readers were astonished to learn that the writer of this deep-thoughted book was a young Southern girl. "Macaria," by the same author, is decidedly the best novel, either North or South, called forth by the late war.—There are few, who will not accord Miss Evans the distinction of being the best female novel writer in America.

For dramatic power, and life-like painting of character, there are few novels, either in England or America, equal to the "Household of Bouverie." Every page glows with the flashings of a genius as original as it is grand.—This "large-brain book," as it has been called, is the production of a Southern woman, Mrs. Warfield.

Marion Harland, Mrs. Terhune, is a Virginian by birth and education. She is one of the most able and popular female novelists of

the day. Her works have not only been copied in England, but have been translated into several languages.

As a writer of what may be called novels of society, Mrs. King, of Charleston, has no superior among her Northern sisters. Her *esprit* is peculiarly her own, and she manages her dialogues in a way, which proves that she deserves the reputation she has acquired, of being one of the most brilliant conversationalists of society.

The best and most popular book of European travels written by an American woman is that of Mrs. Le Vert, a Southerner. Replete with her own wondrous vitality, there is not a dull page in the book; and the same success which crowned her preëminently "the American belle," has attended her brilliant word-pictures of sights in Europe.

Amelia Welby, whose gorgeously-tinted "Rainbow," once read, lives forever in the memory like the glorious harmony of a burst of music, was a Southern woman.—With the exception of Alice Carey, there is no female poet in America, whose lute has sent forth strains of such rich and varied harmony, as did that of Amelia Welby.

We have thus seen that among the most able female writers of America are Southern women; and while we by no means detract from the genius of their Northern sisters, happy to recognize it wherever it is to be found, we are pleased to know that the North does not enjoy a complete monopoly of the female brains of the United States. It would be a very remarkable fact if God, who scattered the beauties of river and mountain, sunny glade and smile

ing valley over the *whole* country, making equally beautiful and equally rich every portion of America's wide domains, bestowed the graces of intellect, the nobility of mind, upon one portion alone, and that portion the North. He has been beneficent to his children alike; and the South is rich in a genius, for which, the world does not give her credit, and which, the Southern people have never properly appreciated themselves. The literature of the South only needs encouragement to prove itself equal to that of the North. Hitherto, there has been so little of this life-giving principle bestowed upon our writers, that the beautiful flowers of Southern genius have drooped and died from actual neglect.

It may be, as the German poet says, that singing-birds to sing well, must be kept in dark cages; but he did not say that it was necessary to starve them too—to refuse *our* singing birds not only the meed of praise, but deny them the more substantial meed of remuneration. The publisher demands pay for his journal, and the printer receives his reward; but the writer, whose articles

build up the success of the undertaking, is expected to feel himself amply compensated for his time and labor, by seeing himself in print.

If the South ever expects to build up a literature of her own, she must encourage her own writers and patronize her own publications. There is genius enthroned in majesty on the wide brow of the South, if we would only see it. Let us not do as we have done,—freeze up the flowings of the stream of Southern literature by our coldness, apathy, and neglect. We have stood shoulder to shoulder in a fierce struggle for constitutional liberty; let us stand shoulder to shoulder in whatever will tend to build up the glory and reputation of the South. We have established a name for military genius of which we may well feel proud; let us now bring our white stones, and erect an immortal temple to Southern literature.—We have seen that there is genius among the women of the South, and we know that there is among her men; and all that Southern genius asks is, that its own people would lay their hands upon its head, in a loving benediction.

PERFECT THROUGH SUFFERING.

BY FANNY DOWNING.

CHAPTER II.

UNINTERESTING BUT ESSENTIAL.

Darker and still more gloomy grew the sky as the carriage, containing the bride and groom, was whirled along by its impatient driver, and at last the heavy clouds discharged themselves in great gusts of rain, which pattered on all they touched with almost the violence of hail stones.

Mr. La Fronde had essayed some remarks, called forth by the state of the weather, condition of the road, and rather dubious prospect of catching the steamboat.—But his manner had been so much that of one who makes a compulsory sacrifice of his inclination, to his sense of politeness, that Camille perceived it, and became

more than ever shy and reserved. Yet, silent as she was, she did not seem unhappy; on the contrary, so far as might be judged from her expression, the fright and agitation she had displayed during her marriage, had given place to a quiet contentment, which, if not happiness, needed only a word of kindness from her husband to become so.

She sat with her hands clasped through the window loop, at her side, apparently observant of nothing but the luxuriance of the woods through which she passed, but every now and then she would lift the long lashes, which lay on her cheeks, and steal timid glances at the face near her, which, resting against the dark lining of the carriage, had its faultless beauty of profile fully revealed.

Gazing at it with the wrapt adoration of a devotee before the pictured semblance of a saint, she gave herself up to one of the most delicate and delicious reveries that ever wreathed itself about a young girl's fancy.

Foremost in the crowd of bright images, which clustered on airy wings about her, was the consciousness that in all the beauty, which rose before her, and in all the perfections, intellectual and spiritual, with which she had invested its possessor, she had an undoubted claim, and an inalienable right.

How her husband, who, to her adoring fancy, towered above her as the angels must have shone over those "daughters of men," for whose smiles they left heaven, could find anything in her worthy of admiration, far less of love, was a mystery too deep for her to solve. But of the fact that he did love her, she was as well convinced as that she was his wedded wife, and that in the life of happiness, which lay before her, she would find a rich indemnification for the many sorrows that some years of monotonous and unappreciated life had produced.

These years comprised the six following the death of her father, and though made up of merely negative happiness, seemed to Camille from her tropic warmth of temperament, and exalted, and vivid imagination, positively miserable.

Brought to Belle Espérance, when she was five years old, her first serious sorrow was occasioned by parting from her only near relatives, on her mother's side, an aunt and uncle, in whose charge she had remained during a long and protracted business, which detained her father in France.

Trouble at five years, however, is of short duration; by the time she had been separated from her relatives a week, had seen the beauties of New Orleans, and been made the possessor of a doll of angelic loveliness, in the eyes of its young mistress, Camille, whose frantic grief at leaving her black mammy, had distressed her aunt and alarmed her father, forgot her completely, and became as oblivious of her Virginia life and its associations, as if they had never existed.

After her domestication at Belle Espérance, her father from his anxiety, caused by her delicate health, and his pity for her motherless condition, made an idol of her, treating her with a blind indulgence, which imposed no rule upon her, but that of her own will, and put into exercise all his varied powers to make her happy. He succeeded so well that she adored him with an unreasoning affection, and had not a thought, or desire, beyond.

The gloom and increasing desolation, which overshadowed Belle Espérance, were more than counterbalanced by the gaiety and inexhaustible flow of spirits, which Mr. La Fronde possessed. A real Frenchman, in the sunny lightness of his disposition as well as in his views of existence, and the purpose for which it is given, his

idea of life was that it should be enjoyed, by all possible means, for the present, and as for the future, a graceful shrug of the shoulders, and "*après nous le déluge*," expressed exactly his easy and mercurial philosophy. Camille occupied to him the position of some delightful and never-wearisome toy, and his only thought connected with the future, was the determination to take her to Paris and give her every advantage, which the great wealth to which she would become heiress on the completion of her eighteenth year, would entitle her.

This education was to begin so soon as she should be sixteen, and in the mean time, her father played with her in the beautiful grounds around Belle Espérance as long as summer lasted; and when winter—if the mildly cold season having that name in Louisiana can properly claim it—came on, danced with her through the long corridors of the old mansion, told her old legends of St. Denis, and the days when the lilies of France bloomed in their pristine glory, or repeated the tales handed down by successive generations, of the honors and romantic deeds of his own illustrious house, in the stormy times preceding the marriage of Henri Quatre.

Related collaterally to the great and good Coligny, the family of La Fronde had always clung to the faith, which he sealed with his pure and noble blood, and this faith, in the case of those who removed to America during the French Revolution, had become merged into a quasi membership with the Episcopal church.

In the process of time, owing to the liberal share of guillotine patronage received by the La Fronde family, and the small number of marriages contracted by a race, which, though possessing a pedigree of undoubted antiquity, had too few of the ancestral manors, or

their golden equivalents, to wed those to whom their wishes aspired, and too much pride to pollute their noble blood by an alliance with the *canaille*,—this same illustrious blood was in some danger of becoming extinct.

At the time of Camille's birth its pure currents ran in the veins of only five individuals. Of these, the elder and head of the house was Mr. La Fronde, father of Louis, second cousin of Camille's father, and brother of Miss Jacqueline, or, as she was universally called in the neighborhood, "*Mademoiselle*." The marriage of the younger Mr. La Fronde, and his long stay in France, made necessary to secure to Camille the inheritance of the valuable estate left her by her father's maternal grand father, but involved in a seemingly hopeless law-suit, had prevented any very great association between him and his cousins.

So when on the death of the proprietor of Belle Espérance, Mr. La Fronde came to take possession of it during the minority of Loui, as a clause in the will of its original founder, obliged him to do, he met *Mademoiselle* as an entire stranger, though owing to his extreme amiability and elegance of manner, he soon ceased to be one.

In addition to the individual gratification, which the advent of her light-hearted cousin brought to a life so monotonous and circumscribed as that of *Mademoiselle*, she hailed it as a means by which a golden end might be attained for Loui. He was her only near relative and she gave him all the affection of a heart from which fifty years of personal deformity, partial poverty, and constrained inaction, had not been able to remove all traces of its original tenderness.

Her love for her handsome nephew, who up to his thirteenth year had been her constant companion, was, if possible, exceeded by her inordinate family pride, or

rather, one feeling provoked the other, and both became merged in an indissoluble union.

Cut off from the ordinary avocations of her sex, chained as it were to her chair by a painful and ever increasing affliction, her mind turned to the management of the decayed fortunes of her brother for exercise, and the family chronicles for amusement.

In the investigation of the latter, she found so much cause for self gratulation and pride that she clung to the belief of the superior excellence of her race with a tenacity, which would have been ridiculous had it been less simple-hearted and sincere.

It was the one weakness of her character, amounting in fact, to a monomania, so that although no creature would have ventured so much as a hint to the old lady herself, it was roundly asserted that, could she have substituted her own family name in place of that of Lévin, she would not have hesitated to order a picture as pre-tentious, as that one over which the world has laughed so heartily.

This original and striking work of art, it will be remembered, represents the passage of Noah and his family into the Ark, followed by the numerous, and with the present ideas of household comfort, exceedingly disagreeable animals. In the arms of one of the sons of the patriarch is carried, most carefully, a large chest on which in gilded letters are distinctly visible these words :

"Papers relating to the estates of the Lévin family."

Be this as it may, the one fixed idea of Mademoiselle's life was a desire for the restoration of the lost wealth and importance of the family, and in Camille and her fortune she saw the rivet by which the broken chain of Loui's fortunes might be fastened and restored to its ancestral strength and brilliancy.

During the life time of her father, Camille had been independent of the society of her kinswoman, as she was indeed of all other kind of companionship, but when with his sudden death, the light and happiness of her young life became extinct, the child turned to Mademoiselle with a sort of shuddering hope that in her she might find some equivalent for her heavy loss.

Thirsting then for something to love, Camille had idealized her cousin and then prepared herself to pour out on her, all the volume of affection, which deprived of its one object was bursting for an outlet, when that affection was checked, not by any thing like unkindness on the part of Mademoiselle, but by her indifference.

As is the case with most women of a masculine turn of mind, Mademoiselle had but little affection for young girls, whom she considered as somewhat inferior creatures made to be ruled by their superiors in age and experience, and possessed of but few ideas beyond a desire to be suitably married.—Of the delicate perceptions and tender susceptibilities of a young girl's heart outside the desire just mentioned, the old lady was profoundly ignorant, and so remained in utter unconsciousness of the yearning desire of Camille for love and affection, looking on her with some degree of family fondness, but considering that her chief value lay in the fact that she was to be the stepping stone of Loui's fortunes.

So the opportunity was lost, the child's feelings of passionate affection forced back upon her own heart, congealed around it, while the burning desire to love and be loved remained beneath them in undiminished force.

Evolving a clear and practicable plan by which her cherished desire might be brought about, Mademoiselle devoted herself to its accomplishment with all the powers of her astute intellect. Very skil-

fully did she begin her advances ; without Camille's being conscious of the subtle machinery set in motion around her, Loui had become so completely a portion of her every day life that she felt as if she had been associated in intimate communion with him, ever since her infancy. He was the oracle by which every opinion of his aunt seemed to be decided ; stories of his wonderful beauty, his high intellectual endowments, his bravery and his supremacy in all manly pursuits, were daily related to the girl, who received them with the unquestioning faith of her age and sex, and found in them most of the enjoyment of her dull and unoccupied life. There is in the female mind, especially if that mind be one in which imagination is not tempered by judgment, a propensity to idealize and exalt into perfection, such members of the other sex as may be brought into association with its possessor.— This faculty, most appropriately described in an old Scotch song by the name of the "glamour, which he cast upon her," exists in a modified degree, even in cases in which fathers and brothers are concerned, and is undoubtedly the proximate cause of so many of the unhappy marriages daily consummated. Under the influence of this species of enchanted ophthalmia, many a girl, with the conviction that she adores him, marries a man, whom had she met a few years later, she would barely tolerate in her presence. The consequence of such a marriage is but too plainly visible ; a few months, it may even be years, of wild unearthly happiness on the part of the self deluding wife, and then the scales fall from her long blinded eyes, and her husband, divested of his imaginary

divinity, appears the very antipode of the man to whom she had given her heart's devotion.

What her future life will be, depends on her strength of character, previous training, and to some extent, in surrounding circumstances. Should she possess a calm lymphatic temperament, the disenchanting wife will feel her position simply in the light of a vague sort of disappointment, or sense of having failed to attain a something, the nature of which she feels, but cannot define. Then settling her affections upon her children, or merging them in the cares and pleasures of every day experience, she will drag through a kind of treadmill existence, with scarcely a thought, far less a hope, beyond the boundary of its petty details. Should she be gifted with high intellectual attainments, or possess the fatal inheritance of genius unrestrained by religious principle, heaven guard her, or she is lost ! Not lost in the lowest sense of the word, though that alas ! too often happens, but lost to all that is highest and holiest in her nature, lost to hope and peace and happiness, while the greatness of her gifts and the height of her attainments only serve to increase her consciousness of the depth and perpetuity of her misery.

Divested of its contemptuous sneer, the infidel remark that the religion of the gospel is a faith for woman, is most strikingly appropriate in the case just presented. Without it, she sinks into a morbidly discontented, or criminally frivolous creature ; with it, she rises superior to her trouble, and so uses such trouble that it becomes the crucible, from which she extracts gold seven times refined.

TO BE CONTINUED.

GRIEF.

"A great calamity is as old as the trilobites an hour after it has happened. It stains backward through all the leaves we have turned over in the book of life, before its blot of tears or of blood is dry on the page we are turning."—*Autocrat of the Breakfast Table.*

'Twas such a grief, too deep for tears,
Which aged my heart far more than years;
How old it seem'd e'en when 'twas new—
Backward it stained life's pages through,
And e'er another leaf I turned
On all my past its impress burned.
My happy days a mock'ry seemed,
I had not lived but only dreamed,
And then, when first I wished it done,
Life seemed for me but just begun.
Begun in bitter unbelief
That time could dull the edge of grief,
Could give me back my hope and faith,
Or bring me any good but death.
'Twas but a moment—yet to me
It seemed a whole eternity.
I felt how gray my heart had grown,
Its plastic wax was changed to stone,
When misery there its signet set,
Impressing lines which linger yet.
On each fresh leaf of life I find
The shadow of this woe behind,
For though the page at first appears
Unsullied by the mark of tears.
They'll blister through before 'tis read—
A real grief is never dead.
Its iron finger, stern and dark,
Leaves on the face and heart its mark,
As quickly cut—as plainly told—
As that the die stamps on the gold,
Though read aright perchance alone
By those who kindred grief have known
Like Mason's signs which seem but naught
Although with deepest meaning fraught.
The grief which kills is silent grief,
For words, like tears, will bring relief,
Husband and wife from each conceal
The wounds which are too deep to heal.
But oh—when hope and faith seem dead—
While many a page must yet be read,
And in despair the heart doth sigh
And wish with them it too might die,
Remember that no night's so dark
But we can see some little spark,
And patient wait till dawning day
Shall its red line of light display;

For if we keep our Love alive,
 Our faith and hope shall both revive.
 Thus as Life's ladder we ascend,
 Our Hope shall in fruition end,
 Our Faith be lost in sight at length,
 Our Charity increase in strength,
 And grief which stamps the heart and mind,
 But coin the gold Love has refined.

TENELLA.

THE SORROWFUL SON.

Mr. Ungell Psalm had a numerous, an intelligent and interesting family of sons, who cheered him by their society, and aided him in his farm-work. Owning, however, vast fields of enclosed grounds and almost boundless forests of primeval growth, he thought it necessary to call in foreign labor to help his sturdy, but not fully developed lads. The Irish, the German, the Englishman,—all nationalities were employed.—These readily accommodated themselves to the new style of living, and soon learned the new mode of cultivation. The golden harvests, the purple vineyards, the green meadows, the lowing cattle, the bleating sheep, and the frolicsome goats attested the prosperity of farmer Psalm. Successful in business and blessed in his family, the good man would have been the happiest of human beings, but for the melancholy nature of Charley, his favorite son. This saturnine youth kept most religiously all the Fast days of the church, but he loathed the Festivals, as the devices of Satan. The errors and misdemeanors of his brothers, too, vexed his righteous soul from day to day. He would come with tears in his eyes to his father and tell him how George had whispered in church, how Ala had forgotten the text, and how Louis, (fat, lazy boy !)

had actually nodded ! And then on work days, he was so grieved that Tom's furrow was not a straight line by several whole inches, that George had galloped the plough-horse to water, and that Louis had been at the fiddle, when he ought to have been at the hoe ! Over all these sins, he mourned deeply and wept bitterly. Once, the good minister noticed his emotion in church and came up to him after the services were over, to offer him consolation. "I observed your agitation, my dear boy, during the sermon. Is your conscience burdened with a sense of guilt ?" "Oh !" said the penitent boy, bursting into tears, "my heart is breaking, brother Ala is such a sinner !" In process of time, the boys grew up to manhood and married : and the worthy farmer settled them around him. They were to be absolute masters of their own places, but he reserved to himself certain ill-defined rights and a certain indefinite control of their affairs, and he required them to pay in, annually, a proportional amount to the general family-fund for the benefit of the whole. Charley located near the water and engaged in fishing and raising onions. George, Ala, Louis and Tom went to the southern end of the great plantation and engaged in

farming, with quiet earnestness.—The other sons of the numerous household settled on the north, east, and west, around the old homestead. All were industrious, thrifty and frugal. The old farmer thought himself the most blessed of men and the happiest of fathers. Charley, however, soon made him feel that this world is not a resting place. He had employed some half-savage apprentices, but finding their labor wholly profitless to himself, he disposed of their time to his four brothers on the lower end of the plantation, and made thereby a large amount of money. Some days after, he came to the old farmer, saying "Father I want you to make your *sons* let their apprentices go off and work for themselves." "Did your *brothers* pay you for the apprentices?" inquired Ungell Psalm. "Yes," said the sorrowful son. "Has the term of the indenture of the apprentices expired?" "No." "How then can I make your brothers give them up? I will not do it." "But, father," urged Charley with the great tears rolling down his cheeks, "tis so wicked to keep those apprentices, I wept over it all night. My eyes are swollen this morning, and my head aches dreadfully. Oh! how deeply do I repent of the sins of my brothers"! But the old farmer would not listen to his prayers, and declared that the liberation of the apprentices would be contrary to the articles of agreement adopted by all the family. Then Charley went home in a sad frame of mind, lowered the wages of all his servants, proclaimed a fast, and wept very sore on account of the cruelty of his brothers.

"Father," said the sorrowful son, on another occasion, "I want you to make my brothers pay me for catching fish." "Do they not pay you for the fish when caught?" inquired the old man. "Yes, but I am their brother, the same blood flows in my veins, which flows in

theirs. A liberal bounty to me would enable me to compete successfully with that bluff John B—who will otherwise force my fish out of market. Should not my own dear brothers be willing to encourage home enterprise"? "You reason well, my darling boy," said the father, "your brothers shall pay you for the fish and for catching them also. Domestic industry must be fostered and developed." And then Charley went home and told his wife, Mehetable, how rich he was growing and what poor thriftless fellows his farmer-brothers were. So in his great sorrow for them, he lowered the wages of his servants, proclaimed a fast and with a loud and bitter cry bewailed the bad management of his brothers.

The next day, Charley was again at the homestead. "Father, no other boats than mine should carry to market the produce of Tom, George, Ala, and Louis. Put a tax upon all other boats, so that I may get the job. Have I not been at great expense in fitting up my boats? Why should not my brothers patronise me? Am I not bone of their bone and flesh of their flesh"? "You are right, my precious son," said the kind father. "All other boats shall be taxed. Yours alone shall have the carrying trade. I am resolved to encourage home enterprise."

Charley went home told his dear Mehetable that he could now charge his brothers what he pleased for carrying their produce; that they were poor thriftless fellows utterly unfit to get along in the world; that there was a judgment of Heaven upon them for not liberating their apprentices, &c., &c. Then he lowered the wages of his servants, proclaimed a fast, and with anguish of soul repented of the unkindness of his brethren on the lower end of the farm.

Once more the sorrowing and sorrowful son goes to the old homestead. "Father, dear father, I

have an excellent shop for the manufacture of farming utensils, I have a shoe factory, and a cloth factory, and can supply all that my brothers need. Why do you allow them to buy from John B—and Jacques F—, who love them not? Am I not their brother, and does not my heart beat tenderly towards them? Am I not grieved for their misdemeanors, and sick at soul for their sins?—Make them buy all their supplies from their devoted brother!—Should not home industry be protected?” “You are right, my dear son,” said the good father, “I will put a tax upon every pedlar, who comes upon my farm. The proceeds shall go to the general family-fund. Domestic enterprise must be fostered. We must be independent of the world and be a loving family at home.”

So the pedlars were driven off, and the brothers bought their farming implements, their shoes and their clothing from the sorrowful son. Full of compassion for the want of energy, of economy, and of *cuteness* in his four brothers, he went home and told Mehetable of his increasing wealth and their increasing poverty; and how they would certainly come to the Poor House, as a judgment for keeping the apprentices, he had sold to them. Therefore, he lowered the wages of his servants, ordered a fast to be observed by all his household, and shed tears of pity on account of the impenitence of his four brothers on the lower end of the farm.

With a sad countenance, the sorrowful son goes yet once more to the homestead. “Father, the general family-fund is for the benefit of all your sons. I wish to improve my farm. Let me have the seven-eighths of the money and I will expend it wisely and well.”—The gracious father answered, “Certainly, my darling, I approve of internal improvement.—You shall have the money.” So

the sorrowful son went home, told Mehetable of his power and his grandeur, and of the misery of his wicked brothers, becoming poorer every day, under the curse sent upon them for keeping the apprentices, whom he had sold to them. So he made his household fast, and he himself wept over the crimes of his four brothers on the lower end of the farm.

Wealth now poured into the lap of the sorrowful son. He was paid for catching fish, and he was paid for the fish. He was paid his own price for carrying the crops of his brothers to market. He was paid his own price for all the family supplies that he sold them. He was allowed to draw all he wanted from the general family-fund. All his schemes of self-aggrandizement prospered, under the kindly assistance of his indulgent father.—Grown now great and powerful, he looked with much scorn and undisguised contempt upon the poverty of his four brothers. It grieved him too, that their apprentices were so degraded as to be happy instead of miserable, and that by their sleekness and joyfulness they brought reproach upon his own sallow-looking and sour-tempered domestics. So he mourned over the corruption of human nature, and devised other schemes of benevolence.

In the midst of his riches and mourning, his prosperity and weeping, a great sorrow has to come upon the godly Charley.—He learned one day that his brothers at the lower end of the farm had bought a large tract of land, and that their father had gone security for the payment of the debt. He went to the old homestead in a great rage. “Father, how do you expect to pay for this land?” “Out of the family-fund,” replied the old man. Almost bursting with fury, Charley screamed out—“You are partial to your four helpless, inefficient sons.—You will ruin us all to enrich

those thriftless fellows. The ban of Heaven is upon them for keeping the apprentices. How dare you help such wretches? I will *secede*, I will go off to myself, I will have nothing to do with the old farm. *Let it slide*. Who cares? The whole system, under which we are living, is a *covenant with death and a league with hell*! I abjure it and spit upon it!"

And then he went home, cursed his wife and his children, beat his man-servants and his maid-servants, put sack-cloth upon his loins and ashes upon his head, and sat down upon the ground for seven days and nights mourning over the awful wickedness of his father and repenting of the sins of his brothers.

A deeper humiliation still awaited the sorrowful son. His language was so offensive to his four brothers that George went to one of the noisy *brooks* on his farm,

cut a small cane on its banks, and with it chastised the melancholy Charley, in the very presence of his father. Charley begged most piteously, and when he was released from his infuriated brother, he said sweetly that he forgave him for the flogging. His father praised him for his noble spirit, and banished the wicked George from his presence. And then Charley went home, and in the recesses of his chamber, he kneeled down and with no eye upon him but the All-Seeing One, he registered an oath in Heaven that he would visit his vengeance upon his brothers unto the third and fourth generation. Is it not written in the *Chronicles* of the family of Ungell Psalm, how faithfully he kept that oath and how he burned the houses of his four brothers, desolated their farms and turned their wives and children out to perish?

ANDENKEN.

BY E. G. POLK.

There's a pang in the breast! but we mention it not,
As we plod on our way in fulfilling our lot.
There's a pang in the breast, which words cannot measure,
That aches when we think of our lov'd, but lost treasure.

There's a pang in the breast! but we mention it not
As we plan for the morrow some new worldly plot.
Yet oh! deeply, most deeply, the aching pang trills,
When his place on the morrow, *but vacancy fills*.

There's a pang in the breast! but we mention it not,
But never, oh! never is its paining forgot.
And though coldly we speak, or though happily smile,
Still the heart aches the same—and forever—the while.

There's a pang in the breast! but we mention it not
As in sadness we stand by each deeply lov'd spot,
Where we welcom'd, or talked to, or roam'd with our boy,
Never dreaming *such sorrow* would darken our joy.

There's a pang in the breast ! but we mention it not,
 Though the up-rising tear, so scalding and hot,
 Trace its way o'er our cheeks, and fall moistening the sod
 That covers the grave, we love *just less than our God*.

There's a pang in the breast ! but we mention it not,
 At the cold, cruel attempt, his sweetness to blot
 From the tablet of memory, sacred and dear,
 Where 'twas painted by love for many a long year.

There's a pang in the breast ! but we mention it not
 When we think of the times, he has stood by the cot
 Of the Humble, and Lowly, and talked with their dames
 As freely as if titled with Royalty's names.

There's a pang in the breast ! And we mention it *then*
 When we think that for never, ah ! *never* again
 Will his bright beaming genius flash over our way,
 Our duties to lighten, and our love to repay.

There's a pang in the breast ! And we mention it then
 When we look to the Future with dim, mortal ken,
 And can nothing discern, but a dull, clouded plain
 All *damp, wet, and dreary*, with a cold, sobbing rain.

There's a pang in the breast ! And we mention it then
 When we're drawn in our "Home" from the cold haunts of men,
 When we see in our center, a "vacant chair" stand,
 And we miss the soft touch of a late "vanish'd hand."

There's a pang in the breast ! but 'tis sooth'd as we think
 How he stood like a man on the cold river's brink.
 Nor shivered, when plunged 'neath its wild, raging foam,
 For he knew 'twas the way to his own Father's Home.

There's a pang in the breast ! but 'tis sooth'd when we think
 That though parted on Earth, we are bound by a link
 That no mortal can break, to the Haven of Rest,
 To the last "happy home" of the *Good* and the *Blest*.

Salisbury, Maryland.

LOVE OF NATURE.—He who has a love for Nature can never be alone. In the shell he picks up on the shore, in the leaf fading at his feet, in the grain of sand, and in the morning dew, he sees enough to employ his mind for hours. Such a mind is never idle. He studies the works of his Maker, which he sees all around him, and finds a pleasure, of which the devotee of sin and folly can form no conception.—*Exchange*.

THE TEXAS SOLDIER.

ROAD-SIDE STORIES.—NUMBER III.

CHAPTER I.

"I do not think a braver gentleman,
More active valiant, or more valiant
young,
More daring or more bold is now alive,
To grace this latter age with noble
deeds."

Donald is handsome! Don't you think so? Now do not smile and tell me every woman says that of *her* husband. Look for yourself; there he stands—medium size, well formed; not more of the athlete than is necessary to show manhood, ruddy brown complexion, luminous eyes of bluish grey, and short curly hair, with features, where intelligence and good humour struggle for the mastery. Let me tell you our story. Well! he says he fell in love with me in June, 1863.—I remember the day; it records the death in the hospital, ward four, of a poor fellow, from rheumatism of the heart. While I nursed him, he was in the habit of calling me Mary in his delirium and fancied me his wife. A few minutes before his death, he called me and whispered, "sing to me, Mary." I made the effort but my voice failed in the solemnity of the scene. Another voice took up the strain and we sang together, "Jesus, lover of my soul."—The sufferer became composed, smiled and died saying, "Mary, my wife!" The sun, at that moment stole through the window from the east, and a genial, golden ray rested on the dead man's face. It seemed a bow of promise conquering the darkness of the grave!

It was my future husband who sang with me, but I knew him not. A mystery it is, how the sudden revelations of love come to us in this life. Clouds whirl by unnoticed and silent until an electric

flash reveals the wonders of attraction! So with hearts—we pass and repass as strangers, until in each is lighted up a ray which reflects upon the other.

As I passed out of the room, where the dead soldier was lying, my dress brushed his hand. Long afterwards, he told me, that he then called me his own; but I walked on alone, unconscious of his presence and scarcely observing him.

My uncle had often told me of a Texas friend—what was my surprise at being informed by him, that this friend was wounded, and had been ordered to his hospital. All of our patients who had recovered had gone to the front; and my uncle's friend was brought to our house. I went to see the new patient and found Donald Stuart, who had sung with me at the couch of the poor soldier. He seemed to lose his self-command as I approached, and I, too, shrank from his magnetic eyes. Had we met before? Where? He recalled the mournful scene to my memory.

While an inmate of my home, we learned his history. He was a soldier of Johnston's army, and had left a widowed mother and sister in his native home upon the banks of the Nueces—had been once a prisoner, and was then recovering from his second wound. Those were delightful evenings, when the convalescent grew strong enough to be led out on the verandah, where he and my uncle with their pipes, and mother and myself, with our knitting, forgot the troubles of the times. My uncle told many a mournful story of hospital life, while Donald recalled

cheerful incidents of the camp; sometimes pausing with unaffected pathos, to pay a tribute to some comrade who in battle had happily been spared the bitter realities of the end! How I loved to listen, sitting by the low window with my eyes towards the river, thrilled with sweet fancies of the night's calm beauty, and my heart's blood bounding as he told of deeds of glory under the banner of Cross and Stars! Donald's nature then seemed to me, a singular mixture of boyish enthusiasm, with strange ideas of spiritual existence, and reverence for things beyond this material world. I felt that he was indeed the man, who in battle dashed forward *from the ranks* and in a hand to hand conflict with the ensign of the opposing forces, planted the tri-colors within a few yards of the foe, proudly defiant with the flag of his adversary beneath his feet, and returning amidst the shouts of comrades, unhurt while the leaden torrent poured upon his path, could yet blush like a boy and say, "Thank God, it was my mother's prayers!"

June was reposing calmly upon earth and sky, dreamy and beautiful, the shadow of the line between summer and spring. Donald went away, and July, with warm, stifling breath came down upon us.

I sat with my face on my arms which rested on the window sill, just at that time which divides light from darkness. There was that reflection from the sky upon the earth, which enables one to see an object against the horizon. A bird flitted by, sank into the

shade of a tree, and directly poured out the dismal hooting of an owl. Terrible anticipations of evil stirred my unshed tears.—Like sentinels at the portals of grief, they stood ready to leap forward at this gloomy cry of the sad-omened bird of night. Weird imaginations crowded upon my mind. The trembling rays of the rising moon threw the window panes into ghastly coffin-shaped images upon the floor at my feet. The quivering shadows of the vine over the window penciled themselves into dark and swiftly changing hieroglyphics, as they played upon the fluttering curtain. I shook with cold, and wondered why all nature was so calm, so happy, how flowers could bloom, stars shine, and the moon sail so peacefully upon her sparkling azure sea, while such agony of thought surged in my brain. Has the soul, said I, no power to give, from its higher reason, consolation for miserable human life? I looked beyond the stars, and uttered a prayer that He who holds His throne therein, would send back triumphant from the battle fields, those whose heroism had conquered the affections. Tears came to my relief and my heart grew lighter as I wept, for the father whose kiss was on my forehead, for kindred, friends and foes; and though I did not speak his name; far down in the depths of my heart was a voiceless, earnest supplication for one whose eyes had looked into mine, whose breath had touched my ear with one soft, but ever to be remembered word.

CHAPTER II.

"So many grateful altars I would rear
Of grassy turf, and pile up every stone
Of lustre from the brook, in memory,
Or monument to ages; and thereon
Offer sweet smelling gums and fruits
and flowers."

It was the fourth of July; that day which came with bloody

hands to revel at the feasts of war. For us, it recalls the fall of Vicksburg, and opens a sepulchre where we see the bones of our kindred and friends. Ah, let us pass with unsandalled feet, and heads bowed low in sorrow, into the sacred

presence of a sleeping nation's dead sons! Great drops of agony fall from our hearts, as we pass by blood stained swords and tattered flags to honor *her* sons and kneel beside *our own*!

At Vicksburg, my mother became a widow, and I, fatherless! It was long before Donald came; the time was too sad, too long to count. Grief such as mine, which mourns a father's death, in the absence of the only one who entirely sympathizes, has no dial to mark the hours. There was no sunshine to leave its mark and all was blank darkness.

But I felt that Donald would return, and one evening, as I lay upon a low couch in the parlor, watching the sun as it sank slowly down, painting every moment longer and longer the shadows of the elms upon the grass, Donald came into the room as if he had been gone but a day. The pall that rested on me was lifted, and a ray of joyous hope lit up my heart. He

took my hand, said nothing, and yet, I was comforted.

To overcome the sad memory of my father's death, which came like a phantom amidst the consolations of his presence, he repeated the legend of one, whose ring had the wonderful faculty of changing its hues with the spirit of the wearer. Was he sad, the ring was dim; if happy, the ring glowed with unsullied brightness.—The owner died, when he was old, as martyrs die battling for the right, so the ring paled and grew lustreless until another wearer warmed it into life again.—“Your wan face,” said he, “is my precious Turquoise ring; amidst all your sorrows, let my love be the magic wand to retouch it with roses again!” His bright eyes were upon me, and again I heard that one word, which had been so much to me in his absence, which he had uttered when we parted. Thus we became one; and a new life dawned upon us.

CHAPTER III.

“I cite you by each deadly sin,
That e'er has soiled your hearts within;
I cite you by each brutal lust,
That e'er defiled your earthly dust;
By wrath, by pride, by fear,
By each o'ermastering passion's tone,
By the dark grave, and dying groan,
I cite you at your Monarch's throne,
To answer and appear!”

We were not to be married until the war was over. Long sad months followed our parting, for my accepted and chosen husband pined away for his sunny home, in close dreary confinement at Camp Chase. Days came and went, sorrows and privations accumulated. While August garnered up her golden grain, the grim reaper bound his human sheaves on many a hard fought battle field. September beheld the land in clanging arms. October, wistful-eyed and scarlet crowned, trailed her gorgeous garments with queenly bearing to the last, and winter cold

and drear came on. Through all the toil, suspense, and sickness of the soul, those four years seem a mingled dream compared with the fearful distinctness which marks the 16th, 17th, 18th, and 19th, of February, 1865, as giants of days, drenched with gore and wrapped in flame. Sherman's army reached the right bank of the Congaree, opposite Columbia on the 16th, our forces having burned the bridges over that river as well as Broad and Saluda. Picket shots exchanged across the river startled the calm of waiting; men rushed from post to post, anxious eyes scanned eagerly each livid face for hope, nerving themselves for endurance and lifting unceasing prayers for victory. But why tell of the painful suspense with which we watched the movements of our men, of the long sleepless terror-crowded hours of

watching and waiting for the end? On the 17th, the 15th army corps entered the city, and loud explosions announced that the carnival of horror had begun. Fire broke out in the neighborhood of Charlotte Depot, crowds of intoxicated soldiery paraded the streets, brandishing torches and throwing them recklessly in every direction; public and private buildings shared the same fate, goods were hurled pell-mell into the streets, women pleading for protection shoved ruthlessly aside, and little children hurled from the path of the army of the destroyer. "Destroy" was the order, and destruction followed. Fire, fire, blood and smoke, plundering men, shrieking women, cowering over their children to save them from falling firebrands, troops of yelling horsemen, mingled in smoke and dust, shouting their taunting curses on our ears brought to mind the massacre of St. Bartholomew when nor age, nor sex, nor sect were spared. The great human Juggernaut rolled on over blackened wastes, and broken hearts in his onward to the sea! Oh for a word so true to cruel hate and wrong, that I need not speak that name! All language fails! And to the homeless, hungry thousands who congregated in the grounds of the Lunatic Asylum, there is but one word to express their suffering, and that is—*Sherman*. How futile are his efforts to shift the scorn of his heartless destruction of the Carolinas! How harmless fall his foul aspersions upon the character of General Hampton! While that hero's name is honored and beloved as a synonym for truth, honor and valor, the word *Sherman* means, to the women of the South, *murder, arson and shame*. The wretched time wore on, profane ribaldry, and snatches of fierce songs from hundreds of throats sounded above the roar, as the rejoicings of fiends incarnate, over doomed and dying

souls. My brain throbs to recall the terrific phantasmagoria of debauchery, revelling, insults, and mocking hilarity. The soldiers, to whom we pleaded for protection, replied with oaths and laughter, that not one rebel should be left to tell the tale, and excused their plundering on the plea that the fire would consume what they did not, while they rushed from door to door carrying torches, matches, burning cotton, or any combustible material to spread the conflagration. The wind was at its height, in a short time the lurid flames were beyond control, still not one word did I hear from officers or men in the endeavor to check the spirit of destruction; on the contrary, men in high command rode about coolly as if orders were being carried out to their intense satisfaction, or hurried from place to place with faces lit with the beastly joy of triumphant hate.—The destruction of public edifices we expected, entertaining no hope of their preservation. Our Capitol, the pride of the State and of the South, which had received the highest tributes to the rare taste and skill displayed by its architect, presented a target of huge dimensions to the enraged enemy.—Fires were heaped around its corner stones, entrances broken and defaced, the eagles shattered, and the exquisite imitation of the oak leaves of South Carolina were hacked off with swords and bayonets. Not satisfied with injuries done to that part of the building which was completed, all the material found in its precincts was destroyed. Forty sculptured corinthian capitals of native marble, sixty of wrought Italian, intended for the large Assembly Hall, polished shafts from sister States, a balustrade to crown the structure, a terrace to encircle its base, granite, marble, colossal models and statues, including 'basso relievo' figures of John C. Calhoun, Mc-

Duffie, and Hayne—were mingled in common ruin, as mute fulfillments of prophetic genius!

Libraries, busts and costly pictures were thrown from public or private buildings as fuel to the flames, or sent with masses of silver, jewelry, costly clothing, and ornaments, back to camp, and doubtless thence to the quiet homes of the North, as trophies of the famous victory.

A committee of ladies went in person to Gen. Sherman, craving mercy. "Do not come to me for protection," said he, "I am your enemy and destroyer."

"To whom shall we go?"

"To Davis, Lee, Beauregard and Johnston."

"God knows they would protect the women of the North were they invaders," said a spirited woman, "but we are in *your* hands, defenceless women and children at your mercy."

"Go to Wheeler," shouted he, angrily; "You made war upon our government and chose other protection, when you fired upon our flag; seek it now."

"Oh, why do you burn our town?"

"I do not burn it. Your husbands, brothers, fathers and sons, set fire to every city in the South; they kindled the torch at Fort Sumter; it reached you last night. You proposed to take care of yourselves—go to your proud chivalry for relief."

"Can we leave the city for Charleston?" asked another lady.

"Go along," he replied, "wherever you please. I don't care where you go. When my army enters Charleston, not one stone shall be left upon another."

An officer shouted to a woman in black—"Where's your husband?" She did not reply.—"Humph, you proud rebel devils, wear your mourning and be d—d." Another with a nasal whine and hideous grin, rejoined—"Marry again and send us another, we'll

bury 'em fast as you send 'em—hell's full of sich." "Dew tell," added another; "You aren't gwine to cry, pretty?" These chaste speeches were received by the crowd with uproarious laughter and applause, and are softened specimens of what can be heard from ladies of refinement and influence in society, as well as from the lips of noble women, dedicated to the service of God, who were driven from their sacred home by fire and sword. The sanctuary of home, the temples of "The Most High," with the monuments to the dead, lie shameful records of the fact that Sherman's army waged war, not only upon women and children, but beyond the living, *even unto the tomb*. There were women who envied the silent sleepers of the grave, innocent victims of horrors from which we gladly avert the eye. When the white hand of Truth shall record their wrongs upon the blushing cheek of History, nations will repeat the cry wrung from the lion-hearted prisoner of Fortress Monroe—"Oh, the shame, the shame."

I think it was the night of the 18th, I secured a guard by promises to share anything that was left. Although our house had been rifled of almost everything of value, we were thankful that the flames had not deprived us of shelter. My mother, enfeebled by grief and excitement, fell into a troubled slumber, while I walked from window to window keeping watch, glancing at intervals toward her white face and sunken eyes, or gazing in lonely yearning upon the trees that sheltered my father's grave. The camp-fires gilded the ruins around us with a mockery of splendor, as lurid flashes and a roar of dreadful sounds followed each other successively. How many thousands kept a weary watch like me, starting at every shadow and listening to every sound? Was it fancy, or did a shadow of a man fall across the sward between me

and the family burying ground? My heart stood still as I whispered, "Donald!" I felt that he would come, and looked for him every hour. He had not had time to reach his regiment. When he learned of the fate, which had already befallen Barnwell, Graham, Blackwell, Buford's Bridge, Orangeburg, Pomona, Camden, and Cheraw, he would tremble for Columbia, and retrace his steps at all hazards, to save me and my mother. It grew dark; there were swift steps across the open space, and the next flash disclosed a retreating form in the shadows under the window. A sudden fear seized me; it might not be Donald. I leaned out, straining my eyes eagerly into the darkness, my trembling fingers clenching the casement; another flash, a roll of paper, like a little white bird, darted through the air, whirled over my head and fell on the floor. Kneeling down by the shaded lamp, with beating heart and quivering hands, the seal was torn with eager haste, and behold—a *Turquoise ring!* Donald had come, thank God! My whole frame reeled with the sudden shock of joy, while I rained tears and kisses on the sweet and silent token of the presence of my beloved. What could I give him in return? What answer to the heart so tender, fond and true? I looked around in vain. What was there left to give? A pair of scissors shone on the carpet; in a second they were in my grasp; a nett torn from my hair, and the first heavy strand that fell was severed—ah, then, what signal could be given? What could be seen and not heard? I clasped my hand to my brow and bit my lips in impatience at my palsied brain; the flickering lamp attracted my attention, and I almost laughed with delight at the thought suggested by the box of matches lying beside it; half a dozen were broken in haste, and at last the small blue

flame flashed into space. Again I leaned out, scarcely daring to breathe, and heard the voice I knew so well whisper, "Waiting." Lit another match and saw my hair circle down in yellow rings at my lover's feet. The revulsion of feeling was great, the corded nerves relaxed, and in a happy consciousness of security, I sank into the heavy sleep of exhaustion, from which I awoke suddenly, unconscious that any sound had disturbed me. Listening intently, stealthy steps were heard in the hall; wide awake in an instant I sprang to the window, the treacherous guard was gone, and with that discovery I saw a ray of light under the door; it was locked and bolted, but springing with my whole weight against it, I demanded, in as bold a voice as I could command, who was there? "Nobody that will hurt you, honey." Recognizing my nurse's voice, I opened the door quickly, glad of the company of a faithful slave. Grasping me in her arms, she whispered—"De Lord save us, Miss Kate, dere's white and black yankees in de house."—Calming her as much as possible, we crouched down against the door, with my mother who had been awakened by her entrance, and listened to her recital of how they had driven the negroes from their houses, and by threats and bribery extorted disclosures from them, she alone had been faithful, and escaped to warn us. The poor creature brought proof of her story, for her wrist had been twisted out of joint in the struggle. While we were binding it up, there was a rush, a crash against the door, and four hideous faces were in the room. Two were negroes, one a yankee officer, and the other, *our guard*. "Bring out your silver"—"hand over the chink"—"devilish quick too, the less fuss about it the better"—said they simultaneously. While my mother explained to them that nearly

every article of consequence had been given up to supply the wants of our men in the field, I seized the opportunity of dropping Donald's ring in my bosom. "We'll go to work boys, fire will bring out the secret," said the officer.— "No money ; no silver ?" added another, seizing me in his rude grasp. Mother screamed as she sprang to my side, and the old negress fell at their feet imploring mercy for us. She was kicked out of the way, and we were hurled to the wall, with pistols to our breasts, while trunks and drawers were thrown in every direction, and lighted matches scattered around us. "Oh, my God, save my mother !" "I'll save her," answered a negro, who tore her from my arms and hurled her out of the window. Mounting the sill to follow, I was pulled by my hair to the floor, and driven to the bitter extremity of despair, prayed to the ruffians, told them where our last treasures were concealed, while their wild, drunken laughter and curses sounded in my ears.

"Ask me not what the maiden feels,
Left in that dreadful hour alone ;
Perchance her reason stoops, or reels ;
Perchance a courage, not her own,
Braces her mind to desperate tone."

CHAPTER IV.

WESTWARD, HO !

The war was over. When the danger was past, and my system gave promise of recovering from the shocks that followed in rapid succession, Donald came to bid me good-bye, to leave me for his mother and sister, for his Texas home. I smiled. His face paled, and my heart smote me for my apparent indifference, though I laid my hand in his, still smiling, and asked : "Why should I be sad about it, Donald ?"

"Why ?" echoed he reproachfully.

"There's no use in sadness, dear ; I am going with you."

Where was Donald ? Oh, why did he not come ? For the first time, I thought of how silently these monsters had come, and that Donald would wait for a signal.— With the same flash of reason came a remembrance of a brace of pistols concealed in the room.— Animated with renewed strength, I watched for a safe moment, reached the spot and drew them forth. They turned upon me, I fired, and with closed eyes and lips paralyzed to silence, left the issue in the hands of God. I heard flying steps, an answering cry, saw Donald with the arm of a giant and the stern face of an avenging angel, and knew no more !

When I awoke, after weeks of physical and mental suffering, in an humble shed among kind ministering friends, it seemed a painful dream. But the broken shaft of marble over my father's grave, and the grassy mound beside it, proclaim my orphanage sadly, as the blackened ruins near by testify the poverty of one, of many, who received their heritage of glory, and alas, of calamity by Southern birth ! Quick ; raise that window ; give me air ! The horror is upon me again ! The sickening swoon of memory has come !

"You ? Are you mad ? Has my little Turquoise been shorn of her senses along with her hair ?"

"My senses remain uninjured, Don. Stuart. I offer my humble self as an escort, page, attendant, boot-black, or anything else your highness may require on this perilous journey, most excellent Don."

He laughed a merry, boyish laugh, kissed my hand and bent his knee to receive the order of knighthood from his lady-love. I crossed my hands on his bended head, and with mock gravity continued—"Thou art worthy, brave and true ; in the name of St. Michael and St. George, I dub thee

Knight of the Southern Cross !” He threw up his hands, imprisoned mine to steal a kiss, which would not have been permitted for anything in the world, but, but—ah, you know how it was—I could not help it. Want of money was urged ; ha, that was funny ! The bare idea of money in a grey-jacket pocket made me laugh ; but what was that to us with youth, health, strength and loving kindness for our portion ? My mind was made up, and there were no obstacles in my view which determination could not overcome ; why shrink at the outset when the long stretch of life lay before us ? We were married. Uncle gave away the bride, and left a little purse in her palm when he bade good-bye. Our honeymoon has been spent in the forests, with God, the sunshine, blue skies, moonlight, star-light, birds and flowers for company. When we get home, it will be two thousand five hundred miles from dear old Carolina. I have not walked all the way ; Donald has lifted me to his broad shoulders many a time, and passing vehicles have frequently rested us with a ride. Every one has been so kind ; houses have been thrown open, and home-hearths lit to hear our story. Our knapsacks are not heavy, a change of clothing in each, and a gift or two from our friends ; so we go on our way rejoicing, and Donald whistles as we go. There are moments of suffering connected with the past, but I lay them aside, sealed with the motto of the Confederate States of America—“Deo Vindice.” He ordereth all things well. We are nearly home, where a new mother and sister await me. I am the happiest woman in the world ; the queen of my husband’s heart and he is the king of mine ! Here is a gem I would not exchange for all the vast possessions of the North—*my precious Turquoise ring!* The young Texan came in noiselessly while his wife was speaking, stood at the back of her chair until the story was finished, and kissed her. We all laughed, looked happy and foolish ; no one knew what to do with themselves, except an old bachelor, who threw up his hat with, “three cheers for the Soldier’s Bride !”

LIZETTE’S LESSON.

You are lovely and young, Lizette—
 Raven ringlets and eyes of blue,
 Dimpled cheeks of the carmine hue
 In the heart of the musk-rose met.
 All of your lovers, near and far,
 Call you rose-bud—dew-drop—star.—
 Roses wither and buds decay,
 Dew-drops sparkle and fade away,
 Stars grow dim, in their circles set—
 Woman fades faster than all, Lizette !

All God’s beautiful things, Lizette,
 Not for themselves are made so bright,
 —Not for him, shines the sun’s warm light,—
 Each to another owes a debt ;—

He has the most, who pays it best—
 Who gives freest, is happiest !
 Human hearts, if you wish to win,
 Dwell as a cherish'd guest therein,
 Make them brighter and better—let
 Love be the magic you use, Lizette !

Life means laughing to you, Lizette !
 Never has sorrow, want, nor care
 Laid one line on your forehead fair,
 Never a tear your eyelids wet.
 Youth and beauty, and mirth and health,
 Rank and station, and wit and wealth,
 Love and learning, and joy and hope,
 Span your lot with silvery scope.—
 Value your earthly blessings, yet
 Seek the true treasures above, Lizette !

God has granted you much, Lizette ;—
 Cast not His precious gifts aside,
 Nor in a napkin folded, hide,
 Rust to ruin, and moth to fret.—
 You have five talents—make them ten,
 Ready the Master's reck'ning, when
 Trembling you stand—heaven not yet won—
 Judged for deeds in the body done.
 So may this sentence, yours be set :
 "Enter the joys of thy Lord."—Lizette !

FANNY DOWNING.

LIFE IN BATTERY WAGNER.

I am driven, O critical and objectant reader, to this form of narrative by mere honesty—so great is my ignorance of military terms and principles—so small—literally nothing—my opportunities to observe the general facts—that I could not, without fraud upon your patience, pretend to anything more than a sketch of what I felt, and saw, in that dreadful, but glorious, war-cavern.

I was Chaplain of one of the regiments, selected to garrison the fort in rotation, and had danced attendance for some time upon the orders, which were to send us thither. Getting tired of the de-

lay, however, I took a short furlough, at last, and went home—exactng a promise that I should be recalled at once if the orders came. A day after my arrival, came the news—the regiment was gone to Morris Island. The night train carried me down, of course, but too late to run the gauntlet before sunrise, and the fire of the enemy forbade the attempt to go, except under cover of the night. (This, you will understand, was not my decision, but that of the quartermaster, to whom I applied for conveyance.)

Night came at last, however, though she seemed a most uncon-

scionable time about it. Two small casks of coffee had been intrusted to me by ladies in the city, one for their own relatives, and one for general distribution. And I never shall forget the odd shock it gave me,—rather romantically strung up as I was for the adventure,—when an officer of the boat said to me—“Mister, you had better *sit on them kegs*, if you want to carry over your coffee; those black rascals (the boat hands) will steal every drop before you get away!” Most vigilantly I guarded my treasure on the steamboat, which silently bore us to Fort Johnson, (James’ Island,) carried them in my own arms to the row boat, which made the rest of the passage, and resigned them on shore to the commissary for safe keeping.

A rapid walk along the beach towards the glow of a fire—itself carefully hidden amid the hillocks of sand—an angry buzz or two about my ears of sharpshooters’ balls,—a dive through what seemed a perfect labyrinth of burrows, crowded with men and reeking with foul air, and my hands were caught by the hands of glad friends. They were smirched and haggard already, though all they had borne was as nothing to what was to come. As it turned out, we had the glory of being *the last garrison*.

In a few minutes I was hurried out, to take a hasty glance at the works by Bude-light. We struck across to the extremity of the works nearest the enemy, and looked thence back. What a magical effect, to be so cruelly meant as it was! The brilliant light transfigured those gray mounds of sand—gave them the semblance of snow. It proved, however, ineffectual for the purpose it was meant to answer—guiding the artillery fire at night, and preventing our fatigue parties from repairing damages.

At this time there was quite a lull in the contest, the federal forces preparing, as it proved, for

their last advance. But, weary as I was, I postponed my study of the works, to get a little rest, and thus, as so often happens in life, threw away my only opportunity.

The bomb-proofs, where my duty and the surgeon’s lay, and where all remained when off duty, were large cells, constructed of pine logs—some of them round, some roughly hewn—set upright, close together, and roofed with similar logs—the whole then buried under mounds of sand, from twelve to twenty feet thick. The constant drip, drip, drip, of salt water from this sand into the room below, was one of the mysteries, and one of the great annoyances, of the place; all the greater, because drinking water was very scarce, very bad, and only to be obtained at the risk of life.—Going down to the sally-port next morning, I was struck with the eager faces turned outward, watching for something. Presently, a young fellow hove in sight, literally dressed in canteens, and running at the top of his speed, to shorten the perilous passage back to the fort. He had been sent for water, and got back safe.

Presently, I heard my name on a good many lips inquiring where I was. Soon, somebody with glistening eyes informed me that the coffee had come! Poor fellows, how they enjoyed it! But a mouthful or two apiece, yet it was an event. To this day, there are gallant men who speak with unction of their half-gill of stale coffee.

The day wore away with few casualties, and a good deal of hard work for the garrison. But next morning, with the earliest glimpse of day, began the awful tornado; “blood, and fire, and vapor of smoke.” Ironsides, monitors, wooden vessels, land batteries, sharpshooters,—booming, whizzing, cracking, crashing; the solid ground throbbing under the impact of 13-inch mortar shells, dropping as out of the iron sky

upon the roofs, and bursting there—great cannon, struck in the throat and knocked down like men; 15-inch shells, rolled by the monitors into open spaces, exploding and raining the fragments everywhere; ramparts cut down by Parrot shells, and rebuilt in the face of that infernal fire. Yesterday wore out, to-day burns out!

Now comes the litters with their woeful burden, often dripping blood as they come. Wounds of every conceivable and unimaginable character; right arms torn off, not cut off, like a birds' wing with all the muscles and organs that are closely connected with it—deadening sensation, thank God; the scull over the cerebellum blown completely away—and yet the man will not die! There are few groans, except from men unconscious, or from men injured by concussion. Now and then a man whose nervous system has been prostrated in this way—viz: by the explosion of a shell close by—"stung by a bung," as the soldier in the Army of Northern Virginia said—comes in crying like a child: a half hour's rest, and a drop of spirits, and his manhood returns.

The sickening smell of blood, as from some foul shambles in a dungeon; the reeking, almost unbreathable air, away from the skylight; the bare-armed surgeons, operating by candle-light; the floor, crowded with anguish and death; the grim, low walls, and the steady drip, drip, drip, ticking aloud; all these must come into the picture of the hospital bomb-proof of Battery Wagner. Then you must draw out these horrors from Saturday morning until Sunday night; and you will be measurably prepared to admire the courage that gave not an inch, though hungry, thirsty, sleepless, worked almost to death to repair injuries, and without a breath of fresh air, that was not obtained at the risk of being torn to pieces.

Six men were ordered out on fatigue; as they left cover, a shell exploded among them, killing and wounding all but one. That one picked up his sand-bag and walked up to the breach without an instant's hesitation; while the steady voice of the officer called out "second relief!" and the gap was filled. That gallant fellow was afterwards left disabled in a retreat of pickets at Petersburg, and died on the field of battle.

Being anxious to see how the men were prospering at a distant part of the work, I started across, and presently found an officer, sitting in the heart of that terrible commotion, calmly writing in his note-book. He was off duty, but preferred—as experience taught many to do—to keep his place outside rather than be weakened by the heat and foul air of the bomb-proofs, and dazzled, on his return, by the glare on his eyes. Then an enthusiastic sharpshooter called out to me—"come up here, sir! here's a first rate shot!" which I thankfully declined, as "not in my line."

Many curious incidents occurred, of course. A Captain took the place of a sharpshooter for a little while; soon he was whirled round and thrown to the ground. His men ran to him; but he picked himself up, *not* killed. It proved that a minie ball had grazed his ear. A sentinel outside the Battery was standing in a rifle-pit, with not much room to spare: when lo! a large shell dropped into the pit! He shut his eyes, as he told me afterwards, thinking it idle to attempt an escape. The shell exploded, and "only shocked him a little!"

Saturday afternoon, my Lieutenant Colonel proposed to me that he and I should go through the bomb-proofs and hold short religious services with the men.—I carried my testament and hymn-book, and he, the indispensable candle. I am satisfied that the

flame of that candle was at times three inches long, and of a dirty yellow—so dreadfully impure had the air become. Shall I ever forget that horrible gloom, or the spectral faces in the background, or the faces that the struggling flame made visible—ghastly, squalid, smirched—lips parched, tangled hair, eyes glittering with fever, watching and toil? How they drank in every word! Faint and husky voices joined fitfully in the hymn, or faltered amen to the prayer. They were the farewell prayer meetings in Battery Wagner.

Saturday night, the Federals determined to attack Battery Gregg, and take it by surprise. This would have hemmed us in, and compelled the surrender of the whole command. But our signalmen read their signals, as they had often done before; proper preparations were made, and the surprise reversed. The attacking party hardly fired a volley before they pushed back to sea.

Sunday noon brought the chief engineer of the department, to examine if the last hour had indeed come, to which the defence could be protracted. After a careful survey, and a conference with the officers, he returned with his report, and soon there came up the order, by telegraph from General Beauregard, commanding the evacuation, followed directly by the full written order adjusting the details, and concluding with the remark that if the evacuation were accomplished, it would be equal to a victory.

Then I got my *mittimus*. My commanding officer assured me I had done all that could be done in my department, and that it would be a relief to him, if I would go in advance of the mass.

Little preparation was needed, as you may suppose. Soon I was standing at the sally-port, dazed by my long stay in the darkness, and weakened even to exhaustion

by the toils and griefs of my work; head throbbing loud and hard, mental faculties almost benumbed. "Now, sir," said a gallant fellow on duty there, "I've watched these fellows until I can almost certainly tell when they are slackening off; just wait till I give the word, and then run about 200 yards and you'll be pretty nearly safe." Nothing loath to live and see home once more, I waited the word of command, and then started as fast as I could. So far from lulling, the fire grew; in about 20 yards, instead of 200, my strength gave way completely; and I had to *walk* along, in such company as I hope never to keep again. Minie balls, scraps of shells, whole shells bursting, shells overhead on their way to Battery Gregg—why, they positively *swarmed*. My mind was too torpid with weariness to be alarmed, and I watched the display with wonderfully little interest. But I shall ever regret that I had not at the moment energy enough, to scramble to the edge of the hillocks and look out upon the fleet, engaged in its terrible work. I trust in the mercy of God that I shall never have such another opportunity; which makes it the greater pity, not to have improved that.

In the same profound apathy of exhaustion, I climbed over the face of Battery Gregg, then being scarred and ploughed with shell and ball, instead of going round it. And when, the boat being ready, I was warned to *run* for it, I answered "yes," and *walked* stupidly out; when a friend, whom I teach my children to thank and love, threw his arm round me, and ran me down to the boat. He got back safely. How could I ever have ceased to reproach myself, if he had been hurt?

My narrative properly ends at this point; but it may be well to add a word about the evacuation. South Carolina troops were accorded the honor of leaving the Fort

last. Men were kept on the works to the very last moment, to keep up the appearance of a fight and mislead the enemy. Proper arrangements were made for blowing up the magazine. They failed, of course: they always do. But it was not for lack of care or coolness, that time. One of the bravest of brave men went back alone, and went into the magazine, making sure that all was working well. Yet the drip from the roof, or some other unlooked for accident, extinguished the fuse, and saved the trophy for the enemy. They pounded away nearly all night,

however; we had that satisfaction; pounded away at the empty walls, while the 800 men who had held it were safe in the harbor, or on shore!

So ended this brilliant defence. Nothing was left to the enemy that could have been removed, except a box containing some blankets, overlooked in the darkness. Few doubted, when Wagner fell, that the siege of Charleston must soon be ended by the capture of the other defences.—It was reserved for Fort Sumter to make a more glorious record still.

CULTURE OF THE VINE.

Many books, of the making of which there is no end, fill the libraries of hall and cottage, in this, the nineteenth century; but amongst them all, there is one which is called "*the book*":—and so in the vegetable world, many vines, of varied foliage and bloom and fruit, festoon the beautiful earth but amongst them all, one is preëminently known as, "*the vine*." More honored than any inanimate creation of God, in its fruit containing the symbol of the blood of the atoning Lamb;—and in this, that the creation of wine was the first miracle wrought by the incarnate God. The inspired writers speak of the church as a vine: "The vine which thou hast brought out of Egypt and planted:" "For the vineyard of the Lord of Hosts is the house of Israel, and the men of Judah his pleasant plant." The Bible contains many other beautiful allusions to the *vine*. Our Georgia poet asks,

For what doth make a land appear
The loveliest of lands;

So soft through exile's parting tear,
So warm in welcome hands!

And answers,

The vine! The vine! In all the lands
Beneath its light and bloom,
Most golden of the "Missal bands"
That bind the book of—home!

Man's æsthetical tastes and physical wants, generally, correspond; the trees of Eden were not only "good for food" but "pleasant to the sight." The grape is the most beautiful fruit known, and "rare and costly wines," are prized beyond any other luxury of life. It seems to be created for man's especial use.

The vine is found growing in our country, in wild luxuriance, from Canada to Florida. Grapes grow in the forests of Canada, of great size and beauty,—and in Texas fine specimens are also found. As an article of food, their value is not yet appreciated. One hundred lbs. of fresh beef contains twenty-six lbs. of nutritive matter and 74 lbs. of water. The same quantity of pork contains twenty-four lbs. of nutritive matter, and

the same quantity of grapes, (one hundred lbs.) contains *twenty seven* lbs. of nutritive matter, and seventy-three lbs. of water.

In addition to their extremely nutritious qualities, grapes are also medicinal, and during the vintage season in France, great numbers of persons leave the gay metropolis, and resort to the vineyards, to avail themselves of this ambrosial medicine. It is pleasant to see the French peasants partake of their simple and pretty dinner of brown bread and salads (dressed with the sweet, creamy, olive oil) and grapes, nuts and wine. They usually have the appearance of fine health, and notwithstanding England's boast of the prowess of her beef-fed soldiers, we can never forget that Napoleon's heroic and almost invincible army was composed of these simply reared peasants of France. The Persian walnut is much cultivated in France, and there are few more beautiful objects than a walnut tree and a grape vine. To fully appreciate the two, read what Downing says of them. They are each not only "good for food" but "pleasant to the sight." In the French province of Sauterne, the grape vines are planted in rows of three by four feet. A strong stake, nine feet high, is allowed to each vine. The large proprietors use the plow in cultivation, and every where, deep working is the rule. Sometimes, the vines are allowed to grow eight feet high, but generally, they are not more than two or three. Our American grapes do not succeed well under this system, however, and we may find modes better suited to us farther south in Europe. From Portugal, wine is the staple export, and they have four modes of culture. 1st. The vines are planted in rows, and allowed to attain the height of a gooseberry bush; they require no support and the extensive vineyards are cultivated between the

rows with the plows. This is the mode of culture in Trassos-Montas. 2d. In the Alto Douro, the vines are planted on terraces, and never allowed to attain more than four feet. 3d. On trellises, from eight to twelve feet from the ground.

The fourth mode of cultivation is condemned by most American vine growers, but it is one to which we wish to call particular attention. In the provinces of Minho, Estremadura, and Beira Baixa, the vines are trained upon trees, which are planted for the particular purpose of supporting them.—They either hang in festoons from the tree, or are twined around the trunk. The greatest obstacle to the cultivation of the grape, in this country, is its liability to "rot." I have never seen or heard of grapes rotting on either trees or walls. But to plant rows of trees and wait for them to grow, is too slow a process to suit the impatience, so characteristic of Americans. It may do for the sleepy Portuguese, but not for high pressure democracy. Upon walls is the mode of treatment, alluded to in scripture. The vines were protected by hedges, and supported upon walls. "I will take away the hedge, and it (the vine) shall be eaten up; and brake down the wall thereof, and it shall be trodden down." In localities, where stones are abundant, walls running in parallel lines, for the convenience of the plow, would no doubt be just the thing:—but nature's support for a vine is usually a tree. Some trees exhaust the soil much less than others. The blue grass grows beautifully under the walnut, the locust and the apple. The vine, however, does not confine its roots within the limits of its supporting and protecting tree. To prove this, you have only to pull up a young vine (by the roots,) in the loose soil of the forest. You will find they run out, like its stem, quite beyond

the roots of the nearest tree. Nature constructed the roots of trees and vines so as not to interfere with each other. It would be so easy to plant a grape vine at the root of each apple and walnut tree upon your premises; not, however, to allow it to run neglected over the tree, ruining both the tree and the vine, but to be annually pruned, according to the usual method of cutting away the old wood and leaving the new. Orchards and vineyards should receive an annual manuring, and thorough cultivation. Just give your vineyard, whether planted on the stake, trellis, wall or tree system, the same cultivation that you give cotton or tobacco;—and (if your grapes do not rot in the two former modes,) your crop will not fail.

But as grapes are produced for the purpose of making wine, it is useless to raise them unless a wine manufactory is at hand. The Agricultural Societies should interest themselves in the matter, and if a number of farmers wish to cultivate the grape, it will be the interest of a wine manufacturer to locate himself in their neighborhood, and purchase their grapes or the freshly expressed juice. An association of twenty farmers, cultivating ten acres each, would produce enough grapes, at a low estimate to make 60,000 gallons of wine. The manufacturer will pay \$1, per gallon, and when bottled, he will sell it for at least \$1 per quart. We think at that rate he would make a better living than many of the poor professors in our colleges, or our badly paid clergy, or even many doctors and attorneys we wot of.

We estimate the yield at three hundred gallons per acre, although it is often twice or three times that amount. Each farmer, however, even at this low estimate, would make three thousand dollars from his ten acres: while the manufacturer would make a sum, which I

leave the reader to calculate. The cost of cultivation and manufacturing must be paid out of these estimates. But very costly vaults, and vats may be built for this!—to say nothing of the bottling, casks, &c.

The Scuppernong sets all old established rules of culture at defiance. It cannot be pruned with impunity—it cannot be brought under the conventional rules of grape society—it is a savage and will never behave itself in proper vine fashion. It rebels against stakes, pruning knives, plows and even too much sunshine upon its stems and roots. So give it a good support, plenty of mulching for its roots—its dainty forest tastes scorn the usual modes of manuring—and keep all weeds and grass away from under it, and you will have such fruit, and in such quantities, (if your soil is at all suitable) that you may sing with F. O. T.

No Etna crags! no lava rills,
No black Vesuvian cliffs!
Now stake *one* vine on Georgia's hills
To ten on Teneriffe's.

I would say one hundred on Teneriffe's—he has fallen far short of the poet's license. The usual mode of supporting the Scuppernong is on arbors eight or ten feet high, and all lateral or side branches trimmed off *in fall or summer*, never in spring or winter. Sometimes a Scuppernong vineyard is seen in Eastern North Carolina, of ten acres of one continuous arbor. The vines are usually planted about thirty feet apart, but the posts supporting the leafy, fragrant roof, should be not more than ten feet apart. Whenever a post shows signs of decay, it is replaced by a new one, and so with the rails overhead. Mr. Sidney Weller relates that on a quarter acre *arbor* vineyard of his, a picnic party of about a hundred persons assembled for the purpose of enjoying the fruit. After the party left, two persons were appointed to estimate the quantity eaten.

They reported that they "could not miss the grapes!" The exquisite fragrance of the Scuppernong always reveals its neighborhood. There are two varieties, the white or amber colored and the purple. It is hard to tell which variety is the most delicious.

Next to the Scuppernong, we place the Catawba. It, notwithstanding its American origin, can be cultivated in the usual European methods, but we doubt if it is best to make it conform to these rules. The Scuppernong never rots, but the Catawba sometimes does. The former grows wild in the eastern counties of Carolina, the latter grows wild on the banks of the Catawba. Both are delicious table grapes, but I believe the preference is usually given to the Scuppernong. The wine of the Scuppernong, notwithstanding its fine and peculiar aroma, has never been made without the addition of alcohol and sugar. The Catawba, on the other hand, without any addition whatever, makes a genuine hock—a wine so much like the ordinary wines of the Rhine, that the nicest connoisseur would find it difficult to detect the difference, either in color or flavor.

The vignerons of the South, however, are hoping to find the different varieties of the summer

grape their most profitable wine-making fruit. It is the *vitis æstivalis*, and to it belong the Lenoir, Warren, Pauline, Herbemont, and Taylor varieties.

However, the subject has yet to be practically tested, whether the Scuppernong (*vitis rotundifolia*) varieties—or the the Catawba (*vitis labrusca*) and its kindred varieties, or the summer grape (*vitis æstivalis*) will be most profitable for vineyard culture and wine-making.—With proper care, each will do well, as experiment has clearly proved; but their comparative merits are yet to be determined.

To the latter class belongs a white or yellow variety, known in East Tennessee as the McClenahan. It seems to be a recent discovery, and is said to be very delicious. It is found in the neighborhood of Dandridge, Tennessee. I think it is Mr. Caradeuc, of South Carolina, who says the Warren produces a wine, "sufficiently strong to require no sugar or brandy to preserve it from acidity, and will keep as well in a hot garret as does the Maderia." Any novice in wine growing, who wishes information should visit the fine vineyards around Aiken, South Carolina. One seeing is worth many tellings.

THE LAST OF THE CRUSADERS.*

In order to understand something of the condition of things, on the new theatre of action, on which Don John is about to enter, a few prefatory remarks are necessary. When Philip II, succeeded his father in the sovereignty of the seventeen Netherlands, the principles of the reformed religion,

which Charles had in vain endeavored to check, had taken deep root in these provinces. Providentially, as we may believe, the wars in which Charles had been engaged, first with the Turks, and afterwards with his rival the king of France, had prevented his putting forth his whole strength, to crush the dangerous heresy in the bud. Though he had promulga-

* Continued from page 269.

ted many edicts against it, both as Emperor of Germany and King of the Netherlands, Charles was too politic a monarch to run the risk of a civil war, at a dangerous crisis of his affairs, by exacting the strict enforcements of the provisions of these edicts. Philip's character was very different. That he *could* postpone his religious scruples to the dictates of his political interests, more than one act of his infamous and disastrous reign sufficiently attests. But with respect to the Netherlands, he declared that he preferred not to be king at all, to being king over heretics. His policy with regard to them may be summed up in two propositions:—First, to maintain the authority of the King absolute and without appeal: Second, with a view to exterminate every germ of heresy, to keep alive in their midst, the terrible Inquisition: in other words, to make serfs, civil and religious, of every man, woman, and child of a people, whose rights were guaranteed to them by charters granted by his fathers.

The attempted enforcement of this policy had led to multiplied troubles during the regency of his sister, Margaret of Parma, and at length to open defiance of the authority of the Government. Resolving to take a terrible vengeance on the malcontents, Philip had despatched the Duke of Alva at the head of a well appointed army, to supersede Margaret in the regency. The bloody record of this man's seven years' reign will only be made known, on that tremendous day, when all secrets shall be brought to light.—Humanity turns sick and shuddering from the tragic tale. Amongst those who had ventured to offer, not an armed, but a constitutional resistance to the usurpations of the Government, were William, Prince of Orange, great ancestor of a greater son, Count Egmont, the famous hero of St. Quentin and Gravelines, and Count Horn.

Orange, the most sagacious statesman of his day, well knew the character of both Philip and Alva; and had retired from the Netherlands, on the latter's approach, to his principality in Germany. Egmont and Horn had remained.—Egmont, indeed, a courtier and a loyalist by nature, went out to meet His Majesty's representative, with many professions of dutiful attachment. Alva first greeted him with a Judas kiss and soon after had him seized and treacherously slain. Horn shared the same fate. The Duke's next act was the establishment of a council for the trial of offenses, which he called the "Civil Council," but which *posterity* remembers with hatred and aversion as the "Council of Blood." Of the horrors that ensued, no language can convey an adequate idea. Tacitus' picture of the dreadful condition of Rome under the rule of her Caligulas and Neros, the story of the frantic excesses of the French Revolution during "the reign of terror"—neither is too highly colored, as applied to the condition of the unhappy Netherlands, during Alva's administration.—At one time, by a single sweeping edict, every man, woman, and child throughout the provinces was condemned to death, and held his life and goods solely by the sufferance of his most clement and Catholic Majesty. The blood of ten thousand martyrs seemed to cry in vain to Heaven for vengeance.—Orange, the last hope of his persecuted countrymen, had levied two armies for their relief, almost entirely out of his own private purse; but his troops were unable to keep the field, against the scientific strategy of Alva, and the disciplined valor of the Spanish mercenaries. But like the "vaulting ambition that o'erleaps itself," Alva's violence, by its very excesses, failed to accomplish his end. Unable to make head against him in the field, and despairing of

safety at home, the patriots took refuge in the swamps and marshes of the country, or, seizing ships, found a home and a place of vantage on the bosom of the deep.—These last, “the Beggars of the Sea,” under the lead of Robert De La Marck, descendant of the famous “wild boar of Ardennes,” had surprised and captured the town of Brille in Holland, and then laid the corner stone of the future Dutch Republic. The province of Holland, indeed, as well as its sister province of Zealand, was almost entirely of the reformed faith, and it was here, on a territory, which the ingenuity and industry of man had won from the waves of ocean, that the spirit of Netherland freedom had taken refuge and stood at last at bay. After the dispersion of his last army, Orange had made his way to Holland, determined to share the fate of his countrymen for weal or woe. The war from this time forward to the appearance of Don John upon the scene of action, is mainly the history of a series of sieges, in which the Spaniard displayed a valor worthy of a better cause, and the patriots deeds of heroism and endurance, which still quicken the pulse and flush the cheek with admiration. Finding his subjects still rebellious under Alva’s iron rule, Philip determined to try the effects of a milder policy. As the representative of this policy, he selected his brother, Don John, so well known throughout Christendom, and whose character might seem to afford some guarantee of more merciful intentions. The latter was still in Italy, when the news reached him of his appointment to the regency of the Netherlands. It chimed in well with the new scheme of conquest and empire, he had marked out for himself. Languishing at this time in the prisons of Elizabeth, was the lovely and ill-starred Mary, Queen of Scots. She was a woman, she was beautiful, and she

was in distress. She was, moreover, a Catholic and a Queen. To cross the seas, to lead the armies of the cross against the heretic Queen of England, to liberate and espouse the captive Mary, and reign jointly with her in place of the deposed Elizabeth; such was the romantic scheme that had taken entire possession of Don John’s imagination and heart.—His Holiness the Pope, entirely concurred in this hopeful plan.—All that he could do with bulls, blessings, and excommunications, he did. If spiritual weapons could compass it, the conquest of England and Scotland and the elevation of Don John to the throne of these kingdoms, was an accomplished fact. As soon, therefore, as the news of his appointment reached him, Don John set out at once for Madrid for his instructions. Nothing of the festering suspicion, which rankled in Philip’s bosom, was allowed to appear in his reception of his brother.—He greeted him as a favored and well deserving servant, and made haste to give him his instructions with regard to the policy to be pursued towards the Netherlands, where the presence of the new Governor was now imperatively demanded. His journey to the Provinces was in a style suited to his romantic character. Staining his bright locks and fair complexion so as to represent a Moorish slave, and taking but six men-at-arms and a courier for his escort, he traveled post haste through France, towards his new theatre of operations. Arrived at Paris, he paid a secret visit to the Spanish Ambassador at that Court, and learned from him that a ball was to take place that night at the Louvre. He went thither in disguise, saw and became enamored of the fair and frail Margaret of Valois, Queen of Navarre. Margaret of Navarre, the bride of St. Bartholomew! How dark a flood of recollections rush in upon the

mind at the mention of that name—bitter, enduring memories of “Seine’s empurpled flood, and good Coligny’s heary hair all dabbled with his blood.” Daughter of Catharine de Medicis, and sister of Charles IX, what but lust, incest, and murder could follow in the train of such nuptials with such a bride? “Her beauty,” wrote Don John subsequently, “is more than mortal, but fitter to destroy men’s souls than to bless them.” But whether for blight or blessing, he could not now delay to gaze upon the charms of the siren. Hurrying forward, he found time, but for one more rapid interview with the Duke of Guise, kinsman of the Queen of Scots, and at length on the 3d of November, 1576, he reached the town of Luxembourg and stood at last on that battle ground of Europe, the soil of the Low Countries. But with all his haste, he came a day too late. The League of all the Netherlands had been concluded. Filled with horror at the consequences of the “Spanish Fury” at Antwerp—“whereof the memory shall be abominable, as long as the world shall stand,”—the Provinces had at length listened to the wise counsels of Orange and concluded the famous treaty known in history, as the “Pacification of Ghent.” Though still acknowledging Philip, as their nominal Lord and King, the parties to this treaty bound themselves to a mutual forgetfulness and forgiveness of past injuries, to a close alliance for the future with a view to the expulsion of the Spanish mercenaries, and to a general toleration in matters of religion. Don John’s mission, *ostensibly* one of peace and mercy, was to maintain the authority of the monarch, and of the Roman Catholic religion absolute and supreme. Orange was the representative of the principles embodied in the Pacification; Don John of those embraced in the latter policy. Sooner or later, a conflict was

inevitable. The adversary of the youthful Paladin was such an one, as he had not yet encountered.—The contrast between the two men extended even to their personal appearance. That of Don John has already been described, and had undergone but little change. Since the day when, the cynosure of all eyes, he had ridden gaily into Naples, the years had passed but lightly over the head of the hero and conqueror. Successful, flattered, and caressed, he seemed still a youth at thirty. Laureled victory sat upon his brow and honor plumed. Orange, on the other hand, had never been one of the “curled darlings” of society. In his palmiest days, he could sustain no comparison with his antagonist in symmetry of feature, or elegance of form. He was now no longer young; but his forty-three years bore less heavily upon him, than the weight of his cares and anxieties. Temples already bared, a haggard but benignant countenance, and a spare and attenuated frame make up a picture, in striking contrast to the young and brilliant hero of Lepanto. The contrast, in the characters, in the principles, and the objects of pursuit of the two men, is more striking still. Don John’s ambition was for himself alone. Plans of personal aggrandizement, conquests, whose end was to seat him on a throne,—these were the schemes that had captivated his imagination and taken possession of his soul. When disappointed in his hopes of African Empire, he seized with avidity on a new plan of conquest, which should ensure him the coveted reward. His highest aspiration could rise no higher than to a regal diadem—of a lofty and controlling sense of duty, for duty’s sake, he had formed no conception. Of the character of Orange, on the contrary, selfishness formed the key-note. In his devotion to duty, and utter abnegation of self, his character

approaches that of Virginia's Washington. The great passion of his soul was the love of country, and he had no room in it for the meaner love of a kingly crown. Early in life, he had chosen his course, from a high sense of right, and neither bribes, nor threats could swerve him from the line. Few characters in history have so well answered to Horace's description of "the man just and firm of purpose, whom nor the clamors of his fellow citizens urging him to the wrong, nor the countenance of the threatening tyrant, nor the red right hand of Jove himself, hurling his thunderbolts, could turn from his fixed resolve." No halo of military glory encircled his brow. Slowly, and through a series of defeats, he was compassing a nation's freedom. As a warrior, he was perhaps inferior to his antagonist; as a statesman, and as a ruler of men, save only on the battle-field, he was immeasurably his superior. Unfortunately, for himself, it was in this latter character alone, that Don John was to encounter him. So desperate and protracted had been the resistance of the Netherlands, that their tyrant was at length willing to make some concessions. Philip had accordingly instructed his brother to yield something on minor points, but not an inch on the vital issues of the absolute supremacy of the Catholic religion, and the authority of the monarch. The position of Don John was therefore necessarily a false one. To conciliate, yet not to compromise, to be benignant, yet resolute to maintain a system according to which, any Protestant might be arbitrarily hanged, burned or beheaded—such was the part he was called on to play. Orange well knew both Philip and Don John. He was thoroughly distrustful of their policy from the beginning, and resolutely determined to thwart it. His warnings to the States were iterated again and again, to put

no faith in Don John's professions, and only to acknowledge him, as Governor, after ample guarantees had been given that their demands should be complied with.

These demands, submitted by the deputies at Luxembourg on the 6th of December, were eight in number. The two most important were the immediate withdrawal of all the Spanish troops from the country, and the maintenance of the "Pacification of Ghent." These things conceded, the deputies professed themselves ready to acknowledge the authority of Philip, and the supremacy of the Catholic religion. It is manifest that such a compromise, even if adopted, was calculated rather to tent over the wounds of the body politic, than to heal them.—Toleration and the Inquisition could no more exist together than fire and water; and toleration was expressly stipulated for in the Ghent treaty. With regard to this most important demand therefore, Don John answered that he could not agree to it without an opinion from competent authority, that it contained nothing contrary to the supremacy of the church and of his Majesty's authority.—As to the departure of the troops, he was prepared to concede this point; but with the stipulation that the journey homeward should be by sea. He had not for a moment lost sight of his darling scheme of English conquest, and had private reasons of his own, therefore, for insisting on this condition. Such being the unsatisfactory answer to their demands, the first conference, between the deputies and the new Governor, was altogether barren of results. The latter had advanced as far as Huy, when the second conference was held between them. Mean-time, all classes and conditions of men, in the Netherlands, with a singular unanimity, had given in their adhesion to the famous Brussels un-

ion, and fortified by so universal an expression of opinion, the deputies were bolder and more urgent in their demands, than upon the former occasion. The fiery and impatient spirit of the young conqueror chafed under their high words and bearing, and he was so enraged against one audacious gentleman, in particular, as to offer to throw a silver bell at his head. The parties separated in high dudgeon, after a stormy interview. At length, however, just as the deputies were mounting their horses to leave the town, Don John sent a message to say that he agreed to their demands. Even the point of departure of the troops by land, so long resisted by Don John, was conceded. The deputies at first had not insisted on this point, but, ignorant of his reasons, Don John's solicitude in the matter had excited suspicions of bad faith on his part. With a secret sigh, he had now to bid farewell to the darling hope that had lighted him to the Netherlands. All obstacles being thus removed, the memorable treaty called the Perpetual Edict was concluded and published in Brussels on the 17th of February, 1577.

In consideration of the "Ghent Pacification" being pronounced by competent authority to contain nothing derogatory to the King's authority or to the supremacy of the Catholic religion, it provided for the maintenance of this treaty, for the government of the Netherlands in accordance with the ancient charters and privileges of the land, for the departure of the Spanish and German troops *by land* within forty days, and for the rendition of all prisoners. The States on their side promised to take an oath to uphold the Catholic religion, to disband their troops, and to receive Don John, as Governor, so soon as the Spanish troops had left the country. Apparently much was conceded.—The deputies from all the States

hastened to give in their adhesion to the treaty, save only those from the two States of Holland and Zealand. Of these last, the Prince of Orange was stadtholder and exercised an authority in them, founded on the affections and confidence of the population, little short of that of the most despotic monarch. The deputies from these two provinces refused to sign the "Edict," before consulting with the Prince. It was not difficult to predict what would be his advice with regard to it. It seems probable that Orange had never from the first contemplated a reconciliation with Don John. For ten years, he had been waging war for home, for fatherland, and for freedom of conscience, with a despotism as subtle, as it was remorseless. Ten thousand voices from Harlem's Lake, and from the smoking ruins of Antwerp, spoke to his heart of injuries too great to be forgiven or forgotten. He had, and with reason, an utter distrust of the character and purposes of Philip and his representative. He believed that the concessions were made only from stress of circumstances, and that the execution of the tyrant's will was deferred, only till a more convenient season. What were promises to a monarch, a principle of whose religion it was that no faith was to be kept with heretics? No doubt a renewal of the war must bring with it terrible calamities and sufferings, for it is the nature of the demon of tyranny to tear and rend the body politic, when he leaves it. But were not the sweets of rational freedom worth all the evils of the tremendous exorcism? It was assuming a terrible responsibility to let loose the whole fury of the war, upon the little Provinces of Holland and Zealand. But it was better thus than to hearken to a deceitful cry of "peace, peace," when there was no peace. In accordance with these views, the election of

Orange was made. He published a solemn protest against the "Perpetual Edict" and refused, in the name of the Provinces of Holland and Zealand, to subscribe to it.

Don John, no doubt, had it been in his power would have willingly lifted the gauntlet, thus thrown down. But he lacked the very sinews of war, the money to pay the troops. The poverty of the Exchequer was the true secret of all these concessions. Since, therefore, he could not at once conquer this audacious rebel, there remained but one course, to convince, or to bribe him. One Doctor Leoninus of the University of Louvain, was selected for this delicate and important mission.—Leoninus exhausted arguments, threats, and bribes. He represented to the Prince, that Don John had come to the Netherlands with full purpose to forgive and forget; that he had concluded the treaty with the States in good faith; and that he was now willing and anxious to govern peaceably, and according to the Constitution and Laws of the land. He warned him that if he persisted in his obstinacy, it must inevitably be to his own destruction; but assured him that if he closed with Don John's offer, it would be to his highest advantage. He wound up his harangue, by advising him to think of what he had said and pray to be directed to a right conclusion. Orange informed him, next day, that he had followed his advice, and remained exactly of the same opinion. But Don John was not yet satisfied that the Prince could not be gained over. He had never heard of the stinging maxim of the French cynic that "every man has his price," but his faith in it was, perhaps, not the less strong although he had not formularized it. His previous offers, no doubt, had not been sufficiently tempting. He wrote to Philip that it would be necessary to make a virtue of necessity

and close with Orange on his own terms; "for," added he, "I see no remedy to preserve the State from destruction save to win over the man, who has so much influence with the nation." Accordingly, he wrote to the Prince with his own hand. With many professions of honest purposes with regard to the Provinces, he renewed his offers of advancement, in case the latter would close with his proposals. Honors, wealth, power unlimited, were proffered him. On the other side, were poverty, persecution, outlawry, martyrdom. What was the answer of "William, the Silent?" He thanked his Highness for his offers to himself, but was much more concerned about his purposes with regard to the "poor Netherland people"—"having always placed his particular interests under his foot, even as he was still resolved to do, as long as life should endure." Plain words from a plain man! Yet methinks, through the long vista of centuries, I hear the rolling echo of those awful accents. William, of Orange, answered as Lee, or Jackson, or Washington would have answered—Not for gold, or wealth, or honors would he prove false to the land of his birth, or betray a single heart that had loved and trusted him.

Pending these negotiations with Orange, preparations for the departure of the Spanish troops went rapidly forward: for, notwithstanding the latter's suspicions, Don John intended royally to keep his promise with regard to them. It will be remembered that, by the terms of the treaty, this was a condition precedent to his being acknowledged Governor of the Netherlands. At length, in the latter part of April, amid the jeers and hatred of a people they had long oppressed and plundered, the Spaniards marched away. But a few days after, on the first of the following month, the new Govern-

or made his triumphal entry into Brussels. Once more, the shouting thousands flocked to do him honor, and once more a myriad bright eyes looked kindly on the youthful hero. Flowers strewed his path, a thousand triumphal arches spanned his route. All the conventional honors paid to con-

ventional heroes were successfully reproduced, and at the close of a day of triumph and rejoicing, Don John saw himself Governor General of the Netherlands. But no Lepanto was before him. His star had reached its zenith and now hastened rapidly to its setting.

AN ANECDOTE OF THE REVOLUTION.

In one of the early battles of our Revolution against England, four Colonels of the rebel army were taken prisoners, Colonels Radford, Mosely, Chamberlayne and Floyd. With many others, they were put in close and loathsome prison-ships and carried to London. There, they were transferred to a city dungeon as dirty and revolting, as the prison-ship. In the room with the four Colonels, there were thirty-six other prisoners. They devised many plans of escape. The first tried was to rush upon the guards, as the jailer opened the door to give them food, and to attempt to overpower them. In this rash attempt they failed. For punishment, they were thrust into a closer dungeon, where light and air only reached them, when the door was opened to admit the jailer with their scanty supply of food. Hope did not desert them even in this extremity. They continually proposed plans of escape. At last, the following was agreed upon. When the jailer next came in, they pretended to be in high dispute as to the depth under ground and the thickness of the wall. The jailer became so interested in the dispute, that he agreed to make the measurement, and thus to decide the bets. He left them, but soon reappeared with the desired information. Instruments for the work was the

next difficulty. An old sea-chest was discovered in the room: the long hinges were wrenched off, and the digging of a hole through the thick wall and deep earth was commenced, with these rude instruments. Long and patient toil was at length rewarded by the appearance of light. They quickly made their arrangements: the smallest man went first, each enlarged the work as he went. Our four Colonels were the last to leave the prison. The alarm was immediately given that the prisoners had escaped. They plunged into the moat and scrambled up to the nearest bridge; there they crouched, up to their necks in mud and water, with their heads nearly touching the wood-work above them. Over the bridge passed troop after troop in hot pursuit of the fugitives. Our four Colonels waited till night fell and quiet was restored. They then made their way to the house of a Presbyterian minister, who had managed previously to communicate to them his willingness to assist them. He concealed them until the search was given up as hopeless; got them a boat with muffled oars and with them dropped silently down the Thames. He put them on board a small sail-vessel, which landed them at Calais, thence they begged their way on foot to Paris. They presented themselves worn,

sick, and miserable, to our Minister, Dr. Franklin. He gave them means to return to their distant homes. A strong friendship has always existed between the large families descended from these gentlemen, but few know the prison bonds which unite them.

From Colonel Floyd was descended, General John B. Floyd, who lost his life from service in the late Confederate Army. Cap-

tain Winston Radford, who fell at the head of his brother's regiment in a cavalry charge at first Manassas, was a descendant of both Colonels Radford and Mosely.—From Colonel Chamberlayne, is descended General Chamberlayne C. S. A. The other 36 prisoners were never afterwards heard of. Doubtless, their gallant efforts to escape cost them their lives.

THE HAVERSACK.

No truth is more deeply impressed upon the mind of the writer of the *Haversack*, than that "all Scripture is given by inspiration of God and is profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for correction, for instruction in righteousness." The warrior may study with profit the campaigns of Joshua and David; the statesman, the jurist and the physician may learn lessons from the political economy, the jurisprudence, and the sanitary laws of the law-giver of Israel; the poet may go to David, Isaiah and Habakkuk for the loftiest flights of poetry; the man of science may sit at the feet of Job and Solomon; the artist may find the noblest subjects for brush and pencil, in the descriptive and narrative parts of the sacred volume, the mere worldling may find truer teachings of practical wisdom in the Proverbs, than were ever contained in the philosophy of Dr. Franklin.—If the Mosaic code, so far as it is adapted to our country, age, and religion, were followed; one half of the miseries of society and the whole of the blunders of politicians would be averted.

Under this code, the love of the Hebrew was first to be expended in the bosom of his own family, next upon his own tribe, and

finally, upon his nation. Marriages were strictly forbidden with other nations, and to some extent interdicted with other tribes. The Hebrew woman marrying in another tribe forfeited her inheritance. Marriages of that kind were rare. Each tribe was desirous to excel in numbers, as well as in the arts of war and peace. So it became a reproach to the wife to be barren.

The whole Mosaic economy fostered and promoted sectional love, and sectional pride. It had none of the hypocritical cant of modern philanthropy about "the great heart of humanity" and "knowing no North, no South, no East, no West." On the contrary, it taught most distinctly that the boundaries of each tribe must be recognized, and that the duty and the love of each Hebrew belonged specially to his own tribe. Now we believe that many honest and good men may use the above catch phrases. But they had their origin among those malignant philanthropists, whose mission is hate; and among those professed followers of the Prince of Peace, whose mission is blood. Under the opposite system, (which came directly from the hand of God) the Hebrews performed prodigies

of valor; harder still, they performed miracles of endurance such as, our Saviour himself tells us, the world shall never witness again.

At the South, the views of patriotism were diametrically opposed to those of the spiteful, revengeful, remorseless philanthropists. And the South, for four years, fought the world in arms. No one of the States of the Union has so much State pride as Virginia, and no one has produced so many eminent men. If the Bible be true, love of section is the root from which enlightened patriotism must spring. The domestic tyrant makes a bad citizen; a bad citizen makes a bad statesman.—He must be “faithful over a few things,” who is to be rewarded by being made “ruler over many things.”

We make these remarks preparatory to the statement that since writing the last Haversack, we have discovered that the remaining two of the “six heroes of Petersburg” belonged to the Old North State. When we cease to love preëminently the State of our birth, and the State of our adoption, the heart, which is now true in every fibre to the two Carolinas, will have ceased to throb forever. We claim to be, in the highest and noblest sense of the word, a *loyal* Carolinian, because entirely loyal to the two Carolinas. Our idea is to love whatever is good, true and lovely, whether found North, South, East or West, but to love especially our own home and fireside, our own county, and our own State.

We get the following from the late Adjutant of the 61st North Carolina regiment thus named, of the so-called Confederate Army.

I send you the name of Sergeant Thomas L. Graves, Co. A. 61st North Carolina regiment, as one of the “Nameless Heroes.” On the 3d of June, 1864, at Cold Harbor, while the enemy was shelling our works, a shell fell in the

trench, occupied by the above regiment, in a smoking and bursting condition, which was immediately thrown from the trench by Sergeant Graves. Serg’t Graves is a son of Professor L. C. Graves, principal of the Clinton Female Institute.

W. L. FAISON.

Clinton, N. C.

A former Captain, of the 17th regiment of infantry belonging to the would-be-State of North Carolina, furnishes the sixth name.

In response to the call made for the names of the six privates, who cast burning shells from the trenches at Petersburg, I am happy to say that I can furnish you with the name of one more, that of Wm. James Ausbon, a private in Company “H” 17th North Carolina regiment. A shell from one of the enemy’s mortars fell in the midst of the company, and whilst it was spinning round like a top and the fuse still burning, he picked it up and cast it over the breast-works where it immediately exploded. The fact was reported to General Beauregard, who ordered that his name be placed upon the Roll of Honor and that he be presented with a silver medal. The order was lost with my baggage, or I would furnish you with a copy of it. As the commanding officer of the company, I sent up his name among others as deserving a high place on the Roll of Honor, but the medal he never got. I was not able to furnish it myself and never was supplied with the medal, and consequently could not furnish it. Private Ausbon is now living near Plymouth, in Washington county, a hard working, honest man, and an honor to the “Old North State.”

It never seems to have occurred to our gallant friend, the Captain, that the true reason why the man did not get his medal was that there was not silver enough in the Confederacy so-called to make

one. We rather think that General Beauregard, when he made the order, was in the condition of the illustrious General Butler in New York. He wanted a little fun, and therefore, got off a practical joke, upon the C. S. Treasury.

If there be a North Carolinian, who is so exceedingly national, as not to feel proud that all the "six heroes of Petersburg" belong to his own glorious *State*,—(trying to be),—we can admire his "great heart of humanity," but we would not like to trust him with our pocket-book swelled out as it is, with fractional currency,—to make it look big. "This reminds me of a little anecdote," (being a loyal rebel, the phrase is used reverentially). The writer was once a delegate to a body—then religious, now political—which met in Indianapolis. As we approached that city, the gentleman seated in the cars next to him asked a few questions concerning his home, occupation, pecuniary condition, success in life, present business, religious belief, number of his children, their ages, sex, temperament, &c., &c., &c. In return, after having satisfied his courteous inquirer, he asked the gentleman what was *his* faith. "Oh," replied he, "I am a kind of Universalist in a general sort of way."—As we take it, the man who has no peculiar love for his own State, is a kind of universal patriot in a general sort of way. He has about as much idea of patriotism, as the curious gentleman had of religion.

Our next anecdote is not very complimentary to the Old North State. It comes to us from a gentleman in Raleigh, N. C., who says that he cannot vouch for its accuracy. We know part of it to be true. The rest of it was probably made upon the poor fellow, by the wits of Pettus' Alabama brigade. In the last days of the Confederacy, the story was often told and religiously believed.

At the battle of Kinston, the Junior Reserves (made up of lads under 18) were sent to force the crossing of South West Creek and drive the enemy away, to make good the passage of other troops. This they did very handsomely, but encountering a severe fire, a portion of one regiment sought a safer place. As they were streaming to the rear, they met the Alabama boys and were greeted with shouts of laughter. A general officer, in no laughing mood at their behavior, took steps to stop the disorder and with his own hands seized one of the fugitives.

General. "What are you running for"?

Junior. "Oh, General, the yankees were shooting at us"?

General. "Why didn't you shoot back again? Aint you ashamed of yourself? You are crying like a baby."

Junior. (Blubbering) "I wish I was a baby. Oh! I wish I was a *gal* baby"!

It is well-known that our great cavalry leader lost a son, a young man of great promise, in a cavalry fight, during the siege of Petersburg. A friend has given us an account of the mournful occurrence. When the gallant youth fell from his horse, his father sprang down and took him in his arms. But when he saw that all was over, he kissed him tenderly, said only "my dear boy" and then mounted again. In a moment more, the fierce command "charge" was heard, like the blast of a trumpet, high over all the roar and din of battle.

The next anecdote is so eminently characteristic of rebel soldiers, that we depart from our announced rule not to publish anecdotes, which are known to have been in print before. It deserves a place among the records of the Dixie boys, as it bears internal evidence of its genuineness. We take it

from the Rutherford (N. C.) *Star* and quote from memory.

At a depot in ———, a clergyman had an affectionate and earnest conversation with some soldiers *en route* to ———. He gave them a good deal of wholesome advice and wholesome warning; to which they listened most respectfully. At length, the whistle blew and the soldiers ran and sprang upon the flat cars. Just as the train began slowly to move, one of them cried out to the preacher, "Oh, parson, I have left my oven behind. We can't cook without it. Please throw it up here." Picking up the oven pointed out, the good minister ran after the cars and succeeded in pitching it aboard. Coming back a good deal jaded by the race, but with a countenance beaming with satisfaction at having done a good deed, he was accosted by an indignant old negro, "Marser, wat for, you tro dat uben to desoger. Dat my uben"! The mortified clergyman never after denied the doctrine of the total depravity of human nature, at least, of *soldier* nature.

Just before the seven days' fight around Richmond, an old and seemingly feeble man, clad in homespun and with a squirrel-rifle on his shoulder, came to the tent of the writer inquiring for Scales' North Carolina regiment. "I have lost a son," said he, "and have come from home on foot to take his place. We *must* whip those yankees." It was then about sundown and too late to find his son, so he staid in our tent. — All efforts, to persuade him to give up his design, were in vain. He started off early next morning, and his after fate is unknown. The incident is mentioned as illustrating the spirit, which animated all classes of our people at the beginning of the war. We did not suspect, till the tide turned against us, that there were so many union

men in the country. Perhaps, they did not know it themselves. How could they know it, when raising companies and regiments for the rebel service and making war speeches and writing war poetry "to fire the Southern heart"? It reminds us of that scene in Milton. Our failure, like the spear of Ithuriel, has changed them from toads into devils!

Our old hero was named Gordon and was from Milton, N. C. Colonel (afterwards Lieutenant General) J. B. Gordon, took quite an interest in him, and we believe, traced up some sort of relationship.

In the Mexican war, two Lieutenants were attached to the company of Captain and Brevet Major ———. The Captain and the senior Lieutenant, at the outbreak of the civil war, took sides with their own section, and rose to high rank in the United States Army. The junior Lieutenant joined his own people, put on the grey and eventually adorned it with the wreath and stars. The senior subaltern was remarkable for his learning, his talents, and his eccentricity. One of his peculiarities was a cordial dislike of his Captain, a most excellent man. — Brought up in Puritan principles, the eccentric officer never indulged in oaths, *unless very angry*, and then his vocabulary was really astonishing. However, he was never excited to the cursing point by our Captain, or Major, as we called him. But when something had gone wrong and the Major's back was turned he "pooh'd," "pish'd," and "good laired" at him, in a way not very respectful and subordinate. In justice to the senior Lieutenant, it must be admitted that he did not say "good laird," unless very much astonished, or a good deal vexed. Altogether, he was a man to be respected for his learning and moral worth, and to be laughed at for his *queerness*, which was made the more impress-

ive by his great height, enormous whiskers and incessant whistling, singing, and humming.

The first march made by the company after landing at Point Isabel was late one hot afternoon. The men, weakened by long confinement on ship-board, were soon exhausted by a march over the deep sand, and sank down on the ground, as soon as halted for the night. The tent of the subalterns was put up, while the Major was attending to the issue of rations. On his return, he said, "gentlemen, I see your tent is pitched. With your permission, I will sleep in it to-night. The men are tired and I don't want to put mine up." The junior said "certainly, we will be happy to have you." The senior whistled, twirled his moustache, and strolled off with head erect and making long strides. The Major and the Sub, at length, rolled down their pallets, blew out the tallow candle, and got into bed. They had hardly done so, when the Senior was heard coming back whistling—a sure sign that he was angry,—then a "darn" was growled out, as he stumbled over a tent cord. In he came, scrambled in the dark for his pallet, jerked it round spitefully, unrolled it wrathfully, then threw his coat down violently, and said "I guess that darned old fool will come stumbling along directly." "Whom do you mean?" asked the Junior. "That darned old rascal, Maj ——, curse him, why dont he put up his own tent and not come in bothering us, when we want to sleep?" "He is already in the tent, and in bed" mildly suggested the Junior.—"Good laird" cried out the Senior in a screaming voice, which might have been heard a great way off. The young Lieutenant stuffed his blanket in his mouth to prevent an explosion. The old Major said nothing, but the next night his own tent was pitched!

In the late great struggle, the

Junior ran counter to his old friend on several occasions. But even under the solemn circumstances attending a battle, he could not but think of that night scene on Brasos Island.

From Assumption Parish, La., we get the following anecdote of one of the noblest and truest of the gallant sons of the South.

At the battle of Chancellorsville, a gallant La., officer, a lawyer by profession, who had lost his left arm in a previous battle was so unfortunate as to lose his right leg. Immediately after the amputation was over, he exclaimed "the ambition of my life is thwarted; heretofore, I aspired to a Judgeship, but now must give it up, as I am too one-sided to give an impartial opinion."

That officer was Brig. Gen. F. T. Nicholls.

From our kind friend P. E. P. of Matagorda, Texas, we are indebted for the next incident.

There was an officer in the 6th Texas infantry, (a regiment which was engaged in the battle of Arkansas Post, and was there captured,) who had as a *valet* a certain aged negro-man, called briefly by the "name and style" of "old Dock." He was quite an oddity and withal a very honest, faithful, old fellow.

On the morning of the first day of the battle, the regiment was sent down the river to take position and dispute the passage of the gunboats up to the fort, as much as possible, by picking off pilots and annoying the gunners. Old Dock was left at the camps to take care of baggage, and cook up rations for his master. But just as the gunboats were moving up, and had nearly reached a point, whence they could open fire on the regiment; old Dock appeared on the scene, with his old blue, longtailed coat and smashed beaver hat and looking very earnest and determined. He was at once

accosted by his master,—“Dock, go back, sir, and stay with the baggage, you’ll get the top of your old head peeled off by a bombshell directly. The gunboats will open in five minutes!”

“No sir, no sir, dis chile is bound to take care of you. My old miss told me to take good care of her son, an bless de Lord I’m gwine to do it!”

“Yes, you’ll get shot, that’s what you’ll do,” said a soldier standing near, “one of those 32-pound shots will raise you into the top of a tree.”

Searching deep into the arcana of one of the pockets of his long-tailed blue, the valorous African drew out the stock and barrel of a pocket pistol, which he proceeded to screw together, with a countenance fierce as a wild boar whetting his tusks, remarking “Oh! I’s prepared, I ain’t afeard! let ’em shoot deir sling-shots, an bungshells, and bless de Lord, I’le hurt one o’ dem gunboats for true! I’le shoot ’um plum froo wid dis pistul, I will, I ain’t one o’ dat kind wot get scared; no sah, let ’um come on!”

Boom—bang—whirr-r-r—and a large shell exploded quite close to this ebony Mars, causing his knees to shake and his eyes to roll wildly in his head; and another and another followed in quick succession, each one adding to old Dock’s terror. A fourth one felled a tree with a tremendous crash, in twenty yards of our hero, who forgetting all his martial ardor and anxiety for his master, dropped his terrible weapon, and minus his hat, with his coat tails standing out like the train of a comet and his eyes set in an ecstasy of terror, he fled to the rear. As was afterwards learned, he stopped not at the camps, and never “drew rein” until he reached Pine Bluff, seventy miles away, and from there continued on to his home, whence no threats or persuasions could ever induce him to return to his master.

Poor old Dock! I wonder what freedom brought him? May his shadow never be less! P. E. P.

From Charlottesville, Va., the following fact has reached us.

In Montgomery county, Va., in 1861, as the gallant regiment of 4th Va., volunteers marched off to do battle for their country, an old woman called to her grandchildren, as they passed her door: “Carry me out to look at them; it will be the third generation of my family, I have seen march off under the Prestons to the wars; my father went with Colonel William Preston, in the war of the Revolution; my husband, with his son, Colonel James Preston in 1812; and now I want to see my grandson, go with James Preston’s son, Col. James F. Preston.”

An expression was very common in the Army of Tennessee, without any one being able to explain how it started. A soldier sends us an explanation of it from Warrenton, Va.

When R’s brigade of cavalry was first organized, it contained some rather excitable individuals, who were accused by Forrest’s men of making more use of their spurs than of their swords. The brigade, eventually, became distinguished for its gallantry; but at the time of which we speak, it was a laughing-stock not merely to Forrest’s veterans, but to the yankees themselves. One day, on a train in Mississippi, the rear car was occupied by soldiers cracking their rough jokes upon one another. When their fun was at its height, a very ungainly-looking “reb,” with clanking spurs, long uncombed hair, and a general appearance of long disuse of a “biled” shirt, stalked to a window and thrust his carbine out of it. Then he stopped, and looked around, as though apprehensive that he was doing something wrong, and inquired, “is thar any of R’s men aboard this shebang?”

No answer. "I say, boys, does any of you belong to R's cavalry?" At length, some one spoke up, "I belong to R's cavalry."—"Axin yer pardon, stranger," said the uncouth individual, "my old gun is dirty and I wanted to clean her out, I'm jist gwine to pop a cap. Don't be skeered, honey!"

From this, started the taunt so often used to cowards. "lie down, I'm gwine to pop a cap."

To explain the next anecdote, it will be necessary to premise that a "muley" is a cow without horns.

Rebel impudence is a phrase now very often in Jacobin mouths. It could have been applied, very appropriately, to the rebel soldiers during the war. Imagine a grave, dignified gentleman stopped by a ragged rebel, who seems anxious to gain some important information.

Rebel. "Mister, did you ever see a cow"?

Lofty gentleman. "Yes."

Rebel. "Did she have horns"?

Lofty gentleman. "Yes."

Rebel. "Well, then, I spects she warn't a 'muley.' Good-by!"

Nothing was so characteristic of the Georgia soldiers, as the determination, with which they would hold a point. We doubt whether even British troops, with all their bull-dog obstinacy, ever clung to a position, with as much tenacity, as did the Georgia troops, again, and again, during the civil war.—On the morning of the battle of South Mountain, the 23d and 28th Georgia regiments were discovered, by the writer of this, to be in a wrong position, and were brought back and placed behind a stone-wall, which ran perpendicularly to the pike. There, they lay quiet all day; the enemy making no direct advance by the pike, but succeeding before night, in carrying the ground on both sides of it, and far to the rear of the stone-wall. By some strange oversight, the two regiments were not discover-

ed, and the enemy thinking the coast clear, pushed a column up the pike. It received a galling fire from the stone-wall and fell back. The effort was repeatedly made to advance, but was always foiled, until it was finally abandoned, about nine o'clock at night, or at an earlier hour. A group of officers were about the toll-house on the summit of the mountain, some standing, some seated, and others lying down. Every volley from the stone-wall was responded to by laughter at the toll-house and the expression "Georgia is having a free fight." But, indeed, it was no laughing matter, for had the stone-wall been carried, the rout would have been complete. And to do this, the U. S. commander ought to have sent his advanced troops back, instead of pushing his rear troops forward. There are but few instances in history, of a grave disaster being averted by troops, who were themselves cut off and surrounded.—And we remember no precisely parallel case to this one. A most notable feat of heroism, it deserves to be remembered!

Soon after the close of the war, (1865,) Bishop Johns, in traveling through his Diocese, one day came upon a lone grave. Seeing a head-board, and feeling curious to know whose it was, he went to it, dismounted, and read the following inscription.

The yankee host with blood-stained hands
Came Southward to divide our lands,
This lonely and contracted lot
Is all, that this poor yankee got.

A friend furnishes us with another instance of soldier assurance, effrontery, or impudence,—call it what you please. A seedy-looking individual was standing before a country-store. His soiled and tattered clothes were in keeping, with his sallow complexion, and woe-begone countenance.—Two horsemen rode up, stopped and looked inquiringly at the for-

lorn loafer and then called out "Mr. Store-keeper have you any medicine?" "Yes," replied he. "Give this man a dose of ipecac quick and charge it to us"! This they said, and nothing more, and then rode off. A momentary gleam of intelligence seemed to light up the face of the loafer. He seemed to comprehend the situation and muttered half-aloud, "them must be sogers"!

During the war, we happened to see a letter, from a Virginia mother to an officer, entreating him to use his influence to get her son transferred to his command. "I have but one son," wrote she, "my only child, I give him up freely to his country. But I want him to be with a man, who fears and honors God." This was the prevailing sentiment of Southern mothers. They feared the temptations of army life, more than the dangers of the battle-field.

In the days of *short rations*, and there were many *long days* of that kind in Dixie, an order came to cook up rations for four days.—Captain —— announced the order in due form to his company.—A rebel Pat pondered it over for some time, and then propounded to his Captain the question, "Captain, if a mon ates up three days' rations at one male, how long will four days' rations last him? Faith, it bothers me intirely"! We believe that the Captain was not able to solve the problem, arithmetically. Probably, Pat solved it, practically, to his *satisfaction*, or to his *dissatisfaction*, we know not which is the right word.

An Arkansas soldier sends us from Memphis, Tennessee, the next seven anecdotes.

In July, '61, our regiment was ordered into Missouri; where with other regiments, it was formed into a brigade and placed in command of General Hardee. None of the command had ever seen Hardee, and all were on the *qui vive* to see

a live Brigadier, who had been in the old U. S. army. Hardee, on his arrival, was dressed in a very plain faded uniform, which looked rather seedy in the eyes of those, who thought he would be covered with buttons and gold lace. When Hardee came out to the camps, he found a guard line stretched around the regiment: and on the post, to which he advanced was stationed, a backwoods specimen of humanity, who being from the swamps of Arkansas had never before been ten miles away from home. The sentry paced his post backwards and forwards, his gun slung across his shoulder in a devil-may-care style, and with an independent strut that denoted he felt the importance of his duties. Hardee stopped within a few feet of the guard line, probably, to study this soldier, who whistled away as he walked post not paying attention to anybody, either to the right or left of him. Hardee concluded to try him by crossing his line; but as he started across, the sentry threw his gun to his shoulder and yelled to him to stop—"stop thar stranger, and don't you cross that ar line or I'll blow your head off." Hardee told him, who he was, and that he intended taking command of the troops at that place. "Oh" says the sentry "you are General Hardee are you?" and dropping his gun on the ground, he grasped the General's hands very heartily, "How are you, General Hardee—I am glad to see you, General, hope you and all your family are well, sir. Come down to-day and take dinner with me, my name is Tom Simpkins and I belong to the H—Guards. Come down General, and I'll give you a good dinner." The General thanked him kindly and walked off, thinking no doubt that our Arkansas boys were a rich set, if this was a fair specimen.

C. G. L.

When our regiment was organized at the beginning of the war, Judge ——, an old man, but a

prominent and talented lawyer, was chosen Major. His efforts to learn tactics verified the adage "you can't teach an old dog new tricks." Unfortunately, the Major was quite deaf and in reëchoing the Colonel's commands on drill would sometimes make very laughable mistakes. One day, the regiment was on skirmish drill when the Colonel gave the order—"rally by platoons." The Major, in his deafness misunderstanding the command, looked very much puzzled, but at length sung out in stentorian tones—"rally by raccoons"! He never tried skirmish drill again.

C. G. L.

General Johnston had a surgeon on his staff, who was quite a fancy fellow, always wearing a "biled shirt," paper collar and white kid gloves; and looking as if he were just out of a fashionable tailor shop. The old Army of Tennessee was in retreat on the Dalton-Atlanta campaign, and the boys were all ragged, dirty, and greasy. As usual, they were in a yelling mood, cracking jokes on every one who passed. The surgeon with the General and staff, came riding by and his fancy appearance, contrasted with that of the high privates on foot, naturally caused all to look at him.—As he neared a certain regiment, his horse, a very fine fiery animal, curvetted and caracoled, and finally became unmanageable. As the kid-gloved surgeon was doing his utmost to quiet and rein in his fretful animal, a long lantern-jawed Tennessean raised up and said to him—"Look here, stranger, please make that horse prance a little for a sick man." C. G. L.

At the battle of Murfreesboro', the Major of a certain regiment, a very fine speaker by the way, made a speech to his men, and as they had done good service at Shiloh and Perryville, he dubbed them "Heroes of Shiloh and Perryville." He made use of that

hackneyed quotation "Strike till the last armed foe expires," &c., &c. After a very flowery speech, he concluded by telling the "Heroes of Shiloh and Perryville" to die rather than retreat. In the course of the fight, the regiment was compelled to give way before a superior force. The Colonel of the regiment had just returned from the rear, where he had been sick until he was worn to a skeleton, and was now so feeble he could scarcely sit on his horse.—He had nothing to say when the major made his flowery speech, but the retreat of his regiment roused his ire and loosened his tongue. As the regiment fell back slowly, he raised himself in his stirrups and in a weak shrill voice he sung out: "Heroes of Shiloh and Perryville, halt! Heroes of Shiloh and Perryville, stop running! or I will blow your brains out in two minutes"! C. G. L.

On the campaign from Dalton down to Atlanta, several boys were seated on the ground playing "draw-poker." General Hardee, who always addressed soldiers courteously, passed by and not knowing how they were employed said "how are you, boys?" One of them looked up and said "losing badly, General, losing badly!"

On Hood's retreat out of Tennessee, a ragged, dirty high private, who had lost his gun, cartridge-box, knapsack, canteen, haversack and coat, was setting on a fence by the road-side reflecting on the fortunes of war. The nature of his meditations may be judged of by a remark, he let fall in a subdued undertone, which happened to be overheard by a passer by, "well, the Army of Tennessee *is* scattered, that ar a fact, but this child *aint*, no sirree"!

On the same retreat, General Hood rode by a group of hatless, shoeless, coatless soldiers at a halt by the road-side, pitying their con-

dition, he said to them "that was a bad deal, gentlemen." One of them answered, "it was the shuffle, General, it was the shuffle."

C. G. L.

The annexed letter comes from Captain R. B., late of the 44th North Carolina.

I see in the January number of your Magazine that reference is made to the fight made by part of the 44th North Carolina at South Anna Bridge. Lieutenant Colonel Hargrave did the fighting.—He commanded two companies A. and G. about 80 men—fought 1500 yankees four hours—was himself knocked down twice, wounded in two places by sabre, in two places with bayonet, and after firing all the loads from his pistol, threw it at a yankee and knocked him down, causing him to swallow several of his teeth. He had sworn never to surrender, and never did, but was captured by several yankees, who seized him and threw him down and held him—they were *too thick* around him to sabre or pistol him. Private Cash of Co. A., stood upon the abutment of the bridge, and ran a sabre bayonet through a yankee, the bayonet sticking half a foot out behind his back—and had drawn his weapon for another thrust, when he was shot by two yankees through the head. Private Cates of Co. G., stood on top of a breastwork for an hour amid a storm of bullets—he was posted there to see when the enemy, who were formed beyond a little rising ground, should advance. I stood myself at the other end of the work, for a like purpose, and the yankee who guarded me, asked me, if I was the man who was standing at the end of the work, with sword and pistol on—I said yes—and he good humoredly replied, "well, you are hard to hit—I took four deliberate cracks at you, at hardly 150 yards, but am glad I missed you."

VOL. II.—NO. V.

PRATTVILLE, Alabama.

Your mention of the "six heroes of Petersburg" recalls to memory the deed of one, who, falling on the field of glory, now answers to the roll-call above. On one occasion, while the Army of Tennessee, was slowly retreating towards Atlanta, being flanked out of every position it occupied, the entrenchments were heavily shelled by the enemy. A shell struck the works bounded over and stopped in the midst of the men. Sergeant Norman Cameron, (Lieutenant by brevet and commanding company,) seized and cast it out of the works. This gallant man, a member of Co. K. first Alabama regiment, was killed at Atlanta on the 28th of July, 1864, while leading his men into action.

Another gallant man deserves to be also placed on the roll of honor. Lieutenant Schurmer of De Gournay's battallion of heavy artillery, was in command of Battery No. 11, at the siege of Port Hudson. The enemy had opened upon this battery, which was the key to the river works, with twenty pieces of rifled ordnance, from the land batteries and also concentrated upon it, the fire of the mortar boats, and gun-boats; the sharpshooters were within one hundred yards. In the midst of this fire, Lieut. Schurmer leaped over the parapet and picked up the flag and replaced it three several times, after it was shot away. A few days later, he sealed his devotion with his blood.

Lieutenant John Frank, Co. K. 1st Alabama, in the same eventful siege, after seeing the detachment at his gun shot down, one after another, took the gunner's place as he fell, and was himself mortally wounded, before he could point the gun.

An unknown corporal in the same siege, volunteered to go out

at night and fire some cotton bales, which the enemy had rolled up within seventy-five yards of the works, as a protection to sharp shooters. On the first attempt, the port-fires failed to work, he returned procured fresh ones and succeeded in burning the cotton.

D. P. S.

We knew Lieutenant Schurmer well. He was a German by birth, and had joined our service in New Orleans. He was, probably, the very bravest of all that gallant band, which came from the Queen city of the South. He had charge of a 42-pounder at the siege of Yorktown; where his skill, energy, and devotion attracted our attention. He made some of the most remarkable shots, we ever witnessed, or heard of. We remember to have read an account by one of the French Princes on General McClellan's staff, of this wonderful firing, which was regarded with the utmost astonishment in the Federal army.

On the night of the retreat from Yorktown, Lieutenant Schurmer remained behind and kept up the firing of his solitary gun from Fort Magruder, until daylight. Many precautions had been taken to deceive the enemy, but nothing did it so effectually, as this devoted act of the noble German.

Worn out as he was by the toil of the night, he attempted to reach Williamsburg on foot, but fell exhausted by the wayside and was captured by the enemy's cavalry. He was soon released; but was in bad health for a long time in consequence of his over-exertion.

A generous Frenchman on our staff was excited even to tears, in speaking of the self-sacrificing spirit of Schurmer.

The last resting place of the heroic German is in the land he loved so well. May a grateful nation cherish his memory!

We get our next from an authentic source; but to avoid per-

sonality, the place of the occurrence and the name of the principal actor are suppressed.

In one of the first disasters of the war, a regiment of cavalry was trotting to the rear in very respectable speed, when a cry came up from the rear "gallop"! The leading files prompt to obey such an order broke into a gallop, when the Colonel, an old militia officer, very fat and very full of the importance of his position, shouted "halt! Who gave that order"? "It came from the rear, Colonel." "I reckon, I am the Colonel of this regiment. Who dares give it an order, without sending it through me? Halt! I say halt! Stop or I'll shoot you"! Just then a cloud of dust was seen to the rear of the regiment. The indignant Colonel felt his wrath subside at the sight.— "Well," said he, "I expect that order was a very sensible one after all, gallop! boys, gallop!" And away they went like a whirlwind. The fun of it is that the enemy had no cavalry whatever to follow up his success, and his infantry even was not in pursuit. The cloud of dust, which had changed the Colonel's indignation into timely prudence, was raised by some of our own fugitives.

A German, named Seidel, was the *chef de cuisine* of a rebel General during the war. He took the field with the first troops, and remained till the closing scenes around Appomattox C. H., where he was not paroled with other distinguished personages, for the simple reason that he escaped, before the *cordon* was drawn too tight.— He was a pastry-cook by profession, but never had to exercise the mysteries of his art for four long years, except when U. S. sutler-wagons fell into rebel hands. He had not an idle life, however, and his skill and ingenuity were often taxed to the utmost in providing dinners, from the scantiest mate-

rials. But at Sharpsburg, his difficulties in that way reached their climax. He had nothing but some green corn and slices taken from a cow killed by Federal artillery, while quietly grazing on that unhealthy pasture-field. With these materials, he determined to get up a dinner for his chief, and went into a kitchen, where there was an excellent cooking stove, and put on a pot to boil. The dinner did not come! And the little impediments in the way can best be described in Seidel's own words. "I put te peef mit te corn inter te pot and I see wun pig turkey-rooster. I pull off him head and puts her inter te pot mit te corn. Te yankee shell knock off ter shimbley; py tam, tey shoot too high. Turder shell come troo te cook-house; py tam, tey shoot plenty low. Turder shell hit te stove; py tam, turkey-rooster, corn and peef all gone. Py tam, I go too."

One of the bravest of the brave, and the most faithful among the faithful, the true man might readily be pardoned for not getting a dinner, under these rather extraordinary circumstances.—May his supply of corn and beef and turkey never fail.

Col. J. M. McCue sends us our last anecdote from Mount Solon, Virginia.

There lived in the summer of 1862, on the Mechanicsville Turnpike near Richmond, a generous, hospitable, whole-souled Virginia gentleman, who, however, was very passionate, and excitable, and who when flurried was apt to mix up the reverential and the profane, the sublime and the ridiculous, in a very odd kind of way. He had given up all his crop, pasture fields and every thing he could spare, to the C. S. Government. But he

had reserved one ten-acre lot of corn for his own use, and this he guarded with unceasing vigilance. One day, while on watch, he discovered a group of horsemen approaching, and instead of going round his fence, they took the most direct route right through.—His wrath was instantly aroused and supposing that they belonged to that class of individuals, whom a well-known French officer in our service used to call "de damn cavelree," he rushed out in great rage. "How dare you go through my field? damn you, I'll report you to President Davis." "We are on urgent business and took the shortest cut," mildly replied the leading horseman, in an old faded grey suit.

Gentleman. "Do you command this company?"

Horseman. "Yes, sir."

Gentleman. "I'll teach you not to ride through my field, damn you; what's your name?"

Horseman. "My name is Jackson."

Gentleman. "What Jackson?"

Horseman. "T. J. Jackson."

Gentleman. "What is your rank?"

Horseman. "I am a Major General in the Provisional Army."

Gentleman. (Raising his hat.)

"Bless my soul, you ain't Stonewall Jackson?"

Horseman. "I am sometimes called by that name."

Gentleman. (Rushing eagerly up to him and shaking his hand.)

"God bless you, General Jackson, I am so glad to see you. Go back and ride all over my field, damn you, ride all over my field. Get down and come into my house. I am so glad to see. Ride all over my field, all over it, all over it.—Bless your soul, I am so glad to see you."

EDITORIAL.

THE SOUTHERN RELIEF FAIR.

The great Fair at St. Louis last fall would have earlier claimed our attention, but for our want of statistical information. We copy from the St. Louis *Guardian* the following statement.

The Treasurer of the Southern Relief Fair has issued a full and detailed account of her stewardship. The total receipts for the grand fair amounted to the handsome sum of \$136,757 66, and the expenses \$10,463 68, leaving a balance to the credit of the charity of \$126,293 98; of this balance \$24,743 68 was paid to the Distributing Committee, the remainder being applied to the relief of applicants or sent in goods to the South.

The Treasurer still expects to realize the sum of \$3,000 for outstanding tickets in the grand raffle, and the tickets in the same apportioned to States having drawn articles valued at \$15,825 should be added to the total net receipts, and this, together with numerous prizes unclaimed which were sent South, will swell the total of "relief" to \$150,000.

In the report which we have hurriedly glanced over, the ladies pay a well-merited compliment to Thomas Walsh, Esq., the architect, whose good taste and efficient services so much aided the splendid success that has attended the entire undertaking. The proprietor of the Hall, Mr. Schoolfield, also receives deserved honorable mention.

Full files of the *Olive*, the organ of the Association, have been sent us and we have read them all with deep interest, aye, with deep emotion. May God bless noble Missouri. From almost every city, town and village, aid has been sent to our suffering people. It is really wonderful that such a generous, hightoned State should be afflicted and inflicted with such a Governor. Perhaps, as St. Paul had his "thorn in the flesh," it is permitted that this noble people should be tormented with a big ugly brier!

Many of the patrons of the St. Louis Fair were union men and some were officers in the U. S. Army. May their deeds of charity be remembered when we all stand before the great White Throne,

with the cry for mercy upon our lips!

We regret that we have not space to report fully the proceedings. We can only give as a specimen of the whole

THE PRIZE DEPARTMENT.

The Grand Prize Department, under the direction of Messrs. G. G. Schoolfield, Silas Bent, Major Douglass, and Charles Miller, attracted much attention. Of the many fine prizes distributed, the following constituted a part:

Grand Prize—Fine building lot on Olive street, between 17th and 18th sts, donated by James H. Lucas, Esq.....	\$10,000
Grand Steamboat Prize, made up by the Steamboatmen of St. Louis—Solid silver service, including forks and spoons.....	5,000
Grand Saloon Prize—Magnificent set of diamonds, donated by the Saloons of St. Louis.....	3,500
Grand Hotel Prize—Elegant solid silver tea set, waiter and urn included, 8 pieces, donated by the Hotels of St. Louis.....	2,500
Fine building lot on 9th street, N St. Louis, donated by Mr. S S Jerman.....	2,500
Elegant solid silver tea set, with waiter and urn, donated by the tobacconists and segar manufacturers of St. Louis.....	2,000
Grand piano, elaborately carved, manufactured and donated by Mr. Knabe, of Baltimore, thro' Prof. Anton of St. Louis.....	1,800
Fifty coils of rope for baling cotton, donated by the bale rope manufacturers of St. Louis.....	1,500
Superb dressing case, mounted with 175 ounces of sterling silver—cost in Vienna 5,000 francs, donated by Eugene Jaccard & Company.....	1,500
Building lot in N St. Louis.....	1,250
Magnificent diamond cross, donated by the butchers and drovers of St. Louis.....	1,000
Building lot in N St. Louis, donated by Geo. R. Robinson.....	1,000
Solid silver medallion tea set, six pieces, donated by W. James, of the Meramec Iron Works....	1,000
Splendid carriage, rosewood and brocatel, donated by the carpet and furniture dealers of St. Louis.....	1,000
Eligible residence lot on Lay avenue, W of Grand avenue, donated by Mrs. Charlotte Lay...	1,000

Very elegant piano, manufactured and donated by the St. Louis Piano Manufacturing Co.
 Fine set rosewood bedroom furniture, donated by ————
 Fine buggy, donated by J. S. McCune, Esq.
 160 acres of land, donated by Geo. W. Smizer
 Fine buggy, donated by W. D. Rogers, 1000 Chesnut street, Philadelphia.
 Fine oil painting, "Lake George," painted by Kummer, and donated by Bast & Pollock.
 Fine silver epergne, donated by C. S. Russel, successor to Ed. Mead & Co.
 Pair Arabian steeds, (bronze) weighing 100 pounds
 Fine buggy horse, donated by J. B. Carson & Brother, and Hurt, Helmers & Voorhies
 Full and complete set of elegant French China (191 pieces), donated by Messrs Miller & Bro.
 Fine gold vest chain, set with diamonds and rubies, donated by Messrs. W. W. Crane & Co., of New York, through D. C. Jaccard & Co.
 Pair fine parlor ornaments, with bedsteads, vases and roses
 Very fine and large music box, donated by Messrs D'Oench & Co.
 Fine gold watch and chain, (lady's), donated by Messrs D. A. Millington & Co.
 Porto Rico pony, 11 hands high, donated by Henry Bell & Son.
 Fine oil painting, "Vessels off Sandy Hook" donated by G. L. & J. B. Kelly, N. Y., through J. Kennard & Son.
 Fine music box, donated by Messrs Wm. D'Oench & Son
 Fine oil painting, "Shower of Gold," donated by Meridan Britannia Company of N. Y. through D. C. Jaccard & Co.
 Fine sewing machine, donated by the agent of Wheeler & Wilson machine.
 Fifty yards English Brussels carpet, donated by Hemphill, Hamlin & Co., New York, through J. Kennard & Sons.
 Fine sewing machine, donated by the agent of Florence machine.
 Fine marble mantle, donated by Heitzell & Hetherington
 Fine sewing machine, donated by E. Dean, agent of the Singer machine.
 Fine silver plated tea set, medalion pattern
 Elegant French china tea set, 101 pieces
 Fine bronze center piece,—Troubadour
 Fine silver plated tea set latest style
 Pair fine bronze statuary, "Maria Medicis and Dauphin"
 Fine set of coral jewelry, donated by Carter, Hale & Co., N. Y.
 Fine set single harness, donated by Homer, Rex & Tracy.

Elegant gin case, engraved bottles 100
 Very superior lady's saddle and bridle, donated by John W. Norris, Esq. 100

In addition to the above prizes are many of handsome paintings, jewelry, china vases, toilet sets, &c.

Not content with ten thousand acts of kindness to our prisoners and with their own magnificent Fair, the generous people of Baltimore sent donations of every conceivable kind to the great Fair at St. Louis. When we forget these benevolent deeds, may our right hand forget its cunning.

BONAVENTURE, the celebrated Cemetery near Savannah, has been most graphically described by that true and tender poet, Robert M. Charlton, Esq. It is a place of solemn beauty—holly and cypress intertwined—a place for the last sleep of the lovely and good.

In the winter of 1855, a young and beautiful girl, who had been the "cynosure of all eyes" in Washington City, went to Savannah for her health. But "the good die first, while those, whose hearts are dry as summer dust, burn to the socket." Death had set his seal upon her brow, and she never returned to gladden her Virginia home. She had chosen a spot in the Cemetery for her grave, but a few days before her death; and in accordance with her wish, her remains were deposited there.

Two years afterwards, some Virginians, on a visit to Savannah, discovered, accidentally, her grave unmarked by a stone. With that devotion to, and interest in, every thing Virginian, which so characterizes every true son of that noble State, these gentlemen resolved to erect a monument to the memory of the sweet young girl. One of the party, Col. J. M. McCue, of Mt. Solon, related the incident to Mrs. Sigourney, and the beautiful lines below were elicited by it.—Has Connecticut forgotten to sym-

pathize with Virginia in her sorrow and bereavement?

Tread lightly 'mid those broad-arm'd oaks

'Neath Georgia's sunny sky,—
Where volumed mosses, gray and old,
Like banners wave their silken fold
As though some host were nigh.

Without a host, the victor came,—
Without the trumpet-cry,—
He drew no sword,—he bent no bow,—
But pass'd, and laid a victim low,
In silent mystery.

A maiden in her beauty's prime,
With eyes of holy light,
A gentle orphan, loved by all,
On whom no blight had dared to fall,—
He did not spare to smite.—

Yet blame him not, the deed was kind,
E'en though in wrath it seem'd,—
His shaft was dire,—but her's the gain,
To soar above the sphere of pain,
Where cloudless glory stream'd.

Though not in fair Virginia's vales
'Neath her own native skies,—
The lifeless sleeper sank to rest,—
Calm walks her spirit with the blest,
'Mid groves of Paradise.

L. H. SIGOURNEY.

Hartford, Conn., May 25, 1857.

Some of the benevolent ladies in New York, moved by sympathy with our suffering people, have succeeded in establishing a Southern Relief Association. A large meeting was held on the 25th January in the Cooper Institute, in order to present the claims of the impoverished South to the christian charity, of the more favored sections of a common country. From a friend in New York, we have received an account of this interesting meeting.

On last evening, a meeting was convened at the Cooper Institute for the purpose of presenting the subject of Southern relief to the public, and of exciting such an interest, as its magnitude and importance demand. It would be difficult to conceive of a more distinguished and talented looking body of men, than that which ap-

peared on the rostrum. Scarcely one, that would not have been singled out, by an intelligent physiognomist, as a "man of mark." This must be admitted, though I recognized some, as ancient and incorrigible enemies to the cause, we held so dear.

Mr. Peter Cooper, famous alike for his beneficence and sound judgment, was called to the chair. He made a few pertinent remarks, in which he said it was the intention of the New York people, to prove to their Southern neighbors, that they were not in heart, enemies. They meant to do them good in a substantial manner, to bind the nation together in bonds of friendship and sympathy, and to prevent, if possible, for all time, a recurrence of the unhappy experiences, of the last four years of our national history. His speech elicited rounds of applause. A number of wealthy and influential men, were, by acclamation, voted into the vice presidency—and Mr. Bright, a Southern man, who declared that he had stood by the Union and to the Union, was then presented to the audience. He stated, that his connection editorially, with a daily paper in the city, had given him very clear insight into the pecuniary condition of the people in the South. He detailed stories of suffering in various quarters, and made an energetic appeal to the sympathies and charity, of those who had been more highly favored.

The Rev. Henry Ward Beecher was next introduced. It was my first hearing of the world-renowned orator of Plymouth Church, and without permitting long entertained and well grounded prejudice to affect an estimate of his abilities, I am bound to regard him as one of the most finished orators, to whom I have ever listened. His language is glowing, beautiful, and liquid as the lava tide of a volcano;—and had he not

devotedly hugged his sable idol—I should have been captivated by his masterly eloquence. His address, very seriously lacked taste and judgment. Why must he be forever seeking to disentomb the festering remains of our perished institutions? Why pick the bones of the corpse, and arouse to consciousness the slumbering feeling of wrong and oppression? If we have sinned, the North is responsible for it—England is responsible for it—they introduced the negro—and surely our bitter poverty is punishment enough, without an everlasting reference to what can only awaken painful emotions.—He strongly recommended generosity, and concluded by saying—he looked upon the meeting to night, and the result that would follow, as the best policy of reconstruction that could be devised.—Who knew, but that this new valley of Achor would be the way through which we should pass to a closer and more cordial brotherhood?

The venerable Horace Greely was next announced. He was received with prolonged applause, and appeared with the characteristic neck-tie, knotted loosely at the throat, in his right hand the inevitable red bandana,—wearing a rather rusty coat, with his straggling, hoary locks unkempt—the personification of Mr. Greely *and no one else*. His individuality is as unique in *personnel*, as it is in politics, and barring his peculiar predilections and idiosyncracies, there are said to be few men more amiable and humane than he.—Much to my individual satisfaction, and in very charming taste, Mr. G. did not introduce the negro, but alluded to the causes for Southern distress, in his plain, simple, earnest style, and urged the necessity of ample and immediate relief. In spite of myself, I feel my long cherished prejudices melting away, before his noble

zeal in the cause of suffering humanity.

Mr. Wm. T. Coleman made a few practical remarks. Then at the suggestion of a gentleman in the audience, General Anderson, of Fort Sumter distinction, was called up. He modestly commended the enterprise in a few words, and Rev. Dr. Kendrick made special application, by citing some cases of extreme want.

A noble, generous spirit breathed in all the speeches and seemed to pervade the whole audience.—The only exhibition of bad taste was in the case of Mr. Beecher. In every other respect, the earnest appeals, of the speakers, and the attentive, sympathizing deportment of the hearers were in admirable keeping with the noble objects of the meeting.

What a pleasing contrast have we here, in the conduct of eminent men and noble women to that of the “bummer” in Chicago, who in cruel mockery sent to Mrs. B. A. F. Mears, Treasurer of the Southern Relief Association of Baltimore, five hundred dollars in Confederate money, which he had doubtless stolen at the South, and who accompanied the *gift* with a letter as insulting as it was heartless. It is to be hoped that if the poor creature has a “conscience seared as with a hot iron” by his house-burning and marauding at the South, he has at least enough of shame left to feel rebuked by the noble behavior of his superiors.

Mr. Greely’s call for this meeting was in as good taste, as his speech reported by our correspondent. We copy it in full that others may judge of his spirit and taste.

THE SUFFERING SOUTH.—We rejoice that a vigorous movement is making for the relief of the destitute South, and that all parties in our more fortunate region, forgetting political prejudices and personal animosities, are uniting in a combined effort to save our Southern brethren from starvation.—The most pitiful accounts reach us from all quarters of the recent theatre

of war. Poverty is all but universal, and is even worse than it has been generally depicted. We have already called attention to an organization of ladies in this city, for the purpose of collecting provisions and money for destitute Southerners, and we are now pleased to learn that a movement on a much larger scale has been inaugurated under auspices, which take from it every appearance of partisanship, and seem to insure its success. A meeting of prominent citizens was held at the Fifth Avenue Hotel on Saturday evening, and a committee was appointed to call a public meeting and devise the best mode of general effort. That meeting will be held at the Cooper Institute on Friday evening. Peter Cooper will preside, and addresses will be made by the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, Horace Greeley, and other gentlemen. Surely New York, which did so much in years past for famine-struck Ireland, and for revolutionary Greece, and which is now putting forth such generous exertions in behalf of the insurgent Cretans, will not suffer this appeal, from a people who have so many claims upon its generosity to fall upon dull ears. If the meeting raises less than a million of dollars, we shall be disappointed.

No State has shown a stronger regard for Constitutional liberty than glorious little Delaware.—The *Dover Gazette* gives the following synopsis of Gov. Saulsbury's Inaugural Address.

He expresses a becoming pride in the position of his old commonwealth, and reminds his fellow-citizens that the remark that "Delaware the first to adopt will be the last to abandon the Constitution," is still inviolate. The wrongs and oppressions which many of her people have endured from the mailed hands of Federal officers and soldiers, it cannot be expected will be redressed through the power of so small a State as Delaware. But it is hoped that the sternness with which those innovations of the Constitution have been exposed will be beneficial to future generations, and as an example for our sons valued above all price. The day, however, may yet come when those, who have set the laws of the State at defiance, and imprisoned without a hearing and without cause, a large number of our people, will view their course as a precedent for the greatest evils and worse tyranny. Then it may be those who have suffered will find redress. Until then they must remain content with the consolation of innocence, and the sympathy of thousands of friends who felt deeply the wrongs that were imposed.

Ex-Gov. Vance, in his great and eloquent, as well as spicy and laughable Lecture, "All About It," declares that the great lesson,

taught during the last few years, is that "circumstances alter cases." And then for the edification of his legal brethren, he quotes from Webster's Spelling Book the story of the farmer and lawyer.

As a very happy illustration of the same great truth, we append the following letter. Is it "a little joke"?

Reply of Mr. Lincoln, to A. H. Stephens, of Georgia.

[For your own eye only.]

SPRINGFIELD, ILL., Dec. 22, 1850.

Hon. A. H. Stephens:

MY DEAR SIR: Your obliging answer to my short note is just received, and for which please accept my thanks. I fully appreciate the present peril the country is in, and the weight of responsibility on me. Do the people of the South really entertain fears that a Republican Administration would, directly or indirectly, interfere with their slaves? If they do I wish to assure you, as once a friend, and still, I hope, not an enemy, that there is no cause for such fears. The South would be in no more danger in this respect, than it would in the days of Washington. I suppose, however, this does not meet the case. You think slavery is right and ought to be extended; while we think it wrong and, ought to be restricted. That I suppose is the rub. It certainly is the only substantial difference between us.

Yours very truly,
A. LINCOLN.

The rise of California, in twenty years, to its present position of wealth, power and greatness, is the great miracle of the 19th century. Schools, churches, and colleges have sprung up as by magic, and lawlessness and ignorance are giving way before them. The press too has become a powerful agent for good, and it is really gratifying to find that the periodicals of this new world on the Pacific are equal in typography, mechanical execution, and literary excellence, to the best of their contemporaries in the East. The *Christian Spectator*, of San Francisco, is a religious newspaper in the best sense of the word, and not a medley of politics and blasphemy, like many of our so-called religious papers. It is cheering to find a newspaper devoted to the

work of teaching Bible truth. We wish it great success.

The *Occidental and Vanguard* is not inferior to the weeklies published in the great cities on the Atlantic coast. We copy from it the following interesting statistics, which will surprise our readers in the older States.

PROPERTY AND PRODUCTS OF
CALIFORNIA.

"The following statement, compiled from the *Times'* report of the various County Assessors' returns for 1866, shows the approximate quantity, number and value of the articles mentioned :

Land enclosed, (acres)	3,826,687
Land cultivated, "	1,363,638
Land in barley, "	536,669
Land in wheat, "	428,424
Horses	151,816
Cows	95,377
Sheep	859,226
Hogs	149,549
Chickens	616,427
Fruit trees	3,153,919
Grape vines	16,333,543
Value of Real Estate and Improvements	\$100,000,000
Value of Personal Property	49,932,428
Value of cattle, sheep and hogs slaughtered	5,958,300
Value of fruit raised	1,460,477
Wheat, (bushels)	10,303,761
Barley, "	14,766,186
Wines, (gallons)	1,332,730
Butter, (pounds)	2,899,696
Cheese, "	1,601,733
Wool, "	2,679,450
Eggs, (dozens)	1,728,433

The report seems to be incomplete in some particulars ; especially so in regard to the value of fruit raised, there being no returns from some extensive fruit growing counties, and we see that Mr. Keller, writing to the *Sacramento Union*, estimates the wine products of Los Angeles county alone, at more than 1,000,000 gallons. Generally, however, the above figures are sufficiently near the facts to enable the reader to form a tolerably correct idea of the extent and value of the property and products of our State."

Dr. J. R. Sparkman, one of the very best informed, and most thoroughly scientific of Southern agriculturalists, writes to us that the

rice crop of South Carolina will be less than one-third of the yield, before the war. With the cotton crop, it is still worse than with the rice. Dr. J. S. Copes, President of the New Orleans Academy of Sciences, estimates the cotton crop of 1866, at less than a million of bales. One of our exchanges says that the products of Jamaica are about one-fifth, of what they were previous to emancipation.—

We have not been able to procure any statistics concerning Jamaica, but suppose that one-fifth is a high estimate. In a material, worldly point of view, here is one of the fruits of emancipation. But the moral aspect is still more deplorable. The Rev. C. K. Marshall, of Vicksburg, Miss., says that the negroes are relapsing into idolatry and Obeism. And we know that their attendance upon religious worship has fallen off everywhere. But it is with the young, that the corruption has been most rapid.—In the *Baltimore Episcopal Methodist*, we notice a remark of Lord Shaftsbury, that the dangerous age is between eight and sixteen. If this be, generally, a dangerous period of life—one peculiarly liable to temptation—'tis tenfold more so with the young freedman. Under the system of slavery, the parents took but little control over their children, after they had reached the age of eight or ten, and left their discipline to the master. Now these youngsters are almost without any restraining influence, and the increase of wickedness among them is fearfully great. Take a single example of it. Any citizen will tell you that he hears more profanity among this class in a single day, than he heard in long years before emancipation. The organ of reverence is largely developed in the negro, and profane swearing used to be a rare thing with him. It is exceedingly common now among all ages, but especially so with the young,—naturally so with the latter be-

cause under no wholesome restraint. We cannot look to the crazy authors of this demoralization for any help, since they discard and despise the Bible, the only guide to reformation. But christian philanthropists, North and South, should endeavor to disseminate Bible truth among this unfortunate class. The reverence for sacred things, which the negro has in a stronger degree than the white man, will be a most important auxiliary in this praise-worthy enterprise. Believing, as we do most surely, that all the races of mankind have a common origin, a common God, and a common Saviour, we cannot but feel a lively interest in the spiritual, as well as temporal well-being of more than three millions of our fellow-beings.

Major General B. F. Butler has sued the editor of the *La Crosse Democrat* (Brick Pomeroy) for defamation of character and laid the damages at one hundred thousand dollars. The correspondence between these distinguished individuals is quite racy. The General tells the editor in substance that he don't care a *spoon* for the money, but he prizes his reputation dearly. The editor replies that he don't care a spoon about the money or the General's reputation. He uses a great many very uncomplimentary expressions, which are scarcely suitable to this Magazine. It is sufficient for our purpose to say that it is reported that the General intends to appropriate the money (if the suit be gained) to the relief of the New Orleans sufferers.

Some of our Northern exchanges seem as much surprised as indignant, at the refusal of the military heroes in Texas to allow military honors to be paid to the remains of General A. S. Johnson, in Galveston, Texas. We are astonished at the surprise of our contemporaries. Shakspeare described the

stabbing of a dead hero by a counterfeit one, exactly two hundred and seventy years ago. Why should it be thought a strange thing now? "'Zounds I am afraid of this gunpowder Percy, though he be dead. How if he should counterfeit too, and rise? I am afraid he would prove the better counterfeit. Therefore I'll make him sure; yea, and I'll swear I killed him. Therefore, sirrah.'" (Stabs him.)

Every war has had its Falstaffs, and we doubt not that impartial history will recognise the mill-burner of the valley of Virginia, as the Falstaff of the great CIVIL WAR.

The Jacobin abuse of our people has long since ceased to produce even a ruffle of temper. It only "reminds us of a little anecdote." One day, we had occasion to visit the skirmish line, to make some observations. Just as we reached it, a soldier discharged his rifle. On being asked at what he fired, he pointed to a group of blue coats a great way off. Observing that the man looked very stupid, and that the blue coats had not seemed to observe his shot, we asked him what elevation he gave his gun. This he did not understand; but when he was asked more plainly at what figure, he set the rear sight of his gun, he replied, "I didn't sot her at no figer at all, I kinder took her at a dead level"! His shot had fallen about 400 yards too short. Just so it is with the Jacobin artillery. They will have to elevate their tone of thought, style of argument, and employment of language, before they can hit the mark. A Georgia soldier, being asked at the beginning of the war what he thought of shells, answered "I don't like them a bit, the yankees throw them about too *careless* like." We don't like the random, promiscuous, and careless style of Jacobin shelling. But as "lie down" was a safe

order in the army, so now no better advice can be given than "lie down" and take it quietly. The firing is obliged to stop, when the guns become heated to a certain point.

The test oath proposed by Mr. Stevens for the loyal men of North Carolina disfranchises all who cannot swear that they did not aid, abet, or sympathize with the rebellion after the 4th March, 1864. The reason why this precise date is selected is obvious. The reelection and inauguration of Mr. Lincoln on that day indicated the determination of the loyal North to prosecute the war to the bitter end.—All, who saw the chastisement coming and repented, are to be forgiven. Those, who waited to get the chastisement, are to get another of the same sort. "This reminds us of a little anecdote."—And here we would say that we note as a gratifying mark of the loyalizing and harmonizing process going on in our own mind, this growing disposition to illustrate great truths by anecdotes.—The imitation, of the well-known example of an illustrious personage, is surely a proof of progressive loyalty.

But to the anecdote. A worthy clergyman in L., Virginia, had been at great pains to teach his children that punishment was inflicted in order to repentance, and that if the child repented before the chastisement, the end of punishment had been attained and there was no longer any necessity for its infliction. On one occasion, little Henry had used some naughty words, and his father sent for him to his study to flog him, in the good old Scotch-Irish style. Henry came into the study trembling at the sight of the formidable preparations and exclaimed, "Farder, I done repent"! "When did you repent, my son"? asked the clergyman. "When I saw

Sam (the servant) bringing in the switch, sir"! "Ah, my son, that was not the right kind of repentance. *It came too late.* Take off your coat."

Mr. Stevens' penitents are all of the class, to which poor Henry belonged. They never thought about their sins, till they saw the switch coming, and then what pitiful whines they set up! We appeal to the common sense of Mr. Stevens, are these creatures to be trusted as soon as those, who stood up like men on the battle-field, took their flogging like men, and cried "enough" in manly tones, when beaten?

We can assure the Honorable gentleman with *absolute certainty*, that the only disloyal men in our own good old North State are the Southern Jacobins, who are firing up the chaldron of agitation in the hope that some more Provisional Governments and other fat scummings may come to the surface.

The *Renaissance* of New Orleans thinks that the speech of General Beauregard to the Congressional delegation, as quoted in the *N. Y. Herald*, was one of the most remarkable ever delivered; no one, in the section where it was alleged to have been made, knew any thing of it; no one of the alleged audience knew any thing of it; and no recollection of it was in the memory of the General himself! Truly, a wonderful speech. When he delivers another of the same kind, we will send down a special reporter.

When our little Joe was just beginning to toddle about a little and to pronounce a few words, his nurse taught him some saucy expressions, such as "hush your mouth," "lem me lone," "have yourself," &c. The first of these he, by long practice, learned to say very distinctly. One day, his mother was engaged reading a very interesting book, and Joe was very desirous to attract her atten-

tion. He called "mamma, mamma," but got no answer. He pulled her dress, but got no look of recognition. His infantile rage was excited to the highest point by this unwonted neglect, and he screamed at his mother with all his might, "hush your mouth"! If the little teaser had only said, "be loyal and hush your mouth," he would have taught the same lesson which we get from the Capital of the nation!

The *Houston Telegraph* tells an anecdote of Gen. Sam. Houston. On one occasion, when he was expected to make a furious war-speech to an excited crowd eager to invade Mexico, he gave, on the contrary, an agricultural address, and ended by advising them to "go home and raise corn"! 'Twas one of the wisest speeches ever made by the old warrior. In our humble way, we would imitate his example and give the same wholesome advice. It is idle to talk politics, it is idle to discuss the future of the negro, it is idle to speculate as to whether he will work or will perish, it is idle to inquire who is to be Chief Magistrate, the President or Congress. All this avails nothing. But we know that we can take off our coats and work ourselves, with or without the negro. And we know, whoever may be ruler of the United States, work is king of the world. The great duty now is to let politics alone, lay aside foolish pride, and "raise corn."

When we lived in Rockbridge, Va., the native county of General Houston, we heard an incident of his early life. It is well known that he was quite a wild youth and often shocked his guardian's ideas of propriety. When he went out west, his guardian (who was also his uncle, we believe) accompanied him part of his journey, and on bidding him farewell, said, "Sam, the next thing I expect to hear of you, is either that you

have been killed in some row, or that a worse fate has befallen you." "I don't know what you will hear of me," replied young Houston, "but you will not see me again till I pass through Rockbridge on my way to Congress." The prediction was literally fulfilled, and his first visit to Rockbridge was as a member elect to the House of Representatives.

When the writer of this was quite a young man, he went into a Hotel in Washington City and inquired at the office for a friend. Owing to a change of room or to some other cause not now remembered, the clerk could give him no information and he was going away disappointed, when a gentleman came up and with no little trouble, aided him in the search for his friend. 'Twas an act of pure, disinterested kindness, and though the incident was trivial, it spoke eloquently of the goodness of heart of the obliging gentleman. He was Gen. Sam Houston, of Texas. Many theories have been given for his remarkable success in life, and one of them has been that he was an accomplished demagogue. But it is more charitable and more reasonable to believe, that his extraordinary popularity was owing to the conviction among the masses, that at the bottom of his heart, there was a large fund of real, genuine, old Rockbridge love of his race.

One of his bitterest enemies told us at Corpus Christi, in 1845, that he had known the General to go into a crowd almost ready to mob him, and cry out in his stentorian voice that it was "not the rule in Texas to condemn a man unheard"; and when the multitude had assented to this proposition, the old warrior would make such a speech that indignation would be changed into admiration and the yells of rage into "hurrah for old Sam"!

And now having strung together enough anecdotes to demonstrate

our loyalty beyond all peradventure, or at least to prove that the loyalizing process is in a very satisfactory state of progression, we will bid our readers an affectionate adieu.

BOOK NOTICES.

IN VINCLIS. By A. M. Keiley. New York, Blelock & Co., 1866.

Rich, rare, racy, and refreshing! It is decidedly the book of the season. If the publishers have any thing more readable, entertaining and instructive, we wish that they would send it along. The book is full of humor, of real pathos, and of instructive statistics. We hope that the philanthropists, who have been wearing sack-cloth and ashes for the sins of Andersonville, will read that portion of his book devoted to Elmira. And when they have read that, let them turn to the 3d, 4th, and 5th verses of the 7th chapter of Matthew, and finish their reading with the whole of the 23d Chapter. It will do them good. Let us quote for the benefit of those, who so deeply repent of Southern sins, the following sentence: "I heard more oaths, and far more vulgarity of speech, from Federal soldiers during the five months of my captivity, than I heard in Dixie during the two-and-three-quarter years of my connection with Lee's Army; and the evidence is overwhelming, that the immorality, of which there were many examples, tainted much of northern life." The writer of this commanded for six months a regiment of 1200 men, and passed among them freely, at all hours both of day and night, and never once heard an oath. He afterwards filled other grades in the service, and remained till the close of hostilities, and yet he does most solemnly declare that he heard more profanity in a single

day on the streets of Charlotte from the Federal garrison, which first occupied it, than during his four years connection with the Southern Army. In all his intercourse with the rebel soldiers, he never heard but one indecent speech, and on looking round to see whence it came, he discovered that the speaker was a foreigner.

We are glad that Mr. Keiley has brought out such facts. The truth may be suppressed awhile, but "the eternal years of God are hers," and she will yet burst her bonds. On the other hand, "the lying tongue is but for a moment."

The tribute of the author to the noble women of Baltimore is exquisitely beautiful, we thought the most beautiful thing in this book. But our judgment may have been biassed, by the memory of thousands of kindnesses to our prisoners, and of noble acts of benevolence to our suffering people. May Heaven reward them!

There is an individual, named by Mr. Keiley, the Duke of Spoons, who would enjoy the book hugely. Those who have a passion for reading about titled men, should "read, mark, and inwardly digest" Mr. Keiley's description of the great Duke. He gives profiles, and heads of other notabilities, a full length portrait only of this nobleman.

THE SHEPHERD AND HIS FLOCK.

By J. R. MacDuff, D. D. Robt. Carter & Brothers, New York.

The Messrs Carter have published nineteen of the works of Dr.

MacDuff, of Scotland. This we regard, as one of the very best of the series. It is full of tenderness and eloquence; and at times, we meet with passages of rare power and sublimity.

We give the annexed passage, as a specimen of the author's style.

Kings and despots of the earth, in bestowing their favours and pardons, have done so, too frequently, with every mark of humiliation and disgrace.—Edward the Third of England dispensed pardon at the gates of Calais, but it was when the crouching citizens came with halters round their necks—the degrading badges of servitude; and even this act of clemency was extorted by the intercession of his queen. Another sent his pardoned enemy home,—but it was with rayless eyes—emptied sockets, the perpetual memorials of ignominious defeat. How different the ways of God;—the dealings of the great Shepherd of souls towards the reclaimed wanderer from His fold! The history of these wanderers may have been sad indeed. A history of neglect, rebellion, waywardness. We may expect when the Shepherd overtakes, to hear nothing but words of upbraiding; harsh tones of deserved and merited rebuke. But no! the Lord upbraideth not. If we were to select the most tenderly affecting part of the New Testament parable, it would be, when, in silent love, He lays the lost sheep on His shoulders rejoicing. The past—with all its forgetfulness, and disobedience, and ingratitude, seems to be obliterated. The Shepherd is so immersed in His own joy in the rescue, that He has no leisure to think of its waywardness. Days, and weeks, and years may have been spent in weary pursuit after the erring sinner, but all the distance, and fatigue, and difficulties of the journey seem forgotten in the moment of ecstasy, when the wanderer is clasped in His arms, and when the Shepherd rejoicing, exclaims, "This my sheep was dead, and is alive again; it was lost and is found."

THE WORD. THE OLD PICTURE BIBLE. Robert Carter & Bros. New York, 1866.

These are really charming and instructive books for children.—They are handsomely and abundantly illustrated and got up in the best style of a House, that always does substantial as well as beautiful work. The first of these books is well adapted to advanced classes in Sabbath Schools. Both are full of Bible truth, and remarkably free from the new theories of modern reform and schemes

of wicked philanthropy. It is a most gratifying thing to find a religious book recognise the Bible, as the fountain of all truth and of all good. We will never despair of the world so long as this recognition shall last. We see it stated in the *Day Book* that one of the Jacobin preachers took the Bible as the theme of his Sunday's discourse, and that another had left off his week's work of novel writing, to take a text in the Bible, on Sabbath morning. Though we do not know in the former case, whether Shakspeare might not have been just as suitable a subject; and in the latter, whether there was any connection between text and sermon. Still 'tis pleasant to learn that these reverend gentlemen knew of the existence of the Bible.

SOUTHERN FOURTH READER.

SOUTHERN PICTORIAL PRIMER.

VENABLE'S FIRST LESSONS IN NUMBERS. Southern University Series. Richardson & Co., New York.

These three books are superbly printed, beautifully illustrated, and of high literary merit. They can be had either of the publishers, or of our old friends E. J. Hale & Sons, 496 Broadway.

Mr. Hale was burnt out and ruined in his old age by Sherman's Army. With his wonted energy, he is beginning life anew, and has cast in his lot with the good people of Gotham. We wish him great success.

NICODEMUS WITH JESUS. By Rev. J. M. P. Otts, of Alabama. Jas. S. Claxton, Philadelphia.

This little volume is full of gospel truth, of earnest warning, of emphatic rebuke, and of kindly invitation. It treats of the most solemn and momentous subject ever presented to the mind of man. May its important lessons be heeded, and its weighty admonitions be felt.

MECKLENBURG FEMALE COLLEGE,

CHARLOTTE, N. C.

Rev. A. G. STACY, A. M. Principal.

The buildings and grounds known as the N. C. MILITARY INSTITUTE, in the City of Charlotte, having been secured for a term of years for the purposes of a **Female College**, the Institution will be opened, January 29th, 1867.

The first school year will be of irregular duration. It will comprise one long Session—January 29th to July 29th. There will be two terms.

Board, with lights, and Tuition in Regular Course, per term of thirteen weeks, payable in U. S. Currency in advance, \$76 50
Extras, at fair rates.

The grounds, an area of more than twenty acres, are delightfully shaded with native oaks, and the magnificent college edifice will be refitted and furnished with especial reference to the convenience and comfort of young ladies.

The aim is to make the College a **First Class Institution** in all the Departments—Music, Painting, Drawing, Ancient and Modern Languages, etc., together with the Regular Course.

For circular, address

A. G. STACY,

January, 1867.

Charlotte, N. C.

Concord Female College,

In the N. C. Presbyterian of September 26th, an article was published over the signature of "Amicus." I invite attention to an extract from that article. "If wholesome discipline, devotion to the cause of education, skill and experience in teaching will secure success, then the Faculty of this Female College have all the elements of success. There is no institution where the mental culture, the health, the morals, and the manners of the pupils are more looked after and cared for."

The next Session will commence on the second Monday of January, 1867. Each boarder will find her own lights and towels, and also a pair of sheets and pillow cases. The entire expense of Tuition and Board, including washing, for a Session of Twenty Weeks, will be from \$115 to \$125, currency. Ten dollars will be deducted when full settlements are made in advance. Extra charges will be made for Music, French, Latin and Drawing. Advance payments will be expected, yet the greatest possible indulgence will be given our patrons. A large patronage is *needed, desired and expected.*

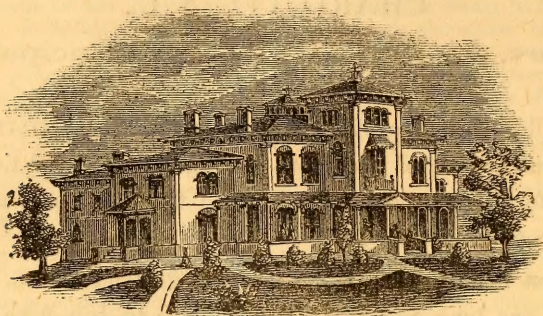
Address,

J. M. M. CALDWELL,

January, 1867. 6

Statesville, N. C.

CHARLOTTE FEMALE INSTITUTE.



A Boarding and Day School for Young Ladies, delightfully situated in a retired and pleasant portion of the City of Charlotte, N. C.

Officers and Instructors.

Rev. R. BURWELL, Principal and Instructor in Mental and Moral Philosophy and Mathematics.

JOHN B. BURWELL, A. M., Chemistry, Natural Philosophy and Ancient Languages.

Prof. A. BAUMANN, Vocal and Instrumental Music.

Prof. WM. BENZIGER, (Graduate Geneva College, Switzerland,) Drawing, Painting, and Modern Languages.

Mrs. M. A. BURWELL, English Branches, and Superintendent of Social Duties.

Miss H. EMMONS, English Branches.

Miss MARY BATTE, English Branches.

Miss MARY PENICK, Music on Piano and Guitar.

The Session consists of two terms of twenty weeks each, the one commencing the 1st of October, and the other the 15th of February. For further particulars, address

Rev. R. BURWELL & SON,
CHARLOTTE, N. C.

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THE LAND WE LOVE.

NO. VI.

APRIL, 1867.

VOL. II.

GEN. BEAUREGARD ON THE SITUATION AT RICHMOND, MAY, 1864.

HD. QRS. DEP'T. N. C. and S. Va.,
Drury's Bluff, May 14th, 1864.

General Braxton Bragg,
Commanding General.

GENERAL:—Considering the vital importance of the issue involved and resting upon the success of the plan suggested to you this morning, I have deemed it desirable and appropriate, that its substance should be briefly communicated in writing as follows:

General Lee's army at Guinea Station and my command at this place are on nearly a right line passing through Richmond, Grant's army being on the left flank and Butler's on the right; our lines are thus interior.

Butler's aim is unquestionably to invest and turn Drury's Bluff, threatening and holding the Petersburg and Danville Rail Roads, opening the obstructions in the river at Fort Drury for the passage of war vessels, necessitating then the retreat of General Lee to the lines about Richmond. With the railroads held by the enemy, Grant in front and Butler in rear of the works around Richmond, the capital would be practically invested and the issue may well be dreaded.

The plan suggested is, that General Lee should fall back to

the defensive lines of the Chickahominy, even to the intermediate lines of Richmond, sending temporarily to this place 15,000 men of his troops; immediately upon that accession to my present force, I would take the offensive and attack Butler vigorously. Such a move properly made would throw me directly upon Butler's communications, and (as he now stands) on his right flank, well towards the rear; General Whiting should also move simultaneously. Butler must then be necessarily crushed or captured and all the stores of that army would fall in our hands; an amount probably that would make an interruption in our communications, for a period of a few days, a matter of no serious inconvenience.

The proposed attack should be accomplished in two days, at furthest, after receiving my reinforcements: This done, I would move with 10,000 more men to the assistance of General Lee than I received from him, and Grant's fate would not long remain doubtful.

The destruction of Grant's forces would open the way for the recovery of most of our lost territory, as already submitted to you in general terms. Respectfully, &c.

(Signed)

G. T. BEAUREGARD.

Note. General Bragg (then acting General in Chief of the armies of the Confederacy) refused (although approving it) to act on this plan of operations—because he did not feel authorized to withdraw, even temporarily, troops from General Lee without the approval of the President, who, being apprised of that plan, came an hour afterward, purposely to Drury's Bluff, to discuss its merits with me. After a discussion of about two hours, he concluded that General Lee could not spare, for 48 or even 24 hours, the troops I needed—but that 5000 men of those about Richmond under Maj. Gen. Ransom would join me that day or the next, thus increasing my forces at Drury's Bluff to about 15,000 men against about 30,000 of the enemy, in position, under General Butler, who had been partially successful in his attack of the preceding day.

My troops never having fought together before, and only two or three brigades of them having ever served under my orders—could not, of course, be expected to move with that precision and steadiness so necessary to success. They fought well and bravely, as usual, but the result was not as brilliant as would have been the case, if they had been accustomed to move and fight together under known and experienced commanders.

(Signed) G. T. BEAUREGARD.

H'D. QRS. Dep't N. C., and S. Va.
DRURY'S BLUFF, May 15th, 1864.

To his Excellency President Davis,
Richmond, Va.

SIR:—Upon further inquiry, as to the shortest and safest route,

via Newby's bridge, by which Maj. General Whiting could travel with his small force to this point, it was found he would require two days to reach here, the distance being at least 34 miles, with roads in a bad condition owing to the prevailing rains. In a telegram of this morning, he expresses his fears of an immediate attack upon him by the enemy.

At the same time, Capt. Davidson of the Navy informs me that a large fleet of gunboats and transports of the enemy are about four miles below Chaffin's Bluff, probably to re-inforce Butler and make a combined attack by land and water.

Under these circumstances, and in view of the fact that the enemy is diligently employed in erecting batteries and rifle-pits around this place, further delay might be fatal to success and I have determined to attack him at daybreak to-morrow morning, with the forces at present available here, increased by Barton's brigade as authorized by you.

I have ordered Major General Whiting to coöperate with all his forces, by attacking the enemy in rear from Swift creek. A copy of my instructions to him and of my order of battle will be forwarded as soon as practicable, to the War Department.

I have availed myself of the services of Major General Ransom, to command one of the divisions of this army. I hope under the protection of a kind Providence, that our efforts, to-morrow, will be successful. I remain, very respectfully your obed't serv't.

(Signed) G. T. BEAUREGARD.

Verily, verily, I say unto thee, except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God.

All the ways of a man are clean in his own eyes; but the Lord weigheth the spirits.

HON. ARTHUR P. HAYNE.

A REMARKABLE COINCIDENCE.

The least attentive student of American History, cannot fail to recollect, that amongst the long list of statesmen and patriots, who have illustrated the history, and given eclat to the character of South Carolina, few have been more illustrious, than the Hayne family. The tragic fate of one of them near the end of the Revolutionary war, even yet excites a mournful interest for his untimely execution; and his martyrdom, has consigned to infamy, the name of his brutal executioner.

In more modern times, another member of the same family, has in civil and political life, acquired a fame and character, not less brilliant and distinguished. Allusion is here had to Robert Y. Hayne—who, as a Senator from South Carolina during the Tariff excitement of that period, met and vanquished in the U. S. Senate, the giant Webster, and other advocates of the protective policy; and as Governor of his State during the Nullification conflict, gallantly unfurled the Palmetto banner to the breeze and issued his Proclamation, asserting the sovereignty and independence of South Carolina.

Scarcely less distinguished in the service of his country, both in a military and political capacity, was his brother, whose name is placed at the head of this brief notice, Colonel Arthur P. Hayne.—He is believed to be a native of Charleston. He, early in life, exhibited talents and capacity decidedly military. His face, his mien, his features, his voice, his idiosyncracies even, were all essentially martial. He was not brave only—he was enterprising, adventurous, heroic. Had he been in

France at the time of the Revolution, he would have been one of the Marshals of the first Napoleon. He was “born to command.” Nor did he disappoint the auguries of his birth. Not to mention other and earlier martial achievements, he was, in 1814, attached to the command of General Jackson in the defence of Louisiana, and of New Orleans. He became one of the aids of that great chieftain, and was present with him on the night of December 22d, striking at, and repulsing almost the entire British forces while disembarking from their shipping and attempting to invade the main-land. The enemy were driven back. This prompt resistance on the part of the inconsiderable forces, which had yet reached Jackson’s standard, impressed Lord Packenham afterwards with extreme caution—taught him to respect the American commander—gave two weeks more time for the arrival of the Tennessee troops under General Carroll, and thus really secured the remarkable victory on the 8th January, 1815.

Having assisted in this night repulse of the enemy, Colonel Hayne, Jackson’s Adjutant General, had fuller opportunity to drill the militia, who were now daily arriving at New Orleans, and preparing for its defence. The American army was far inferior in numbers and in discipline to the British.—But the former had rifles in their hands—they had too the spirit to use them. The plains of Chalmette were at once occupied, as the theatre of the coming conflict. They soon became immortal.—Marigny’s house and garden were the head quarters of the American commander-in-chief.—

Jackson stood upon the veranda, glass in hand and overlooked the battle-field. The enemy's artillery shattered several of its columns. He kept his position unmoved and defiant, giving his orders through his aids-de-camp to the long line of batalions before him. The enemy was signally repulsed and hastily retreated. Jackson's vigilance was equal to his courage.—It was never at fault. His position commanded the view of his extreme left resting upon, or rather reaching to, the edge of the swamp. His eye detected the approach of what remained of the British army, evidently attempting to turn his left through the swamp. His plan was laid at once. He left the veranda—mounted his horse—called Colonel Hayne to his side and ordered him to go rapidly to General Coffee, “tell him to repair at once to the edge of the swamp where he will find me. By the Eternal God! we will leave our bones there or will keep the enemy from turning my left.” Hayne obeyed this order punctually and promptly. In all the pictures of this great battle, Hayne is seen with Coffee and his Tennessee dragoons galloping to the point indicated by their daring commander. The issue is well known and need not be here repeated.

By his courage and conduct in this memorable battle and victory, Colonel Hayne secured the confidence of the officers and soldiers engaged in them. General Jackson esteemed him highly—assigned him to further duties in Florida and elsewhere on the Gulf coast, and became his warm friend and patron. This cordiality was reciprocated by Colonel Hayne, who never allowed Jackson to be maligned, traduced, or misrepresented in his presence.

Colonel H. afterwards represented St. Michael's and St. Philip's Parishes, in the S. C. Legislature. While there, he was active in the support of his old commander, as

President of the United States.—During his administration, Colonel H. was appointed Minister to Naples, and acquitted himself well. Some time after his return to the United States, he was made Senator in Congress—a position previously held by his deceased brother, Governor Hayne.

When, in 1861, the fight took place in the harbor of Charleston, Colonel Hayne true to the motto of his State, “*animis opibusque parati*,” and animated with the true Palmetto spirit took the side of his native Carolina. When the city itself was threatened, though very feeble and old—perhaps an octogenarian—he mounted his horse as of old, rode through the streets urging all the citizens to repair to the wharf, and meet the invaders at the water's edge.

Colonel H. was a devout worshipper in St. Michael's, and when he was able to attend was seldom absent from his pew. He was a gentleman of the olden time and of the olden school, dignified, urbane, hospitable, chivalric and honorable, proud of his family—his State—his principles and his character. In many of his traits, he very much resembled General Jackson himself. Indeed in his admiration of that great man—that true patriot—that heroic chieftain, he was always enthusiastic—always ardent—always sincere. And it is not strange that as Jefferson and Adams died on the fourth of July, the anniversary of the Declaration of Independence, they had both been so active in making the natal day of their country—that Colonel Hayne too should fifty-two years after the victory of New Orleans—the 8th of January, 1867—bid adieu to time—to earth—to country—and to all below. The coincidence is at least remarkable. That day had been often celebrated publicly in Charleston. Its return had often excited the admiration and rekindled the enthusiasm and stimu-

lated the pride of his earlier years. ed to his fathers and taken home
 Enfeebled by age and its infirmi- to Heaven.
 ties, his enthusiasm may have be- I! Bone quo virtus tua te vocat. I! Re-
 come an ecstasy, and in this frame de fausto laturus grandia meritorum
 of mind he may have been gather- premia.

WINE ON THE LEES.

AN IDYL.

"Twelve years ago to-day;—how short it seems!
 And but that you have calendared the time
 Beyond disproof, I should affirm it less
 By half a dozen, since that English June
 Gave me my English Ethel as my wife.
 Do you remember how we wrangled, strove,
 Grew angry, and made up a score of times,
 Ere we could fix the memorable day—
 The golden pivot upon which should turn
 Our whole broad future?"

"Ah,—so like a man,
 To ask if I remember! Women's hearts
 Are not such waxen tablets as you fain:
 Love's stylus has, for her, a diamond point;
 And smoothe the plastic surface as she may,
 It cuts into the ivory beneath,
 And leaves its sharp, incisive characters
 Engraven there forever. Wiser man
 Gives Love a reed to write with; there's the difference."

"My inconclusive, sweet philosopher!
 Was it a reed I wrote with, when I marked
 Down in my book of life, that tenth of June?"

"Nay,—for the nonce, I lent my diamond point;
 Or rather, I insist it *was* a reed,
 But that the tablet was a woman's heart.
 Once cut your name upon a sapling's bark,
 And all the sweeping years of storm and shine,
 Will only greater it, until the scar
 Becomes exaggerate in its deepening growth:
 'Tis so with us ——"

"I do believe it, sweet!
 But memory cannot hold a mirror up
 More crystal clear to you,—reflecting back
 The precious nothings of that bridal morn,—
 Than now she does for me. I seemed to breathe
 An air so rarified, that every sense
 Was quickened; and how well I can recall

A lark's song, dropping from a higher height
 Than I had ever heard it : overmuch
 The hawthorn blooms oppressed me ; and I saw
 The bridal favors at your horses' ears,
 A long half mile off ——"

"If it comes to that,
 I saw you earlier—watched you take the rose,
 And then dismount at Thorncliff church, and knew
 The very moment when your eye first caught
 Sight of our carriages :—you paused to twine
 The hedge-rose in your button-hole."

"I did !
 —The one the beadle's child had offered me,
 With such 'a fair good morrow'—that I thought
 The omen fortunate, and so ——"

"You gave
 It me before your greeting, I remember :
 Prest 'twixt our wedding-cards, I have it yet,
 To show to Madge, when she is old enough—
 Sweet baby-Madge—my unblown English rose !"

"And I— you know the box of sandal-wood,
 That holds my dear, dead mother's tress of hair,
 And other precious things :—this golden key
 Here on my chain unlocks it :—Well,—beneath
 Those packages of lavender'd letters, tied
 With ribbon, fresh no longer,—labeled each,
 —'*To be destroyed unread, in case of death*'—
 I hide with jealous care, a torn, white glove.
 You may forget, that as we stood together,
 Within the quaint stone porch, one moment ere
 We walked the aisle in arm,—you strove to draw
 Your glove with tremulous fingers on your hand,
 And rent it piteously : a pretty passion
 It was to watch."

"Oh, aye,—I see it all !
 You, looking down from your supernal calm,
 On the poor hooded falcon at your wrist,
 For whom the gyves were ready !"

"Mock on so !
 I love to feel the flutter of your wings
 Under my hand,—full conscious all the while,
 That did I spread it wide, and bid you fly,
 I could not shake you from your chosen perch.
 Say that you would not, for the world, be free ;—
 Say that you would not leave this Southern home,
 Recross the Atlantic—blot these dozen years,
 And stand in your unclaimed and girlish grace,
 A maiden, in the Thorncliff porch again."

"No—no !—These years have dowered me with all
 The rich experiences of blessedness,

That round full womanhood. And resting thus,
 Islanded by these arms, I'm proud to feel
 I had so much to give—home, country, friends,
 And I, ungrudging, gave them all for—this.
 Yet youth is sweet ;—I was but twenty then—”

“Not half so sweet, nor tithe so beautiful
 As this matured, consummate thirty-two !
 No girl-like crudities to set the teeth
 On edge, upon occasion ; no light airs
 Of pretty vacillation, easy borne
 In patient faith, by lovers, which become
 Siroccos unto husbands : no false views
 Of life and all its serious loveliness :
 But something better far an hundred fold :
 The golden summer with the heart of spring—
 The fruit inclusive of the fragrant flower—
 The beaming noon-tide, fresh with morning dews !

But see ! The last pale fleck of amethyst
 Dies from our mountain peak : and now, ere Madge
 Comes clamoring for her nightly cradle-hymn,
 Or Harry with his puzzling paradigm,
 Begs me to help him with *amo-amare*—
 Run these dear fingers o'er the ivory keys,
 And sing the song I taught you yesterday.”

“Fill the jewel-crusted beaker !
 From the first-ripe vine,
 Gather grapes, ambrosia-fruited,
 And express their wine.

Honey'd, lucent, amber-tinted ;
 Could old Massic shine
 With a foam whose beaded opals
 Sunnier lights enshrine ?

When did laughing, gay Bacchante
 Fuller clusters twine
 Round the edges of a chalice ?
 Yet these lips of mine—

Sometimes crave a racier vintage—
 Sometimes dare to pine
 For that wondrous, witching essence,
 Rare and fair and fine ;

• Fraught with immemorial richness,
 Like a royal line,
 Such as ripening years can give it,
 Through their long decline.

Hence then,—young love's jewel'd beaker,
 With its fresh-prest wine !
 Keep it till it gather clearness—
 Till the lees refine :

Till each tinge of harshness mellows—
 Till all sweets combine
 To prepare my heart a potion
 That shall be divine."

MARGARET J. PRESTON.

PERFECT THROUGH SUFFERING.

BY FANNY DOWNING.

CHAPTER III.

PAIRED—NOT MATCHED.

So Camille went on her way ; building an altar in her heart for the unseen Loui ; and then placing upon it his image as painted by her girlish fancy, she fell down and worshipped it with the fervor of a Grecian priestess prostrating herself before the shrine of the Delphic Apollo.

While descanting upon the manifold perfections of her nephew, Mademoiselle had not failed to dilate with great emphasis upon one trait of such strength and fixedness as to color to some extent, his whole life. This was a distrust of woman, and an utter disbelief in her capacity for loving with real devotion and endurance.

Loui judged the sex by the light-headed, empty-hearted specimens, with whom he had been associated in the fashionable and highly artificial circles of society, in which his Paris life had been passed ; pursuing his investigations by means of such facilities for arriving at a proper knowledge of womanly character, as were afforded by the *Coulisses* of the Opera or the Green-room of La Mabilie.

From these infallible premises, he deduced the conviction that woman as depicted by poets, had no existence outside their enthusiastic imaginations, which painted her not as she is, but as she should be !

Joined to this belief, so his aunt averred, was an intense desire to prove himself mistaken and to become the fortunate finder of the treasure, the very possibility of whose existence, he derided. In which event, he was prepared to pour upon her an amount of devotion as full and perfect, as it is in man's nature to bestow.

Camille quickly comprehended the case, and considered the possession of an opinion so unfavorable to her sex, as an additional proof of the lofty intellect and superior acquirements of her hero, wondering in her simplicity, if earth really could contain a woman sufficiently good and beautiful to be the recipient of such a treasure, as the love of her magnificent cousin. This wonder deepened, when the cousin in question suddenly presented himself at Belle Espérance and more than

realized even her exalted ideal, while any doubt as to the existence of one sufficiently worthy to be honored with his love, was lost in a conviction that such was an impossibility.

Her amazement may be conceived, when a few days after his arrival, during which time Loui had ignored her existence, as completely as was consonant with his highly refined manners, Mademoiselle communicated the astounding fact that the express purpose of her nephew's visit was to solicit Camille to become his wife, which he did through her medium.

The girl's surprise was so great that it deprived her, at first, of all power to take in the reality of what was presented to her ear.

As soon as she regained her faculties, she burst into a passionate declaration of her own unworthiness, and the utter impossibility of her cousin being able to find in her anything to inspire love.

"I am ugly," she pleaded, "and so ignorant. How can he love me!—and he does not know me—he has seen me only three days."

"Love, little one," said Mademoiselle sententiously, "is a feeling not necessarily dependent upon months, or years of mutual acquaintance! Instances have occurred, in which one has learned to love another simply from representations made by a third party," and she looked full in the face of the young girl, who flushed crimson with detected guilt.

"My nephew" continued the old lady loftily, "is proud—he is reticent, and he will not stoop to convince a woman of his love.—Having once signified his desire to make you his wife, he will do no more than allow you to draw the conclusion such desire implies.—"Besides, little one," she continued, relapsing into her ordinary brisk cheeriness of manner, "why is it so wonderful that Loui should love thee? Thou art a quiet little body and wilt well perform the

duties of his wife—and then thou art a *La Fronde*! As to his not knowing thee, remember that I have corresponded with him most freely, and as I talked of him to thee, so have I written of thee to him. Cease thy scruples and let me say to thy cousin, that in thee he beholds his willing wife. What! silent still? Then I take that silence as consent. Go now, the affair is a thing settled!"

"Settled" it certainly was so far as Camille was concerned, and she became little more than an automaton in the hands of Mademoiselle, who directed her movements in accordance with the inclinations of her nephew.

The interest or pleasure of the latter required his immediate return to Paris; hence it was determined that the marriage should take place at once, so as to allow the young people an opportunity of taking passage in a steamship, which was to sail direct from New Orleans to Havre.

So it happened that Camille found herself, almost without the exercise of her own volition, the bride of her cousin, sitting silently in the fulness of her content, by his side, as they drove rapidly through the mist and rain of a winter morning.

Thanks to that rapid driving, they reached the rude landing just in time to hear the shrill whistle of the boat, as she rounded a small bluff and approached the wharf.

Having embarked, Loui seated Camille in the otherwise empty saloon, and then left her to pace the side deck and enjoy his cigar.

Having disposed of this luxury and finding the inclemency of the weather too great to be braved with comfort, he returned to the saloon of which Camille was still the only occupant, the earliness of the hour preventing the assemblage of the other passengers, and seated himself near her.

Apparently, his meditations had not been agreeable, and he seemed to be possessed of a restless, mocking spirit, which converted his indifferent, but elegant manner into one that was almost repulsive.

"Rather a gloomy commencement to a state of felicity, is it not, madame?" he said throwing himself back in his chair with a slight yawn. "However, if you are satisfied, so am I!"

She looked down at the flowers in the carpet at her feet, and then said very shyly. "I am more than satisfied—I am happy!"

"Happy!" he exclaimed disdainfully, and then laughed aloud. "Excuse my rudeness," he continued, so soon as he recovered his speech, "but it was unavoidable!" "The idea of your being able to extract anything like happiness from your present condition does seem so ludicrous, that I am not responsible for my mirth."

"Why should I not be happy?" she asked quickly, stung by something in his tone, then sinking her voice almost to a whisper she said. "Does not love make happiness?"

"Perhaps!"—was the reply with the most expressive of shrugs. "Never having experienced the passion, I am unable to pronounce upon its effects!"

The light smile, with which he looked at Camille as he said this, died away, when he met her gaze as forgetting her timidity and reserve, she looked him full in the face. Well might he be startled, for there was in her eyes an expression, which ill suited mirth, or levity, and which seemed to transform her into a new creature.

"You have never felt love?" she said slowly, "why then did you pretend to feel it? why am I here?"

"As to my pretending the feeling, permit me to remind you that I have never done so. For your being here—you are best fitted to answer that question!" and he

gave her a look, whose significance was more expressive than any words.

She grew very pale and her features worked convulsively, and then settled into a kind of rigid stoniness. For several seconds, she seemed to struggle with pride and with some stronger feeling, and at last she said in a voice, which showed that every word was wrung from her:

"Do you not love me?"

"My faith! a searching question"—he replied gaily, but was stopped by the sight of the white face raised to his as the girl gasped out. "The truth—the truth—do not deceive me!"

"I will not upon my honor!" he said touched, by the sight of her grief, "in the future I may learn to love you—for the present I do not!"

"Why then did you marry me?" burst from the indignant lips of the girl, as she rose and stood before him.

"Partly because it was expedient that I should marry,"—was the reply given in the tone of one, who feels compelled to answer, as if on oath. "Partly to gratify the cherished desire of my aunt, and partly because she assured me that it was necessary to"—here he stopped abruptly.

"Go on!" rang out a clear steel-like voice. "I command it."

"Preserve your happiness and your life!"

He stopped as if he expected to see her faint at his feet, or at least weep violently; she did neither.

"It is enough," she said quietly, and turning away she walked to an open window, and stood looking at the swollen waters of the river, as they whirled by in headlong impetuosity.

For the first time in her young life, Camille thought, and the bounding, tumultuous river beneath her was a fitting type of the wild rush of perceptions and emotions, which swept through her

girlish heart, bearing every thing before their resistless current.

Sorrow sometimes does its work even more quickly than joy. Undine gained a soul by the transforming power of a few hours of happiness; moments of misery less in number effected the same change in Camille!

When she arose on the eventful morning of her marriage, she was a child in all except years, knowing no guide but her undisciplined fancy, no governing principle, but the momentary impulses by which she might be actuated.

By the process of a mental growth, more rapid than the vegetable one of that vine so inordinately prized by the Jewish Prophet, Camille had shot up into a woman, with a woman's quickness of intuition, readiness of decision, and promptness in action.

During the half hour, in which she stood at the window, she lived through an ordinary life time, in the varying emotions by which she was possessed. Faculties, hitherto so dormant that she had not so much as suspected their existence, sprang into being so suddenly that it would have filled her with surprise, had she been sufficiently calm to take notice of any thing so purely philosophical. As it was, she seized her new intellectual possessions as tools, by which she might carry into execution a plan suddenly conceived and matured, and which was the product of the storm of humiliation and sorrow that had just swept over her.—Some natures would have been stunned into a passive endurance of their misery by its very suddenness and force; but Camille, young and ignorant as she was, possessed a mind of no ordinary compass.—Consequently, so far from paralyzing her, the suffering she endured had the effect of rousing all her powers to their greatest possible activity, and enduing her with quickness and capacity for action,

of which in her normal condition she had been utterly devoid.

A bell, ringing shrilly through the boat, summoned the passengers to breakfast, and the hasty opening of state-room doors and the hurried egress of their occupants, announced how gladly the call was obeyed.

Loui approached Camille with the hesitancy of one, who anticipates a scornful refusal to his unspoken request. But to his surprise and great relief, she turned towards him and walked down the steps, which led to the breakfast-room as quietly, as if no word of unpleasant conversation had passed between them, though she either did not, or would not, perceive his offered arm.

Such is the perversity of human nature, that Loui, even while benefited by its effects, blamed his wife for taking the very course, he had secretly hoped she would adopt.

True, by so doing she saved him from much awkwardness of feeling, and prevented the recurrence of those scenes, which in common with the rest of his sex, he so cordially disliked, but at the same time, her conduct afforded conclusive proof that Camille was a tame, apathetic creature, totally devoid of feeling and spirit.

Very little effort at conversation was made during the scarcely tasted meal, and none in the hour which passed until the appearance of the beautiful Crescent City afforded the prospect of a pleasant release from the confinement of the steamboat. Upon enquiring the precise day on which the French steamer was to sail, Loui was told that, owing to the completion of her arrangements in a shorter time than was originally expected, she would sail that morning; and that he had barely time to reach her.

However, by a liberal application of that universal "open sesame," the oil of palms, he succeeded in imparting so much ac-

tivity to those, whose assistance he required, that he managed to reach the steamer in ample time to perfect all his arrangements for the voyage.

As it was highly important that he should see his factor and obtain from him an addition to his supply of money, Loui informed Camille of the fact, and asked if she objected to remaining on the steamer until his return.

She replied with a quiet negative, and as in leaving her, he inclined his head with the grace, which seemed his natural possession, and invested even his slightest action with a peculiar beauty, he was struck by the singular look, which met him. So peculiar, indeed, was the look and so attractive, that as he walked away he was impelled by an irresistible impulse to turn around and look at Camille again. She had risen and with her head eagerly thrown forward, was looking at him with a strained fixedness, that was unaccountable. Her bonnet had fallen back and her black hair hung in picturesque confusion around her face. Her unearthly paleness had given place to a vivid crimson, and in her large black eyes intently fastened upon the retreating form of her husband, there was an expression of almost unearthly sadness and yearning love, the emanations of her new found soul, which lit them up with a dazzling brilliancy, and made them more than beautiful.

A strange sensation shot through Loui's heart, vague, half-formed, but wholly agreeable.—“Suppose after all,” he thought, “I learn to love her. If she will look all the time as she does now, by Jove, the lesson will not be very difficult!”

He quitted the steamer, rode rapidly to his destination, transacted his business and hastened back to look again at the large, liquid eyes, which had been present to his thoughts in all the time

that had elapsed since he had left them.

He was not at all too soon; finding Camille was not in the saloon, he enquired her whereabouts from the polite stewardess and was told, madame had retired to her state-room and was still there. Scarcely was this done, when the bell rung warning all persons not booked for the voyage, to leave the steamer, and shortly afterwards she left her moorings and glided off on her distant journey.

Loui, spoiled child as he was, and totally unaccustomed to have his desires frustrated, was provoked to find Camille absent at the only time he had ever desired her presence, and the disappointment rendered him all the more anxious for her appearance. She, however, preferred the seclusion of her state-room. So after examining the pictures hung around the handsome saloon, taking a casual glance at his companions, and then turning to the only reading matter at hand, consisting of the daily papers, guides to travelers, &c., &c., he threw himself on a sofa and abandoned himself to the unsubstantial, but agreeable business of castle building. He completed one of stately proportions within the precincts of that city, whose delights are so highly estimated by the inhabitants of France that their openly expressed belief is that when a good Frenchman dies he goes to—Paris! In this charming abode he reigned as sovereign lord, not the least of his enjoyments being found in the adoring service of a little creature, who certainly owned the most beautiful eyes in the world!

Under the tranquillising effects of his airy employment, Loui's handsome head dropped back on the crimson sofa and rested there in a light sleep. So attractive was it and its owner that a hybrid specimen of the human family, large in form, and bony in figure, who, in capacity of a school marm, had

left the mountains of ——— on a mission of love to the down trodden little black darlings of New Orleans, and was now on her way to Nassau, stopped in front of him and openly expressed her desire to examine it phrenologically.

He was saved such a misfortune by the loud ringing of the dinner bell, and woke to find himself sufficiently hungry to anticipate the act of dining with a most pleasurable feeling. He waited with exemplary patience for Camille, until the last passenger had left the saloon, and as she still lingered, he approached the door of her state-room, which was partially open, and knocked softly on it.

No reply, and after a short interval, he knocked again; still a silence, and convinced that Camille was sleeping, Loui called to her, and then, hesitating for a moment, pushed open the door and entered the room. "I wonder how her eyes will look when she first opens them!" was his mental feeling, as he advanced to the pretty little bed, which, with its tasteful white draperies falling over it, was fastened to the side of the wall.

With more emotion than he could have believed possible, Loui bent down, drew aside the curtains and looked in. The place was empty!

TO BE CONTINUED.

"SIC SEMPER TYRANNIS."

I.

"*Sic Semper Tyrannis.*"—On the ears of the brave
Fall the words of our motto like sounds from the grave;
Like sounds from the grave, where the cherish'd are laid,
Or the death of her lover on the heart of a maid.

II.

Oh! Mother—fond Mother! thou'rt bleeding and torn,
And the Jacobins laugh at thy weakness in scorn;
Yet still there is left us the choice from on High,
Not as Erin to live—but Virginia to die.

III.

Then cherish'd Virginia, we bid thee farewell!
'Tis the seal of our doom and our Liberty's knell:
But still may we cherish thy Heaven-born fame,
And honor Virginia—though 'tis but a name.

IV.

"*Sic Semper Tyrannis.*"—We'll *whisper* it now,
Lest the mock'ry we speak bring a blush to our brow,
For the pride of our sires, in Virginians is dead;
The shadow is left—but the substance has fled.

Newbern, Virginia.

THE LAST OF THE CRUSADERS.*

Notwithstanding this fair outside, Don John detested the Netherlands most heartily; and naturally, he was little loved or trusted in return. He felt that Orange and not he was the master spirit in this land. Even outside his own provinces of Holland and Zeeland, the influence of the Prince was unbounded. "There is but one man in the country," wrote Don John to the King, "and he is called the Prince of Orange.—His name is as much loved and respected as that of your Majesty is hated." Again and again he urges upon Philip his recall.—"An old woman with her distaff," he reports, "would be fitter to govern this people than a man, seeing that if they had their way, all that remained for the Governor to do would be to sign such papers as were put before him.—In fact, Don John had come to the Netherlands with but one purpose, to win a kingly crown for himself by the conquest of England and Scotland. Since this scheme had failed, in the language of his Secretary, the celebrated and ill-starred Escovedo, "all was weariness and death." Hidden for centuries in the archives of Simancas, and only lately revealed to the researches of historians, the correspondence of this man, Don John's intimate friend and adviser as well as private Secretary, with Antonio Perez, Philip's Secretary of State, forms at this epoch a most curious and instructive study. It is sufficiently evident, from the tenor of Escovedo's letters, that, however much Don John may have been absorbed in his own scheme of ambition, he contemplated no treason against his brother. He had served him on more than one occasion faithfully and well, and if he had aspired to an independent throne, he had not failed to seek Philip's sanction and aid. But for such a monarch to suspect that his own interests could be postponed, for whatever reasons, to the ambitious schemes of a servant, was to convict the offender at once of an unpardonable crime. His vengeance was not the less deadly, that it was slow and secret. To paint a character in colors all dark or bright is the sure mark of an inferior artist. Men are not angels nor demons. Yet as there are a few characters in history, whose virtues seem almost unmarred by any spot or blemish, so there are some apparently worthy of almost unmitigated abhorrence. To the latter belongs the character of Philip of Spain. Whatsoever things are base, whatsoever things are intolerant, whatsoever things are treacherous, if there be any meanness or if there be any cruelty, he seems to have measured its height and its depth. Berghen and Montigny, Horn and Egmont, slept in their bloody graves, done to death secretly or openly by his command. The wailings of murdered children, the shrieks of violated women, the graves of men burned, beheaded, torn by wild horses, gnawed by rats—all rose up to Heaven in witness against him. His own son, the unhappy Carlos, had found an early grave, not without the darkest suspicions of foul play, on the part of his unnatural father. His brother yet remained; but the disguised and deadly suspicion, which had proved fatal to so many had already marked him out for destruction. It is pitiable to read the letters of Don John and his secretary to the Spanish Court at

* Continued from page .

this time. Believing him to be their fast friend, both wrote in all confidence to Perez, unfolding the purposes and schemes of Don John and giving free expressions to their disgust at "the hell," in which they found themselves, in this nation "of drunkards and wine-skins." Perez's replies to these confidential letters were written apparently in all friendship and honor. He professed to enter heartily into Don John's plans of advancing himself, and to sympathize in his disgust at his present situation. As to his purpose to leave the Netherlands, at all costs, which Don John had more than once hinted at, he cautioned him to let Philip have no inkling of the matter; "for," continued he "it would never do to let our man see that we desire it, for then we should never succeed. The only way to conquer him is to make him think that things are going on as *he wishes* not as his Highness desires." It is needless to say that all these replies, together with the letters themselves of Don John and his secretary, were every one submitted to the perusal of Philip. The originals are still in existence marked with the tyrant's treacherous and tautological comments. It would be wonderful indeed, if, in such a correspondence, occasional expressions should not have occurred, which the ingenious suspicions of Philip could torture into "confirmation strong as proof of Holy Writ," of treasonable designs on the part of his brother. As part of the sequel to this correspondence, and before following further the fortunes of Don John in the Netherlands, it may be well to anticipate a little to tell in a few words the fate of Escovedo.—A few months after this time, he returned to Spain with a view to further his master's interests at Court. For those who know anything of the character of Philip the Second, it is scarcely necessary to add that he never left it again.

More than one Emissary from the Netherlands had already trod the same dark path to that fatal Court, which, like the lion's den, showed many footsteps turned thither, "*sed nulla vestigia retrorsum.*"—Soon after his return, Escovedo was murdered in the streets by six assassins in the pay and under the protection of his Most Catholic Majesty. The charge against him was complicity in an alleged plot of his master to hurl Philip from his throne. One would imagine that an excuse for murder, less absurd at least might have been concocted.

Meanwhile events in the Netherlands were tending fast to an open rupture. It has been already stated that Holland and Zealand had refused to join their sister Provinces in acceding to the terms of the "Perpetual Edict." The population of these latter was for the most part Roman Catholic, and they had therefore but little difficulty in subscribing to that article of the treaty, which provided for the supremacy of the religion of their choice. On the other hand, toleration in matters of religious opinion was the one great principle, for which the inhabitants of Holland and Zealand had so long and pertinaciously contended. As they had refused, at the sword's point, to surrender this principle, so they refused to surrender it to the blandishments and promises of Don John. The opinion and advice of Orange was the chart by which they steered; and the skillful pilot who had guided the bark safely when the storm blew loudest, was too wary, now that the winds had lulled, to run upon the hidden rock.—Orange, in fact, from the beginning meant war; and he so meant because he saw a safe and honorable peace to be impossible. After his acknowledgment as Governor, however, Don John and the emissaries of the "pacified" provinces made one more attempt to

avoid the inevitable issue, by coming to an understanding with the Prince. It ended as all previous attempts with a like object had ended. The envoys made a categorical demand upon Orange whether the Provinces he represented would be satisfied, touching the great issue in dispute between them, with the decision of the States-General upon the point. The reply was in the negative, and the parties separated having accomplished nothing more than taking the measure of each other's claims. Negotiations between Don John and his antagonist were now fairly at an end, and the issue remained to be decided by the sword. But the conqueror of Grenada and Lepanto had no longer at his command the trained veterans, with whom he had won his earliest and brightest laurels. The Spanish troops were gone and the German mercenaries, who remained in the Low Countries, formed no more than the nucleus of an army. He might easily have supplied his deficiency in men and materials, if all the provinces that had acknowledged him as Governor had given him a hearty and unanimous support. But, in fact, even outside of his own States there was a large party, who wished well to the Prince of Orange.—Still another party, the nobles, though holding aloof, with the pride of their order, from the common herd, hated the Spanish rule with a perfect hatred. A third party, "Johannists" as they were called, formed the only portion of the population to which the Governor could look for a cordial support. In his very Capital, he felt insecure. Mysterious warnings began to reach him of a design to assassinate him, or to seize upon his person as a hostage. Filled with alarm at these intimations, and seeing himself without even a sufficient body guard to protect him against treasonable designs, he suddenly broke up his establish-

ment at Brussels and removed to Mechlin. Still the solemn warnings followed him of plots set on foot, at the instigation of the ubiquitous Orange to deprive him of his liberty. Abruptly quitting Mechlin, he once more took refuge in the strong fortress of Namur; famous enough in these early times and still more so in the wars of Louis le Grand and his renowned, engineer, Vauban. He was not without a plausible pretext for this second change of residence. Under the pretence of seeking to benefit a health as perfect as her beauty, the fair Margaret of Valois was at this time flying from a husband she hated, to drink the waters of Spa. Her route lay through Namur, and gallantry required that the Governor should meet his lovely visitor on her way through his dominions. The Queen's reception by her youthful adorer was of regal splendor and magnificence. On the second afternoon of her two days stay in Namur, a festival was arranged for her entertainment on an island in the river.—The glancing waters of the Meuse were all alive that day with the fleet of gaily scarfed and painted vessels, which bore the brilliant company to their destination, and the air was vocal with the mellow strains from a hundred bands of music. Margaret herself reclined in a gilded barge shaded with a richly embroidered canopy. The scene strikingly suggests the gorgeous description of the poet—

"The barge she sat in, like a burnished throne
Burned on the water.

For her own person
It beggar'd all description: She did lie
In her pavilion (cloth of gold, of tissue,)
O'erpicturing that Venus, where we see
The fancy outwork nature."

A fairer and a falser Queen than
"Egypt" now smiled upon the
hero, who had triumphed—not
lost the world—beneath the

heights of Actium. He did not know that he saw in the lovely form and face before him, but an enemy the more dangerous in that the charms and fascinations, *he* found so irresistible, were as lavishly exerted to corrupt the fidelity

of his subordinates. We can feel no sympathy with the cause he represented, but we can find it in our hearts to pity the fiery and impulsive hero thus surrounded with open enemies and false friends.

TO BE CONTINUED.

HUMORS OF THE MORGAN RAID INTO INDIANA AND OHIO.

When dangers have passed, beyond the possibility of a return, it is pleasant to sit in one's security and look back at the ludicrous that was associated with them, if any there was; and in cases of great dangers, it is rarely otherwise.

Such is my condition now, with reference to the great raid into Indiana and Ohio made by General John Morgan and his forces in 1863.

At the time the movement commenced, I was stopping at the little town of Leavenworth, on the Indiana side of the Ohio river, sixty miles below Louisville. The steamer *Lady Pike* brought us the first intelligence of it, to the effect that as she came down General Morgan with twenty thousand well-drilled men and lots of artillery, was at Brandenburg, Ky., some twenty miles above, and having already captured two steamers, would soon be ferried over to the Indiana side.

Excitement and confusion immediately reigned in the goodly and loyal village of Leavenworth. A "home guard" entitled, I believe, the "Hoosier Hawk-eyes," was in lively existence there, and their captain, who

—"was as brave a lad,
As e'er commission bore,"

assembled them at once, some fifty in number, seized the *Lady Pike*, and began immediately to make active preparations for war.

Among his first acts was to "conscript" some eight or ten persons into the service, who were strangers in town, and consequently, doubtful characters. Your humble writer formed one among that unfortunate few.

All this having been fixed to the satisfaction of the commander, we were placed on board the little steamer, armed with guns of various styles and patterns, and provided with an effective piece of artillery—a signal gun some eighteen inches long that had been taken, I believe, by a Federal officer below, and sent up as a Christmas gift to one of his friends at Leavenworth.

"Now," said our captain in a loud voice to the master of the boat (I remember his precise words as well as if they were of but yesterday) "Now, put all steam on—don't be afraid of the biler—land us right at the Brandenburg wharf, even though hell-fire should be raining from the top of the hill."

An hour or two for reflection caused the ardor of our captain to cool down a little, and fit him for yielding to the teachings of the old adage, that discretion is the better part of valor; so he concluded to forego the pleasure of storming Morgan at once, and accordingly ordered the boat to land us on the Indiana shore, two miles below the town.

A heavy fog favored us when we landed, and continued to favor us until we had "wearily" dragged our little gun along up the shore and planted it immediately opposite Brandenburg, with a view to preventing the "enemy's" crossing, or something else, we hardly knew what—anyhow, with hostile intentions on our part.

General Morgan knew nothing of our proximity, and so we had everything to our liking in the way of selecting our position, &c., uninterrupted. We selected it with great care, planting our gun immediately in front, and right against a little log stable—why, I never could tell, unless it was a deeply drawn plan of the officers to the effect that they would be able to see the enemy better from *behind* the stable, while the men were fighting in *front* of it. Perhaps, they selected the stable to act as a barrier between them and the prospective smoke of our gun, in order that the said smoke might not interfere with their plannings, or soil their clothes and thus render their attire unsuitable for the reception of so great a guerilla chief as John Morgan, when he should surrender to them.

All ready, and we waited patiently for the fog to clear off, in order that we might commence the attack.

At length the fog lifted, but all appeared quiet in Kentucky; no hostile forces were to be seen; in fact no one seemed to be astir in Brandenburg. True the steamers John T. McCombs and Alice Dean lay at the wharf, but whether really in the hands of the enemy or not, was more than we could tell.

We waited an hour or more after the fog had cleared up, and yet no rebels were to be seen; so we began to doubt. The whole thing looked like a sell, and had the Lady Pike been within range at that time, I verily believe we would have turned our cannon loose upon

her, so angry were we about to become, and so great was our disappointment at not being able to immortalize ourselves by whipping Morgan and his ten or twelve thousand veterans.

Just then, something was seen to move on the hill at Brandenburg. It was a man. He was running. It might be one of Morgan's hirelings—it might be a citizen. But he was running—what right had a citizen to run? There was evidently something wrong, so we concluded to venture a shot any way, and we ventured it. Up went our blue wreath of smoke, and from hill to hill reverberated the report of our little gun, and the man disappeared over the declivity beyond!—not dead, as we had every reason to believe, but merely missing.

Our patriotic bosoms swelled with emotion at the noble work which we had done—cleared the entire field at one shot.

But presently another object was seen to move on the hill; and then another; and then another, and another until quite a little squad was there. They were men, evidently, but what they meant we could not make out, for they did not seem to be merely looking at our formidable array, but rather to be dancing about like Indians. Perhaps it was the rebel war-dance—all had heard rebels spoken of as the lowest grade of savages, yet few of us had ever seen any of them, therefore it might be their mode of signaling defiance to their enemies, and then again it might not. None among us had copies of the *New York Tribune*, or other radical prints, to which we might refer for information as to whether rebels indulged in war-dances or not, and hence the spectacle before us had to remain an unsolved mystery. But be it what it might we could soon spoil the sport, if sport it was. Possibly it was a *posse* of citizens beckoning us to desist, but how were we to know

so far away, and we without a glass ?

So we loaded our gun as soon as possible and let fly another shot !

Contrary to our expectations, they did not run over the hill as the first man had done, but like a swarm of gnats when a boy has thrown a stone through their circle, they remained and continued to dance about even the more merrily.

This was inexplicable ; but we proceeded to load up for a third shot, when presently and all of a sudden a new object appeared on the hill—a batch of thick blue smoke about the size of a haystack leaped up from the ground ; and then over our heads and unpleasantly near howled a great shot, followed closely by a report which fairly made the old Ohio tremble from shore to shore !

And the mystery was solved.—Morgan was actually about there ! and what we had mistaken for a mysterious kind of war-dance, was simply the movements of his men

engaged in planting one of his big guns for our especial benefit.

Long before we had recovered from our astonishment, a second haystack of blue smoke appeared on the hill, but this time no ball was heard to howl above our heads—on the contrary the old stable behind our backs flew into a mass of fragments and came rattling and hissing about our ears !

And, “get out of the wilderness” was the tune to which we immediately marched ; or, in other words if G. P. R. James had been near, he would not have seen a “solitary horseman,” but might have seen that particular branch of the “Indiana Legion” suddenly commence bobbing towards the distant hills, with “nary” a little cannon along with them.—And from secure retreats, they might finally have been seen looking down with supreme contempt, upon a small squad of Gen. Morgan’s men, as they slowly dragged the brave little gun away. And Gen. Morgan crossed the river.

LIUTENANT GENERAL STEPHEN D. LEE.*

We have thus given in substance, all the material points in his career—we believe with accuracy, but without dates in many cases, and we have done it minutely—because, we feel that Lee’s activity, the universality of his service, and the completeness of his identification with the Confederate struggle throughout the Eastern Department, will enable an uninformed reader to estimate the singular earnestness, probity, and ability of the man—better than isolated instances, and a critique on character alone would have done. It will at once be seen, that at

about 28 years of age, he became a Captain in the Southern Army, and rose with unprecedented rapidity through every grade of office, to the highest rank in the gift of the country ; that in each and every position, he not only sustained previous character, but added largely to it, and that from every officer under whom he served, he received warm commendations for skill and gallantry.—From the 13th April, 1861, to the 26th April, 1865, he was in active service—beginning a Captain, and ending a Lieutenant General.—Few officers filled so large a space during this eventful conflict—and none emerged from it with a more

* Continued from page 329.

unblemished record. He was the youngest officer of his rank in the army.

But there were occasions when his conduct was so conspicuous, as to call for detailed notice. Three such occasions we have mentioned briefly, and now refer to them again, to wit: 2d Manassas, 29th and 30th August, 1862; Chickasaw Bayou, in the winter of 1862-3; and Harrisburg, in July, 1864.

SECOND MANASSAS.—Here it was that young Lee, then Colonel of artillery, won his large and most merited fame. Stonewall Jackson, in obedience to the orders of General Lee, had separated himself from the balance of the army, to destroy the supplies of the enemy, away from their base, and collected in vast amount and stored at the Junction four miles to the north of Bristoe. This he had accomplished most successfully, feeding and supplying his army, and destroying the remainder; besides securing a position, between the enemy and his capital, Washington City. Yet there he was, with his own corps, and a division of A. P. Hill, far away from his own friends, and confronted by the massed force of the Federal Army. He could do but one of two things, rejoin his friends and leave Pope unmolested as before, except in the destruction of his stores; or he could stand at bay with his 18,000 men, until his friends, Longstreet's corps, could come up from Thoroughfare Gap. With his usual tenacity and will, he determined to carry out, if possible, the original and brilliant plan of operations, stand at bay, and prevent Pope's retreat.—Without going into a report of this great battle—it will be sufficient to give the position of the forces, when General Longstreet came up. Jackson's corps and the division of Hill, fronted rather towards the Warrenton road, his left resting on the Sudley road to the Junc-

tion. Between his extreme right wing, and the extreme left wing of Longstreet there was an open space, a commanding ridge, which was occupied by the artillery, eight batteries, commanded by Colonel Lee,—the two corps forming an obtuse angle shaped as a V. In this position, General R. E. Lee determined to remain, and receive the assault of the enemy,—the previous fighting had only given him greater confidence, and buoyed the men to a point of enthusiasm. The enemy finding our Generals could not be drawn from their positions, massed three heavy lines of infantry, and moved at a double quick against our centre. From Dabney's life of Jackson we quote as follows: "Colonel Lee had opened upon them with all his war dogs at once, and the writer of these lines, has never during his whole experience, witnessed such handling of artillery. The fiery storm was directed with astonishing accuracy, and the brigades which were led to the charge were almost annihilated by the shot and shell which burst before, behind, above, to the right, to the left, raking and tearing them to pieces. They were swept away before this horrible fire, like leaves in the wind, and disappeared, broken and flying in the woods—to be immediately succeeded, however, by another brigade, charging as before. Again the iron storm crashed through their ranks, and again they broke and ran.—A third force, heavier than before, now advanced with mad rapidity, and in the midst of the awful fire of our batteries, threw themselves upon Jackson, and engaged him with desperation." "Personne," one of the most graphic and reliable writers of the day said: "As the fight progressed, Lee moved his batteries to the left, until reaching a position, only four hundred yards distant from the enemy's lines, he opened again. The spectacle was now magnifi-

cent. As shell after shell burst in the wavering ranks, and round shot ploughed broad gaps among them, you could distinctly see through the rifts of smoke, the Federal soldiers flying and falling on every side. With the explosion of every bomb, it seemed as if scores dropped dead, or writhed in agony upon the field. Some were crawling upon their hands and knees, some were piled up together, and some were scattered around in every attitude that imagination can conceive." Dabney's life of Jackson again says, "Gradually as the fierce struggle progressed, the sides of the open V. which our order of battle resembled, closed upon the flanks of the enemy. Col. Lee's artillery, still continued to play with destructive effect upon their front, and the batteries were regularly advanced from position to position, raking from every hillock, with a merciless storm of shot and shell." Another writer says—"suddenly at 4 p. m., regiment after regiment of infantry, were thrown out of the woods, upon our left, and advanced in very good order for the purpose of driving out our pickets, and taking our batteries on the left flank. In an instant, Col. Lee, always cool and self possessed, ordered every howitzer to the left, and then such a blaze of artillery as I never heard. The guns from the nature of the ground were very close together, and it was almost impossible to distinguish the discharge of the guns in your own, from those in other batteries. It was clear that the next thirty minutes would determine the fate of our batteries. At the same time, the enemy made his infantry advance, he commenced a most furious cannonnading. No sound was heard for two hours, but the roar of cannon and the bursting of shells.

* * * * * The shells burst above, around, beneath us. Every man is at his post—no talking—

no ducking of heads now. All intense, silent earnestness. It was an hour big with every man's history. It was a struggle for life.—The face of every man was flushed, his eye full, his arm stronger than was wont. It seemed that the very heavens were in a blaze, or like two angry clouds, surcharged with electricity, and wafted by opposing winds had met in terrific battle. Presently the yankee columns begin to break, and men fell out to the rear. The retreating numbers greatly increase, and presently the great mass, without line or form, now moves back, like a great multitude, without guide or leader. From a slow steady walk, the great mass or many parts of it, move at a run, and our eyes tell us the victory is won. Then did many a man say deep down in his heart, with flushed face and filling eyes, '*Thank God.*' * * * Now the scene changes. Our infantry pours down from right and left, and our guns cease lest we should kill our own men. The guns of the enemy, however blaze the faster, as if in a fit of desperation.—On our right, Longstreet, whose name is a terror to the enemy, closes upon them, and the hills on the right roar with musketry.—The battle gradually recedes, slowly, like a great storm on a summer's day."

At no time was the enemy over 800 yards distant, and frequently as near as 150 yards. Stephen Lee's conduct here was grand and immortal—it was the admiration of the army and the country; and the day after the battle, Robert E. Lee in person, thanked him, taking his hand and saying, "I want to thank you for what you did yesterday—you did good work."—There was nothing like this amazing steadfastness of Lee's artillery—unmoved and immovable—it was the only key to victory.—It stood as one of the most notable features in nature—the great bat-

tlements of rocks near the Giant's Causeway on the north coast of Ireland. The waves of old Ocean, wonderful emblem of the Eternal, rush against these battlements, reposing in strength far greater than their own. They are resisted and resisted and resisted—broken—scattered—beaten back again and again and again—but to return to the charge, with the whole mass of waters, with greater fury than before. Yet those rocks stand against ocean and winds and tempest, in all their proud and daring power, sullen monuments of endurance.

President Davis, in his Jackson speech, December, 1862, said of him; "For the defence of Vicksburg, I selected one from the Army of the Potomac, of whom it is but faint praise to say, he has no superior. He was sent to Virginia, at the beginning of the war, with a little battery of three guns. With these, he fought the yankee gun-boats, drove them off, and stripped them of their terrors.—He was promoted for distinguished services on various fields. He was finally made a Colonel of cavalry, and I have reason to believe that at the last great conflict on the field of Manassa, he served to turn the tide of battle and consummate the victory. On succeeding fields, he has won equal distinction. Though yet young, he has fought more battles, than many officers, who have lived to an advanced age, and died in their beds. I have therefore sent Lee to take charge of the defences of Vicksburg."

On another occasion Mr. Davis said of him—"I have tried him in cavalry, in artillery, in infantry, and have found him equally distinguished in all."

CHICKASAW BAYOU.—General Lee had at this time, command of a Louisiana and a Mississippi brigade of infantry, and was given in special charge of the line extend-

ing from Vicksburg to Snyder's Bluffs, a distance of 12 miles—together with the artillery at the latter point, for blockading purposes on the Yazoo river. At this juncture, Sherman appeared before the city. Lee's command did not exceed 3500 men, exclusive of the heavy batteries. Sherman disembarked his army at the mouth of Chickasaw Bayou, on the Yazoo, five miles from Vicksburg, and commenced pushing towards the city, and the road leading from the city, to Snyder's Bluffs (two and a half miles). Lee held the enemy in check for an entire day, which enabled him to throw up a few rifle pits at the Bluffs to shelter his small command, covering this front of twelve miles. The enemy seeing the small force in front of him, determined on an assault, and making considerable display, moved across Chickasaw Bayou, gallantly to the attack; Blair's division in advance. The assaulting column was met with such a severe fire, that it was repulsed with a loss of 400 dead and wounded on the field, 400 prisoners, and several stand of colors. General Lee did not have more than 1000 men at the point where the attack was made. The repulse was so severe, that Sherman abandoned taking Vicksburg by that route, reëmbarked his troops, and left Yazoo river.—Much credit was given Lee for his management and conduct in this affair, the only attack of consequence made on his front, and where he had personally prepared for them. Such results speak for themselves.

HARRISBURG.—At this place, he was in command, as department commander, of 6000 cavalry and several batteries, belonging to Gen. Forrest's division, who was likewise on the field,—against a force of 18,000 infantry, cavalry and artillery, under Major General A. J. Smith—a superior officer.

It was the best officered, armed and equipped force the Federals had yet sent into this department, and equal to any of their forces—for A. J. Smith's was a veteran command. General Lee rapidly concentrated what available force he had, and knowing that if he should show his weakness, he would be lost, he attacked General Smith near Pontotoc, and on the march from Pontotoc to Tupelo. At Harrisburg, he attacked him with great boldness, such that on the following day General Smith retreated hastily towards Memphis, and was pursued and harassed in his retreat by the cavalry under Brigadier General Chalmers. Nothing but this Jacksonian boldness and tenacity saved the rich prairie country, and its vast stores of provisions from utter destruction—and what was that destruction? Certainly, not simply the subsistence supplies of Stephen D. Lee and his forces, and the inhabitants of the country—great as that object would have been,—but it was the exhaustless and only granary, from which Robert E. Lee and Joseph E. Johnston drew all their stores, and without which their armies would have starved. It was one of the severest battles of the war; the enemy occupied Harrisburg, three miles from Tupelo, and had thrown up breastworks hastily, but affording great protection—for the Confederate forces had to assail them for many hundreds of yards, through a level plain. Yet it had to be done—there was no escaping it—delay was ruin. If he had not fought, Smith without a battle, would have accomplished that, which only a victorious battle could give him,—and the only chance for the Confederates was victory then and there, with a command then confident. The result proved the wisdom of the policy. The loss was great, and unusually large for cavalry, because we were engaged with veteran infantry,

and the assailant, under disadvantages; and this loss carried many a pang to the hearts of Kentucky and Missouri and Mississippi and Tennessee—yet it saved the army and the country. It was splendid, and the more it is examined, and the better it is understood, the plainer will Lee's wisdom appear. At the time, neither the army, nor the country did him justice; but complaints were loud, long and deep. Forrest had just won his great victory at Tishomingo Creek, and completely routed the enemy. The army and the country looked for like results, and were unprepared for anything less. But when an enemy of 18,000 men, fights three days with a force of 6000 men, and then hastily retreats, hotly pursued and harassed, what is the conclusion drawn? A victory by all means. The success of A. J. Smith, would have been the downfall, then and there, of the Confederate cause from Virginia to the Gulf of Mexico, and the Mississippi river. Lee braved the brave opportunity and won.—If the cross was wanting, where would be the crown? If there were no struggle, where would be the victory? If no victory, where would be the reward? Our heroic army bore the cross, the country wore the crown.

"He is not worthy of the honey comb
That shuns the hive, because the bees
have stings."

General Lee had a filial regard for Robert E. Lee—under whom he had served with such distinction, and from whom he had received great kindness. He studied him—emulated him, with modest, persevering effort. He was magnanimous and just. When he was promoted Lieutenant General after the battle of Tishomingo creek, he telegraphed the fact to Forrest, saying, "I wish, General, you had received it, it is more your due than mine." Occasionally, he committed oversights in

administration—one was severely felt by Forrest's whole command—we allude to the battle of Harrisburg. In his report of that engagement, after mentioning those officers and commands, who distinguished themselves, he entirely omitted the name of Col. Robert McCulloch then (and since 1862) a brigade commander, and who was dangerously wounded, in the latter part of the fight at Town Fork, and at the same time Forrest himself was wounded. This, like others of which we have heard mention, was but an oversight—without the shadow of intention, as we believe.

The conversation of military men of sense and experience is more than agreeable—it is racy—piquant—vigorous. Habits of close observation, terseness of thought and language, and the varying fullness of incident, with an air of freedom in description of that which they have seen, makes the company of such men peculiarly attractive. Their mode is so different from the generally methodistical style of other men. Who that has heard them, does not remember his enjoyment in listening to General Humphrey Marshall, Colonel Wm. H. Bissell, and General Roger W. Hanson, and such men when retailing their recollections of the Mexican war? It was fascinating. Lee had a modesty and reserve belonging to neither of these, but when drawn out, as he occasionally was, much of the same vigor, interest, and *jeu d'esprit* were manifested.

His aggregate character is one which always will excite admiration. He had a clear intellect—quick and active—a robust and highly disciplined mind—he thought and reasoned from all accepted bases—from the senses—from conception—from the ideas of others, and with perspicuity, fullness, and keen discriminating judgment. His organ of firmness was largely developed, and invad-

ed the precincts of no neighboring quality—neither veneration, nor cautiousness, nor conscientiousness, nor self esteem. All these were well marked. We believe in phrenology and blood—the blood of men, as well as of horses and dogs. Combe says: "Firmness has no relation to external objects; it only adds a manifestation to other organs. Thus with combativeness, it produces determined bravery; with conscientiousness, inflexible integrity." His self-reliance was fully equal to his firmness—young and inexperienced as he was, he proved its hardy nature, in his earlier exploits, and ever afterwards leaned upon it, as his best hope and his safest refuge—yet withal a model of blandness and courtesy. As with lovely woman, modesty was one of his greatest virtues. Showing a becoming deference to superiors, yet exchanging views with a self-reliant consciousness of conviction.—He was equally so with inferiors, canvassed questions with freedom, showing a desire for the adoption of the broadest views. He cowered in the intellectual presence of no man. Firmness and self-reliance were fostered and increased by his military training—his large and accurate knowledge of military science—devotion to which was presided over by an exacting emulation of all the great models.—His youth and rapid promotion, and favor with the army and the country, only added fuel to this burning zeal—this honorable and honoring desire to excel. He was no creature of impulse—either in trivial or grave matters. His decisions were the ripened fruits of reflection. He was discreet and kept his own counsel—not the reticence of Jackson or Johnston, but one invariably guarded. Burns says:

"Conceal yoursel' as weel's ye can
Frae critical dissection,
But keek thro' every other man
Wi' sharpened, sly inspection."

The rule in military life and intercourse must be applauded—but its selfishness in social life, may be much questioned. It may be profitable, but the lofty confidence of the heart is the sacrifice and cost.

The strength of the man, was due to a well balanced combination of what phrenologists term, propensities, sentiments and intellectual faculties. The quality of these was remarkable—each an adjustment to the the other. This well balanced mind is more forcibly illustrated, in our opinion, in the great life of John C. Breckenridge, than in that of any other public man of the day. He was great and equal every where—in the Legislative councils of the nation, in the army, in the cabinet—in private life, as a man and a citizen, who can reproach him? Lee has only been tried in one department, but was fitted to the emergency. Yet with all this admirable union of mind and sentiment, he cannot be called a man of genius. He was neither a Bonaparte, a Marlborough, nor a Jackson—but rose to the grand height of Sault, of Suchet, of Hardee.—Genius is intuition—inborn greatness, and model excellence in any one, or more of the great branches of human pursuit. It was the rare combination to which we have alluded with a healthy ambition, and great partiality for and adapt-*edness to arms, only short of intuition*, which gave him his success.

Genius is original and creative—a pioneer quality of surpassing excellence and power—his force was that of intellect and energy without this rare attribute of greatness.

His education was liberal—his reading and general information most respectable, his address and bearing always that of a refined gentleman. He was especially careful of the feelings of others.

He was married to a beautiful and accomplished young lady of Columbus, Miss., early in 1865—a daughter of the distinguished lawyer, James T. Harrison, and now resides near that place, engaged in agricultural pursuits. He is yet young—not thirty-four years of age. His experience, his patriotism, his personal worth, his abilities, may yet be brought into use by his country, whenever harmony and perfect union are restored to the sections. The record of the past is safe—it should be a guarantee for what his future will be, should his services ever be needed.

The revolution failed—all we fought for was lost—slavery—secession—independence. The Confederacy, like some solitary mammoth meteor, magnificently brilliant, has passed away, and gone out forever. In her proud and mournful drama of glory and affliction, Stephen D. Lee acted his part with sedate and majestic fortitude, and in all coming years, he may look back upon it, his very soul filled with unmixed satisfaction.

From a private letter of Gen. Jubal A. Early, now at Toronto, C. W., we learn that he has given his Memoirs of the Valley Campaign to the Ladies' Memorial Association of Virginia. It is to be issued, before this goes to press, by Charles W. Button, Esq., Lynch-

burg, Va., "on good paper, in neat style, with covers, at \$1 per volume for single copies." The wholesale price to dealers will be proportionally less. Address C. W. Button, Lynchburg, Va., or Mrs. E. H. Brown, Box 452, Richmond, Va.

OAK LEAVES.

Oak leaves that play
In the wild winds, that stray
Out from the west :
Wild winds that play
Through the long summer day,
In gay unrest.

Under, over,
From gay, toying rover,
Laughing, they hide;
Then shake them out
With a grand leafy shout,
All in their pride.

Frolic's begun—
See the wind wildly run ;
In a quiver
They close—divide—
His quick coming to bide,
In half shiver.

Slow he will creep,
While the leaves are asleep;
Most demurely,
Slowly he goes,
While in dreams they repose,
Quite securely.

Now, with a leap,
He awakes them from sleep;
What merry rout !
How they all toss—
Throw their arms up, across,
All round about !

Oak leaves that play
In the wild winds, that stray
Out from the west ;
Of all dear trees
That are stirr'd by the breeze,
Gayest and best.

P. H. D.

ELISE BEAUSOLEIL.

A TALE OF THE EARLY DAYS OF ST. LOUIS.

Many years ago, in the old French village, now city of St. Louis, the sun shone in one New Year's morning, at the windows of a massive old stone house.—He met the uplifted eyes of a young girl, who stood looking out, over the frosty earth, at the radiant dawn of the day; looking, also, downward at the river whose dark waters sped by with such rapidity; while crashing, groaning, and sparkling in the rosy blush of the sunlight, huge squares and islands of ice, mingled in masses, or in separate cakes, floated southward in the current.

The bright, dark eyes, which looked from the window this morning, were pure and guileless, a

girlish innocence and truthfulness shone in their clear depths; and an almost infantile softness of contour rounded her fair cheek and throat. She is watching the sunrise on her sixteenth birthday: the anniversary of her life's bright dawning, and the commencement of a gay New Year.

And so in the blush of the morning, Elise Beausoleil, as she stands at the window, young, happy, and childlike, kisses the tiny crucifix attached to the gold beads around her fair white throat, and crossing herself, whispers in soft undertones a prayer. And now come up glad voices from the street below her; songs and merry laughter, as borne on rough sleds, with many a jest

and greeting from one to another, the poorer people are passing and repassing. They come and go, from the houses of parents and grandparents, where they have sought a blessing on the year before them; and a pardon for the faults and possible neglects of the past. Elise has a nod and smile for many who pass. Now and then she kisses her hand, as some young girl looks up and salutes her. The delicate pink flush deepens on her cheek, as cantering by in his blue and white uniform, a young Spanish officer of Delassus' staff lifts his hat, and with a quick smile of pleasure, bows low to her.

"My child may God grant to you, a happy and a holy life."

"Ah, mamma! dear mamma, you are here! bless me and pardon all of the past. If I have spoken hastily at any time, if I have been guilty of disobedience in the year that has gone, forgive; and bless me for the future." Kneeling before her mother, Elise reverently bent her head. Madame Beausoleil looking solemnly upward, and with her hand upon the young girl's head, said—"May God grant to you, *ma chère enfant*, a long life. If it be happy, may he love you; if it be sorrowful, may he both love and grant you strength for sorrow:" and then as Elise arose, the lady tenderly kissed her, passing her arm around her, and taking her along thus, left the room.

Among the old French inhabitants of St. Louis, New Year's day was ever one of visiting and congratulation. So scarcely had Elise with Madame Beausoleil breakfasted, ere guests began arriving. Elderly men with white locks saluted the lady of the mansion, forgetting not the rosy cheek of Mademoiselle Elise; and the *petite* figure of Madame Beausoleil's daughter was sometimes lifted from the floor, by the stout and enthusiastic embrace of some gray

headed old man, whose muscles were still firm and sinewy, from trapping in the bracing mountain air; though perhaps he might be a grandfather of seventy or eighty.

During the day, the young Spanish captain arrived, who had, as he galloped by in the early morning, received his first smile of the New Year, from the red lips of Elise. Now he gracefully proffered her the salute of the season; but the young lady swept him a glowing courtesy, and while lightly laughing, a little defiant glitter in her black eye assured him that this attention was needless, and premature. Yet afterwards, she made him so many graceful proffers of refreshments; so charmed him with her vivacious wit and badinage; that when with his three cornered hat under his arm, he came to make his low congé, he believed her the loveliest and most charming creature in the world. And not only this, but he believed that he was the first favorite in her little realm. Alas, how quickly the short-lived joys of this world take to themselves wings! For Captain Cataline, in his white silk stockings, and handsome knee-buckles, had taken but four of his most graceful steps over the stone floor of the hall, when his countenance fell, and losing its elevated smile of satisfaction, grew stern and severe.

This cause of the gallant Captain's change of countenance appeared in the tall lithe figure of a gentleman of thirty-five, or more, who advanced up the entrance way and over the broad gallery, with the assured air and dignified step of a man in good position, and who found himself ever a welcome visitor.

This gentleman, a Mr. Culburt, from Virginia, had arrived but three weeks previous, from New Orleans, with some merchandise to trade with the Indians near St. Louis for peltry. He had become a frequent visitor at

Madame Beausoleil's, and now, as he advanced up the hall, his clear, keen eye rested a moment in grave surprise on the Captain's face. Then he smilingly bade him "good morning," showing a set of even white teeth under his mustache, and with a bow passed on.

At the door of the drawing-room, Mr. Culburt bowed his stately head with a double purpose. First, he did reverence to the ladies present, and last with more necessity to avoid the low door-way, which our forefathers considered in better architectural proportion than the airy height of door and windows of the present day. He was greeted with much *empressment* by Madame Beausoleil and Elise.—And when the usual congratulations of the season were over, the lady, after pressing him to partake of refreshments, said, "Monsieur Culburt, there is a custom among our French residents of St. Louis of spending the evening of the sixth of January in gayety and music. Our friends will meet me, in my own house, on next Tuesday, or King's day, as we call it. Let me also welcome you among them." This the lady said, looking up in the face of her guest with her rare and pleasant smile, and sweeping him the low courtesy, which our grandmothers in the olden time strove to execute with so much grace. The gentleman replied, with the elegant yet somewhat formal bow of a past generation, that it would afford him great pleasure to partake, with her friends, of the lady's hospitality. "Yet," he said, "my dear Madame Beausoleil, may I trouble you to explain to me, a stranger, the custom which seems so dear a one in the village—that of celebrating the King's day and making merry at the King's balls. Is it as I suppose the anniversary of the adoration of the magi, usually called twelfth night, or twelve days after the

shepherd's vision? or are the Kings who, I am told are honored for that evening, only rulers for the time without significance being attached to the title?"

"Ah! Monsieur," the lady replied, "we allude to the Kings who came to worship our Saviour on that day, as we believe: though at first the Queens are chosen, as the custom is, who make their selection of Kings.—Why this is I cannot tell. But be with us next Tuesday and it may be your good fortune to be chosen by some fair lady as her King; and thus you may understand and study our King's balls."

Other guests arriving were greeted with outstretched hands by Madame Beausoleil, and Mr. Culburt, after a few words to Elise, took his leave.

Madame Beausoleil's old stone mansion shone out gaily with lights on the evening of the sixth of January, 1804. A number of the guests had already arrived, and were standing and seated in groups around the huge wood fire of the drawing room. "Cacasotte," M. Beausoleil's old body servant, was already tuning his violin, when Elise tripped down the stairway and entered the room, looking like a fresh young rose-bud. A bright smile on her sweet red lips, and the color flitting over her winning, animated face, she was universally greeted with merry words, with kisses and with smiles; for Madame Beausoleil and her gay young daughter were greatly beloved in the little village. 'Tis true Mademoiselle Elise wore quaint shoulder knots on her trim white dress, and her broad sash being tied immediately under her arms defined her short waist so that her bright little figure might seem antique and outré to a belle of the present day. Yet Lady Elise was a belle, (ah, how short-lived they are!) and her generation has passed away. You and I, lady reader, may dream of the

future. Let us think of the souls that will come, that will live on God's green earth, when we have passed, also, away. How unconscious will they be that we breathed, sighed, and smiled before them. Do you think of this? Yes, and shrug your white shoulders. Well, live in the present, in its laces, its satins, its operas, and lovers, and yet most of these had Elise. Let us turn to our past and her present. This then is her lover, Captain Cataline.—He stands by her side, slight, finely formed, speaking love in each glance of his eye. Yet she is constantly watching the door; she is constantly watching for one step, and voice. He leads her now to the dance. Cacasotte's music is gay and enlivening, and while he, with a courtly gallantry, bows, and then treads on with a springing step through the measure, she, in her youthful beauty and grace, dances ever so lightly, so happy and joyous. Mr. Culburt has come and is near her with a smile and a word now and then; and poor Captain Cataline varies and changes, now with a dark look at his rival and then a bright smile for Elise.

Supper is over, and for some little time the dance is resumed.—Then a servant appears bearing the momentous "Queen's cake," containing the four beans which will decide, who the royal ladies may be. Now the young girls advance, and cut each for herself a slice. Elise chats and eats, when lo! from between her white teeth she takes out the bean, and is hailed as one of the four Queens. There is now gay laughter and much merriment, for two of the Queens, without hesitation, have selected a King. Marie Renard and Elise Beausoleil alone seem irresolute. Elise, with her eyes cast upon the floor, her cheeks glowing crimson, holds the boquet to her lips striving to conceal her blushes. The third selection is

now hers; a moment's hesitation and then she moves forward, and with a little abashed bend of the head, lays her tiny boquet in the hands of Mr. Culburt.

His keen eye lights with a new radiance, and in a moment the lofty head is bowed over the soft hand, and for the first time his lips touch its fair surface. He has become her King! he has her preference above all others in the room. As her hand rests on his arm she seems, in her girlish brightness, a fitting contrast with his mature and dignified manhood.

Now Marie Renard advances and presents to Captain Cataline her boquet. He is near Elise, and as she turns and looks smilingly into his face, she is startled and pained by his expression. A bitter smile hovers on his lip, and his eyes are glittering and sinister. It is evident that he keenly feels her choice, and is annoyed and angry.

It is decided, upon mature deliberation, now that the Kings are chosen, that the first King's ball will be held in the mansion of Monsieur Roubadoux. So a great portion of the night has passed away, and the guests take their leave. Having followed some of her girl friends into the hall, Elise is speaking some merry parting words when Captain Cataline comes out of the drawingroom, and in an undertone says—"Mademoiselle Elise, you were partial to-night. Allow me an hour to-morrow, I would speak of your friend." Mr. Culburt comes out, and in taking his leave holds to his lips, as he makes his adieu, her tiny cluster of flowers, and then goes out into the night, and to darkness.

The stars are shining as they shone years and years before, when the wise men from Persia—the Magi or Magicians—followed the brilliant and significant light from the East. Under the same

stars to-night this man paused upon the river's bank, and raising his hat in adoration of the Father's love, murmured a prayer.—The wind blew chill over the icy water, lifting his hair and straining in his grasp even the tiny knot of flowers, which had been laid so shyly in his hand that night. How warm his heart was as he thought. And she had made him her King; this blithe young girl; this winsome, charming child-woman. Ah, were he but indeed her King! how royally he'd serve her; how he would lay at her feet his all in life; his hopes, and the silent homage with which his heart was filled; how her slightest word should be his law. Under the starlight he stood and dreamed this pleasant dream.

He was alone in the world—a stranger in a strange land, without one single tie of blood. Even in his far Virginia home, there was not one to call him son or brother. How his heart yearned towards this girl—this fresh young spirit. Oh! he loved her with an unutterable affection.

On the steep bank above him, a single figure slowly moves along. The ground is rough and uneven, yet this man with his form half bent picks his way carefully onward. He pauses a moment, then his arm is stealthily raised, and the sharp report of a pistol thrills through the frosty air; and then the figure has glided away swiftly and noiselessly. No cry is heard, no sound. Mr. Culburt turns and hurries down the river bank. As he does so, he ties his handkerchief tightly around his right arm, which hangs powerless by his side. On reaching his barge, which is moored out of danger from floating ice, around the point, he whistles shrilly. Two servant-men appear, and at a word assist him aboard, and to his little room on deck. The bright fire-light flashes upon a face white, and drawn with pain, and nerveless

fingers clasping still a tiny cluster of flowers.

Monsieur Roubadoux, the principal storekeeper and trader in the village of St. Louis, had prepared a very pleasant evening for his guests. Having insisted upon giving the first King's ball at his own expense, he purchased all of the luxuries and substantial things that the village could afford. Many were the little paper bonds or "peltry bons" which were put in circulation, stating that "M. Roubadoux was good for so many pounds of peltry, or so many pounds of sugar." These "bons" constituted the trader's currency of the village, and in fact the currency of that day with the primitive inhabitants of upper Louisiana. So M. Roubadoux found that a most plentiful supply of eggs, butter, chickens and cream, came constantly in to barter for his paper; and thus the supper for the ball was amply provided.

The evening of the first King's ball was a gay one. The Queens, under the escort of their respective Kings, arrived, and Marie Renard was already dancing with Captain Cataline, when Mr. Culburt entered the room with Madame Beausoleil and Elise. The lady hung upon his left arm, his right being carried in a sling.—This the Captain noted with one glance, and then his face was steadfastly turned away from the little group, who had paused near the doorway and stood conversing a little apart.

"Do you credit the rumor, Monsieur Culburt," asked Madame Beausoleil, "that Spain has transferred our territory of Louisiana to France, and that France has sold us to the United States. If it be so, I consider the tidings bad, very bad indeed." "I have but little doubt," Mr. Culburt replied, "that the transfer has been made by Spain to France, but that the purchase of the territory would be made by the United

States was entirely uncredited in New Orleans, last summer."—"How I wish that Monsieur Beausoleil would permit me to reside in New Orleans. We are so cut off from tidings from the world here. Think of six months elapsing from the time my husband leaves New Orleans, before he reaches his home! But his trading interests with the Indians here are paramount to all others." "I consider myself quite fortunate," Mr. Culburt said, "in the speedy journey I made last fall—having left New Orleans on the second day of August, I arrived here on the third of December."

"You did not then have to use the cordelle," said Elise laughing. "Do you remember, mamma, our long journey from New Orleans? How I commiserated the fate of the poor boatmen! At Grand Tower, the current was so strong that they had to use the cordelle, and a little higher up when the boat was near the shore, they were obliged to get into the water and push and drag it for a quarter of a mile. Oh, it was such excessive hard work! The water dashed and foamed around us, and the perspiration streamed down the boatmen's faces; still with all their exertion, the barge seemed to scarcely move."

"And were you not alarmed, Mademoiselle?" queried the gentleman, "Grand Tower is a place of great danger."

"Ah, Monsieur, I experienced a far greater danger at Grand Tower, when an infant—(mamma, tell Monsieur Culburt of the robber's attack near Beausoleil's Island.) Do you know, Monsieur, that you have a name similar to one of the robbers? and Captain Cataline, one day, in jest, of course, insisted that you were doubtless one of the famous band," and laughing her light girlish laugh, Elise hummed a little bar of the contra-dance music that Cacasotte was playing so vigor-

ously, little heeding, in her girlish innocence, that a fierce gleam had flashed from the eyes of Monsieur Culburt, and that his teeth had pressed his underlip angrily, at the name of Captain Cataline.

Madame Beausoleil noticed all this, yet without comprehending the cause, and she said with some hauteur—"Monsieur Culburt may not be interested in an adventure of some fifteen years standing. Perhaps our escape may not afford him so much gratification as it does ourselves to recur to." As the lady paused, Monsieur Culburt calmly turned, and looking enquiringly into her face said "May I not class myself among your friends, Madame? above all, among those who are interested in your welfare and safety?" He said this so gently, and with so pleasant a smile, that Madame Beausoleil frankly held out to him her hand, and then she said, "In the summer of 1787, my husband's barge, loaded with rich stores, and articles of traffic, left New Orleans for St. Louis. My husband, my infant and myself, with our trusty servant, Cacasotte, with also a passenger or two, and the boat's crew, formed our little company. We journeyed along in great comfort, until near the mouth of Cotton Wood creek, when each one of our party became restless, fearful and on the alert. We had been warned so often at our different stopping places along the river, of the strength of the robbers of Grand Tower. We had been told so many rumors of the depredations, which the band had so lately committed along the river shore, invariably selecting the mouth of Cotton Wood creek as their first point of attack upon boats. So that when we neared this point, there was a general expression of apprehension. However we passed the little stream in safety, and had left it two days' travel behind us. Judge of our horror! when

thus far on our way, we were commanded to halt by an armed band of men, who were stationed on the shore immediately opposite an island, where the river was exceedingly narrow. Upon complying with their command, we found our worst fears realized. We were made the captives of twenty men, consisting of the larger portion of the robber band of Grand Tower. Our barge was immediately turned down the stream, and M. Beausoleil's rich stores rigidly examined and appropriated. While this examination was progressing, I remarked Cacasotte passed, with numberless gestures, from one to another of the crew with water. When our dinner was on the table, Cacasotte, who usually announced it, was absent; and our captors seated themselves in great glee. They had been but partially served, when Cacasotte appeared at a side entrance, and with a shrill shriek I heard him cry "dinner!" at the same time, he pounced with unerring grasp at the throat of the robber nearest him. This was the signal of attack. The crew, also, regardless of the arms which the wicked beings, in order to eat, had laid by their side, overpowered each his man, and our barge was again in our undisputed possession. All of the time, I stood a silent witness of the scene, holding *petite* there in my arms; and you can believe that I was the first to offer my congratulations to my husband upon our release. Do you not remember, in coming up the river, Beausoleil's Island? It was so named as the scene of our capture."

"Yes I remember the island.—Did you succeed in retaining the robbers as prisoners until you arrived at St. Louis?" "No, they were thrown overboard, and Cacasotte, who seemed more like a fury than anything else, assisted with delight. We returned, upon our escape, with all haste

to New Orleans. The Intendant, Don Estevan Miro, ordered that in future all barges destined for the upper river should leave at a given time, in company, for mutual protection; the crews amply armed and a swivel mounted at the prow of each barge. So you see, Monsieur, that our experience was of great benefit to the travelers on the Mississippi at that time. With a combination of barges, the robbers could have but little hope of success, and, I believe, from that time all bands for the purpose were broken up. Our arrival in such force at St. Louis created quite an excitement, and is still known, as we say in French, "*L'Année des Dix Batteaux*," from the number of boats which simultaneously appeared. So you see *ma fille* has but little reason to complain of her tedious journey, since the great event of our capture—as now we travel in peace and safety, even if it be with the aid of the cordelle."

"Cacasotte must be a negro of great courage and bravery to so distinguish himself" "He is indeed. We have more than one instance of his courage and devotion to the interests of our family. Sometimes, when my husband's goods are very valuable, he has guarded them night and day, assisted by but one other servant." "Are many of the goods which are brought to St. Louis at this time valuable?—The freight of my barge consists of Indian supplies entirely—beads, blankets, bright cloths, and hatchets, and I know but little of the traffic in wearing apparel and dry goods." "Yes, Monsieur, the ladies of the village, who are prominent, sometimes make most valuable purchases. M. Beausoleil frequently brings articles of great value, in exchange for costly furs, which he takes to France; sometimes his orders are quite expensive for silks and fine clothing

from Paris. The dress *ma* Elise wears this evening was made there. My husband took the child's measurement and returned with a number of robes. Do you notice how exquisitely the robe fits her? It is called the style of 'Henry the Fourth.' The lace, where the sleeves terminate at the elbow, is of great price and value; and the green ground of the robe over which dart the white flames, my husband tells me, was considered beautiful even in Paris. Do not laugh at my enthusiasm in the matter of dress; such items as we are able to collect here, so far away from shops and modistes, we carefully treasure up. Ah, it has been the wish of my life to live in New Orleans, but I fear that this wish will never be granted.—So the fine clothes I possess, I have but seldom the pleasure of wearing. Some time I will show you a beautiful silk—a most beautiful silk—which Monsieur brought me some years since from Paris. It is so delicate, and so appropriate, that I will retain it for *ma petite's* wedding robe; but you must excuse me now, and I hope pardon my digression upon dress. I see Madame Roubadoux is beckoning to me. Supper is doubtless ready, and she wishes me to assist her in its arrangements. I regret that your wound prevents you dancing, Monsieur."

He stood and looked at the little figure in the green dress, with its white flashes of light; at the delicate lace that shaded the white shoulders and fair arms, and then he thought of the beautiful robe which lay awaiting her bridal; the bridal of this brilliant birdling in her costly plumes, with her bright smiles and unconscious graces. She stood within a gay circle of girls, toying with her green and gold fan, and he looked and thought of how fair and charming a bride she would be; of her delicate blushes and dewy lips. He would have given half

he possessed to have known that the bridal robe awaiting her pleasure would, also, in the future, be an object of joy and tender interest to him; and as he thought he was seized with a sudden resolve to tell her of his affection, and know the worst at once.

It was late that night, and but shortly before the guests departed, that she hung upon his arm; and in looking from one of the windows at the silent stars, and the snow-robed earth, he told her of the future which lay before him, and how dear she was to him in her girlish innocence and beauty. There was a moment's pause, and then she slowly lifted her downcast eyes, and with a shifting blush and timid smile, placed her little fair hand in his. Then Cacasotte struck up the air of *La reverance* and Captain Cataline claimed her. Soon she was dancing as gaily as a child, while he at the window alone looked up at the stars and thanked God for this new blessing in his life.

The morning had but half wore away, when Mr. Culburt sought an audience with Madame Beausoleil. He found the lady somewhat distant. "My dear Madame," he said, after some few words, "your daughter's happiness shall ever be near my heart. I also can present you with the best of references, with regard to my character and standing in Virginia."

"Your references are quite necessary, Mr. Culburt. I should not dare act in my husband's absence in accepting a lover for my child, were it not that her happiness is so deeply involved. I will not refuse to accept your proposals conditionally, but Monsieur Beausoleil, when he is present, and satisfied with your references, can alone consent to your marriage. I will frankly confess that there is one circumstance which annoys me—the persistence of Captain Cataline in his attentions

to my child. He is quick and passionate, and I cannot but acknowledge was a favorite with Elise. He has made some statements which I attribute to his jealous disposition; but, Monsieur Culburt, you can relieve me much and satisfy my mind upon the subject. Was Culburt of Grand Tower, who was connected with Magilley in his descent upon trader's barges, any acquaintance or connection of yours? I am thus frank with you, and I do beg that you will pardon me, remembering that my child is my dearest treasure."

The hot blood had burned on Mr. Culburt's cheek as the lady spoke. He had sprung to his feet a moment, saying with a bitter smile, "These suspicions are from Captain Cataline also. He was not contented at midnight to—" Then checking himself, he calmly resumed his seat, and after a few moments presented a small package of letters to the lady, saying—"Although a stranger in the village, I have many friends who are known outside of Virginia, whose letters can vouch for me."

"You have, indeed!" the lady replied, warmly, looking over the package of letters, "the name of Chief Justice Marshall is too well known that we could doubt one whom he introduces as his neighbor and friend. I notice that this letter is to the commander at New Orleans."

"Yes, most of my letters of introduction were to that gentleman, and to Col. Stodard, commanding at Fort Chartres. May I see Mademoiselle Elise before I take my leave?" It was not long before the young girl came shyly in and sat down by him.

A week of happiness passed by, and then Mr. Culburt proceeded up the river with his barge, crew and servants, to trade for peltry with the Indians. Madame Beausoleil looked over the many ele-

gant gifts of her husband, and made her selection of those which should form a portion of her young daughter's outfit.

February arrived, and the report became a certainty that the old French inhabitants were no longer under the rule of the Spaniards; but that the territory of Louisiana had become the possession of the United States by purchase. The Spanish rule had been so mild and equable that the change was deemed a sad one by all the inhabitants.

On the first day of March, Mr. Culburt returned. Elise, who was sitting in the drawing-room with Captain Cataline, could not conceal her joy. In the midst of her happy looks and bright smiles, the Captain took a hurried leave; and now she had so many questions to ask him, and in such a wilful, pretty way. When Madame Beausoleil entered he learned that Monsieur was daily expected, and in reply to his urgent suit for a speedy marriage he was shown the wedding-dress fully prepared, and the ornaments which were to accompany it. The beautiful dress over which he had allowed his thoughts to hover so often, had now become a reality. It was a heavy silk with a broad white watered stripe, then a broad stripe of pink satin, upon which was embroidered in needle-work flowers of every shape and hue, in the most vivid natural colors. As Elise stood and held it up before him, he took the heavy fabric tenderly in his hand and kissed it reverently.

It was evening when he left the house, and having some little article to purchase, he called at M. Roubadoux's store. While awaiting the old gentleman's slow movements in delivering his package, a quick step sounded behind him, and twice he was struck full in the face by a gentleman's riding glove. Turning in fierce an-

ger at the affront, he faced Captain Cataline. It was but the work of a moment, and Mr. Culburt's powerful arm felled him to the floor, and striking him a heavy blow with his heeled boot, he strided over the prostrated form, and proceeded on to his boat. Then there came a challenge, which was accepted in hot blood and fierce anger, and in the early dawn Mr. Culburt was stretched upon the frozen ground with a death-wound through his heart.

The young girl, so suddenly bereaved, passed from one fainting spell into another. Months elapsed before the young head was lifted from the pillow; and then those girlish eyes looked sadly from the window to see old eyes filled with tears, and a general lamentation throughout the village, as the Spanish flag, under which many had lived so long, descended from its staff, giving place to the flag of the United States, which floated out to the breeze in defiance of their sighs and tears.

Some weeks passed by, and with a trembling step, from which all buoyancy had fled, she took her way to the mound near the village stockade, where the early spring grass was softening the

sod beneath which her life's brightest hopes were buried.

In the summer, when the nuns, for the first time, were decorating their little chapel, they received for an altar-cloth a beautiful dress of Parisian silk—it had never been worn; and how little they knew of the awakened hopes, which had blighted in each fold of its glossy sheen; how little they knew of the bitter and regretful tears with which it had been baptised and re-baptised; the unseen tears of an unforgetting and faithful heart.

Henceforth a noble and dignified woman trod the paths in life, where Elise Beausoliel had so gaily danced and sung in her girlish lightsomeness and freedom. And when Madame Beausoliel's sight utterly failed she removed to New Orleans, and her daughter's tender care and loving ministrings formed the sole pleasure of her darkened existence. Thus it was that the life of Elise passed on to the end. No other love found place in her heart after the fearful ending of her girlhood's dream. Yet for all future time the pathway of tears through which she had trod, brought peace and a benediction to all sorrowing souls within her gentle influence.

TWO YEARS AGO.

April, spoiled darling of the year,
With sunny showers again is here,
In all the glimmer, sheen and glow
She wore this time two years ago.
Two little years, within whose space
Our hearts with sickening sadness, trace
Our country's ruin, and recall
Her wrongs, her greatness, and her fall!
Two years ago, a crowned queen
She stood, sore troubled, yet serene,
And held at bay the rav'nous throng,
Which howl'd around her fierce and strong,
While in such words as mothers best

Incite their sons to high behest,
She bade her children forward go
To battle with th' unequal foe.
In answer to her frantic cry,
They rushed in her defence to die,
While every life-drop from their veins,
Which dyed her soil with crimson stains,
Rose heavenwards from her sacred sod
In eloquent appeal to God !

Will He, who marks the sparrow's fall,
And shields its nestlings from the blast,
Aside such sacred service cast,
Or close His ears to such a call ?

Will He, who made such stern demand
For Abel's blood, no good evolve
From so much evil—never solve
The problem of our Southern Land ?

Look up ! Upon His awful throne
He sits with darkness curtain'd round,
Within whose dense, mysterious bound,
The eye of Faith may pierce alone.

With heaven's own seal upon her brow,
She rests upon God's promise blest,
And owns His way—not ours—is best,
Although so hard to feel it now !

Two years ago ! We backward turn
Our country's record through such tears
As in the circles of all years,
But once, in human eye-lids burn !

We dash their scalding drops aside,
—Remembering in our anguish deep,
“He giveth His beloved sleep,”—
To thank our Lord that JACKSON died,

Before the smiting of the rod,
And passed from all our grief and pain,
The rendered sword—the prison chain,
Straight to the great white throne of God !

Since Paul was bound, oh, never yet,
Lay bonds on one more true and pure,
And long as life and thought endure,
No Southern bosom can forget

That prison by the moaning sea,
Nor fail to pray with fervor meet :
“Have mercy on those honor'd feet,
Which bore the iron chain for me !”

The sword surrendered ! What a weight
Of agony lies in the thought,
That such a crushing woe was brought
On him, the good, the wise, the great,

The Nation's idol, in whom blent
All elements of good combine ;—
The noblest of his noble line,
Virginia's grand embodiment !

That man can God's own likeness be,
And bear the impress of His hand,
Our minds can fitly understand,
And find the proof in ROBERT LEE !

Two years of pain ! It matters not,
Though keen may be the present smart,
If men but rightly play their part,
And learn the lesson of their lot.

For somewhere in God's scale of time,
—Who made creation in six days—
A year shall usher in the blaze
And glory of that blessed clime,

Where all earth's christian martyrs rise
With raiment white and waving palm,
To chaunt the praises of the Lamb
In ecstasy that never dies.

And he who render'd up the sword,
And he who wore the heavy chain,
Shall find the fruit of all their pain,
Within the bosom of their Lord !

FANNY DOWNING.

TWELVE MONTHS IN SPAIN.*

OF Roman Seville little remains. A pillar, here and there, worked into a building—a tomb or other piece of sculpture, now and then met with among rubbish, is all that is left of the mightiest and most enduring domination ever known over the nations. We must remember, however, that the Saracen came after the Roman: and the Saracenic power was fiercely

hostile in habits, in ideas, in faith and in civilization to the subdued races. The Moslem invasion, at least in its earlier days, unlike the Greek, the Roman, the Teutonic, was not amalgamative. It was, indeed, eminently destructive and creative, but neither as a destructive nor as a creative power did it owe much to previous invaders.—It destroyed with all the energy of a mad bull, but only to turn round and re-create upon models of glo-

* Continued from page 323.

rious beauty all its own. Hence, upon whatever land it laid its heavy hand, it left little that was peculiar to former conquerors; though, as no heavier hand touched its own work, much that was peculiar to itself. So it has come to pass that Seville, which was the chosen seat of Roman sway in Spain for centuries, has scarcely any Roman monuments, yet it is to this day largely more than half Moorish. Nearly all the private residences, if not originally built by the Moors, are, at any rate, constructed on their style of architecture. The houses are low, not usually more than two stories. They are of stone, and kept always scrupulously clean on the exterior by frequent and thick applications of white-wash. They have no windows looking towards the street, except the few introduced by the Spaniards, which are strongly barricaded by iron gratings. The streets themselves are so narrow that friend may shake hand with friend across many of them. You are conducted, by way of entrance into the house, through an open-worked iron gate, along a passage, till you reach a *patio*, or court, which is the home of the family, if that word may be applied at all to the semi-Moorish domestic life of the Sevillians. At least, in this court, which is open to the sky, though easily covered by an awning, the family stay for more than three-fourths of the year, removing to the upper story in the colder months. The court is furnished according to the taste or purse of the owner. Among the wealthy, it is paved with elegantly painted porcelain blocks, surrounded by colonnades and arches supported by marble pillars, and adorned with every thing that can give a lullaby to the senses—statues, tropical fruits and fountains. Even among the meaner sort it is never without the orange-tree or lemon, and the fragrance of flowers. Here, in this kind of half-in-doors, half-out-doors existence, yet in unbroken seclusion, life passes, dreaming, lying down, loving to slumber.—All these arrangements, it will be perceived, have been made with reference at once to coolness and privacy, as would be natural in a climate which hardly knows winter, and among a people, like the Moors, where the jealousy of man is high or the virtue of woman low. A purer religion has rendered man and woman better, so that the latter effect contemplated by these arrangements happily no longer obtains; but the heavens and the earth remain as of old: nor can one fail to admire how yet the structure of the houses, with gardens in the midst, and every green tree, tends softly to break the intense light of an Afric sun, and artificially to bring within every household a perpetual autumn—

“That beautiful uncertain weather,
Where gloom and glory meet together.”

THE ALCAZAR.

This is the finest specimen of Moorish architecture in Seville, and next to the Alhambra, in Spain. It was long the residence of the Spanish Princes, the last occupant being the Duke of Montpensier, husband of the Infanta of Spain, who removed from it only a few years before my visit. I do not purpose to describe it, since any one who can form an idea at all of an ordinary Moorish dwelling, has only to enlarge his conceptions to the dimensions of a palace in order to realize the Alcazar—its grand portal, its noble saloons, its oriental decorations, its delicate arabesques, its marble-pillared corridors, its terraces, its gardens with baths and fountains, and orange-clad walls, and golden fruits and balmy airs, as from Araby the Blest. And it has its tales, too, of love and murder, which some Irving might work up into successful rivalry

with those of the Alhambra. My own guide whispered to me a whole romance on sight of certain red spots in the floor of the room, next to the great Hall of Ambassadors. In this room Don Pedro cruelly abused the rights of hospitality, and of kinship, by murdering his own brother, whom he had invited as a guest. The spots, which ages will not out, are said, traditionally, to be the blood of the murdered brother.—My guide, who had doubtless seen these same spots a thousand times, immediately grew low in his tones and solemn in his aspect, while he told me the tale of horror. He declared that the royal murderer was often yet to be seen in the silent night, habited as a Moor, with drawn scimitar, to haunt this room and the garden. He added, with emphasis, that the spectre of Don Pedro was the secret reason of the removal of the Duke of Montpensier from this Palace—the Duchess not being able to endure the annoyance of the apparition. Mine ear seemed to receive in implicit faith the terrible narrative; and I asked my guide credulously what was the cause of the quarrel between the brothers. “Oh!” he artlessly replied, “a woman—a pretty woman—that’s all!” But “that’s all” is enough to found a pleasant story upon, if the storyteller have no more regard to historic truth than my guide had.—I commend the incident to some rising Scott.

THE FAIR.

I witnessed, while in Seville, the annual Fair which is held towards the close of April. The articles on exhibition or for sale embraced raw material and manufactured products, both foreign and domestic. The occasion is especially favorable for seeing whatever Spain is capable of producing. The sheep were the finest I ever saw. The Peninsula

abounds in mountain ranges and vast plains well suited to sheep husbandry, which is an extensive and lucrative business.—The shepherd, clothed in sheepskin, with his crook and his faithful dog, frequently attracts the eye of the traveler as a charming element in the landscape.

The cattle were not good. One rarely or never in the world sees better specimens of bulls than those usually fought in the Spanish ring: and I had expected to see something correspondingly good in their cows and oxen. But the ox is not much used in Spain, and the cow, for purposes of milk, is rivalled, if not superseded, in popular estimation, by the goat. The Spanish grazier, therefore, though he may have some fine cows as breeders, gives his main care and attention to bulls, as the great national sport furnishes a never-failing market for that animal. It is as if the policy or the pastimes of a people should give chief encouragement to the production of pugilists. The bulls for the arena are tended upon the plains of Andalusia, away from the haunts of men, until immediately before they are needed for the fight. Of course their wildness and fierceness would forbid their exhibition upon an occasion like a Fair.

The horses, also, disappointed me. I had read so many glowing descriptions of the Andalusian steed in the books of travelers, that I was prepared for something very fine, but to my unskilled eye he is an inferior animal of his kind. He has, it is true, much spirit and much endurance, but is undersized and destitute of symmetry. If one may judge, too, from the wretched racing which I saw, he lacks speed, also. The Spaniards, in fact, do not cultivate or value the horse. The mule is the principal beast of burden and draught, even for pleasure-carriages. The horse is used chiefly in the bull-fight,

where from twenty to thirty are killed in the course of a single evening.

There were no improved implements of husbandry—no curious labor-saving machines—no plowing matches—nothing, indeed, which indicated an advanced or rapidly advancing agriculture. And what one saw at the Fair, or rather failed to see, in reference to the interests of agriculture, is confirmed by what meets the eye nearly all over the kingdom.—With a soil the most generous that nature or art ever made, there is the worst culture man ever did—except, perhaps, in the Southern States of my own country. And from like causes in both instances—that is—primarily and chiefly the consolidation of immense landed estates in the hands of a few—thus fixedly withholding the great source of national wealth, either from general circulation or from thorough tillage. In 1820, it is estimated, that there were but twenty millions of acres owned by small proprietors, who cultivated their own soil, while forty millions were held by the *grandees* and the church—*grandees* who rioted away their livings in the whirl of the distant capital, and a church, which, though wisely diligent in the cure of souls, was notoriously thriftless in the cure of lands. This system of accumulation in mortmain has hung, like a mill-stone, about the neck of Spanish industry. Spain, however, though when compared with other countries far behind in agricultural progress, is yet, when compared with herself, really much advanced. The incubus just alluded to is measurably removed, and the bold legislation, already begun while I was there, looking to the development of the landed interest, has been prosecuted, I learn, without lifting hand from the work, to the most cheering and successful results. The secularization of the church prop-

erty, the abolition of tithes, entails and other vestiges of feudalism, together with the establishment of internal improvements and institutions for the diffusion of agricultural knowledge, have put the kingdom considerably forward in this branch of industry. The happy effect is already visible in the significant fact, that the number of small proprietors has doubled within a few years.

The display of manufactured articles, such as silks, woollens and cottons, was highly respectable, showing that the statesmanship which has awakened Spanish agriculture as from the dead, has been felt also in the department of manufactures. A more convenient season will come, it may be, to mark the progress achieved and still making in these industries. But whatever advance Spain may boast now or attain in the future, she must forever painfully recall from what a height of material prosperity she has fallen since the times of the Moors, when she reflects on the single fact, that then the city of Seville alone contained 130,000 persons engaged in manufactures—30,000 more than the whole population at this day. It happened that some Moorish merchants, with fine fabrics from Fez, were present at the Fair; and the appearance of these turbaned sons of the desert, in their graceful costumes, moving with a certain solemn mien among the merry crowd, was highly picturesque, filling the mind with visions of departed glory. Nor could I but fancy, that half in pride of their own proud race, half in derision of their impoverished conquerors, they often contrasted the present leanness of the land with its overflowing fulness while they were its masters. Yet, whatever emotions they secretly cherished, they certainly seemed reconciled to the irreversible decision of arms and of fate. They mingled freely and

chaffered pleasantly with the Spaniards, as if the races had never broken a lance or crossed a sabre.

But the feature which was more attractive, after all, than four-footed beasts, or the fruits of the earth, or the products of human skill, was the variety of Spanish life and character presented to the eye of the visitor at the Fair. One might see and study all Spain here in a little compass. There is no delusion more general among persons who have not informed themselves well concerning the Peninsula, than that it is a region homogeneous in climate, soil, language and people. The map itself misleads us by the appearance of a kingdom, squarely and compactly put together. In truth, however, nowhere is earth and sky so much diversified. And from the circumstance that the country has, for nearly four hundred years, been under one common national government, we are apt to imagine, that its inhabitants, at least, have been moulded into a uniformity of national life and character. But nowhere indeed is the spirit of localism so intense; nowhere are provincialisms so marked. There is far less difference between the fine old Virginia gentleman, and the New England Yankee, wide as we deem that difference in speech and manners, than between the grave Castilian and the gay Andalusian. This multiform heterogeneousness, how it has come to pass and what have been its evil consequences (for it has been a Pandora's box to Spain) is an interesting topic of inquiry, which may engage our thoughtful consideration hereafter. At present, as we stroll through the long lines of booths erected on the plain where the Fair is held, amid the voice of mirth and merry-making, the sound of the guitar and the click of the castanets, we note only, how the endless peculiarities

of feature and costume deceive us in reference to Spanish unity and nationality. It looks like an assemblage of many nations instead of one—Castilians, Asturians, Arragonese, Catalans, Manchegans, Valencians, Murcians, Estremadurans—all as distinctly marked from each other by local characteristics as so many foreigners: and the Andalusian most distinguishable of all on this occasion. He is seen here in all his dippant glory, at once on the best and on the worst side of his many-sided character. Polite, social, brilliantly intellectual—false, frivolous, excessively pleasure-loving; he combines more distinctive and contradictory qualities than any other species of the genus Spaniard. The truth is not in him—at least he never tells it. An intensely fervid imagination, if not a positive love for lying, leads to the vicious habit of superlative exaggeration in every thing. His religion has degenerated into superstition. He will devoutly cross himself and repeat an "*Ave-Maria*," while he filches your purse or boldly robs you on the highway. His physique is the model of manly vigor and comeliness. His handsome form is flashily set off by an apparel which proclaims the man—a turban cap, close black or crimson velvet jacket, knee-breeches, parti-colored sash around the waist, frilled shirt, leather leggings open at the calf to show a neat white stocking—and the whole costume from head to foot bespangled with tags and tassels and tinsel. The women almost transport you by figures made perfect in the pretty simple mantilla, tight silk or velvet bodices, short heavily flounced skirts, displaying the tiniest feet in the world. The favorite colors for both sexes are crimson and yellow. But with all his faults and garish tastes, the Andalusian is to the traveler the most agreeable specimen of Pe-

ninsular humanity. No hand is so welcome—no heart so warm.

The scene was enlivened with foot-racing, wrestling, gambling and dancing. All classes of the Spanish people are ruinously addicted to gambling. The Spaniard saves all his little earnings for three things—for the card-table, the lottery, and the bull-fight. The Spanish dance is something unique. Taken in all its varieties (and there are many of them) it exceeds, in easy wavy motion, in gentle graceful bendings, in elastic animated action, all tripping on "the light fantastic toe" the world over. Compared with it, the formal, complicated movement of the cotillion is frigid, the waltz lascivious, the reel coarse. There is the *abandon* of a negro frolic—yet there is grace in every step, propriety in every posture. The Spanish girl dances all over—head, neck, arms, body, feet—but the most delicate taste can discover nothing of the stage courtesan in her bounding nimbleness. I have often wondered how these people—even the commonest of them—came by so exquisite a perception and execution of whatever is most severely modest and absolutely elegant in this charming amusement.

An observation or two, in regard to manners, inevitably force themselves upon us, when we mingle with large assemblages of Spaniards. It would be hard, not to say impossible, to collect together several thousand Americans, amid feasting and jollity, without gentle folks being jostled and elbowed, if not insulted, by swaggering rudeness, flown with insolence and whisky. Here, however, notwithstanding the eating, drinking, gambling, dancing and rollicking run wild, you will not find a drunken man, nor will you experience an impertinence in touch or remark—but a decency, a decorum, a refined civility rather, which our crowds are utter

strangers to. Our boasted civilization may, perhaps, take a lesson from this fact; and there is another fact, too, which, whether it be a reproach or a praise to our republicanism, must not escape us. Look over this motley throng of men, women and children, peasants, nobles and beggars; and mark upon what easy terms of social equality they hold intercourse with each other. What distinction in rank do you see?—Much in dress, much in equipage, much in what a man puts on or has about him; but none in behavior, none in anything that really makes the man. Were it not for the mere exterior, you could not tell the prince from the peasant. Notice that fellow down at heels and out at elbows walk up to a grandee and ask him for his fine Havana, wherewith to light his own plain paper-cigar.—There is neither cringing or impudence on the one side, nor condescending compliance or surly rebuff on the other. The request is politely made, politely granted, and then the parties bow each other away, as equal with equal. You may observe the same thing on a thousand other occasions.—It is a sight worth a long travel to see this free social equality—never intrusive, never repulsive—in the old monarchy of Spain, where the hard surface of political inequality has not been broken or scarcely touched by modern reform and progress. The contrast is striking, if not pleasing, to an American in reference to the case of his own country.—With almost universal political equality, yet in our social connections and interchanges, unless they have some relation to our all-devouring politics, we are apt to be exceedingly fastidious. Wealth, or the pride of family, or high mental culture, among us, seems not to know how to meet inferiority of any kind in an easy, social manner, or with-

out some outcrop of its own preëminence. How much of this is due to the intrinsic value we put on these artificial distinctions themselves, I will not stay to inquire. I think, however, that the difference may be accounted for more reasonably on the score of climate and the open-air life of the Spaniards. They see each other, feel each other, exchange familiar greetings and pleasant words with each other, at least once a day, on the promenade. We have no such common ground of frequent social concourse. The Spaniards live much out-doors, we much indoors; and the door is a very ex-

clusive thing. A hint is all I propose to drop on this subject now, but I am persuaded that in our Southern States, where the climate well admits of it, we might considerably improve the charm and healthfulness of our social life by an imitation of Spanish habits, without, at the same time, abating one jot or tittle of our political rights and privileges.

The Fair, which began on Monday, wound up on Sunday afternoon with a grand bull-fight; and now what shall we say to that? That say, if any at all, must be adjourned.

TO BE CONTINUED.

SOUTHERN HOMESTEADS.

SHIRLEY.*

OF all the demesnes actually and by association incorporated with the past history of Virginia, there is none more suggestive of her illustrious by-gones than that selected as the subject of this sketch. Commanding the broadest scope of years, (it is probably the oldest dwelling in the State,) it stands a monument of those old times when the Indian hunter roamed, and the English settler's axe rang through the fastnesses of the aboriginal forests.

The present incumbent and heir of the estates of Shirley, in baptismal name and patronymic, represents two lines of honorable ancestry. The name of Carter is "a household word" in Virginia, and of Col. Edward Hill, the builder of Shirley, we shall presently see that he occupied no mean place in his State history.

According to Campbell, the historian, the locality was settled by Sir Thomas Dale, in 1611.—About the Christmas season of that year, we are informed, in punishment of some depredations committed by the Appomattox Indians, he drove them from their town, near where the Appomattox empties into the James, and being so pleased with the situation, established a plantation there, calling it Bermudas. The same is now known as Bermuda Hundreds.

Crossing over the river, plantations were laid out on that side also, and among these was "West Shirley."

The present possessor says:—"The first evidence of my ancestors being in possession of Shirley, is, that Col. Edward Hill, the elder, my great, great, great grandfather, who built the Shirley house, was sent up James river in 1656, to dislodge the Indians at the falls, and the probability is that

* Supposed to have taken its name from Sir Thomas Shirley of Whiston, England, whose daughter Lord Dunmore married in 1692.

he had built the house and was then residing in it, but how long before we know not.

"He lived a number of years and died at Shirley, (leaving one son, Edward Hill, Jr.) He lies buried here under his tomb-stone, which says he was a member of the King's Council, Colonel and Commander-in-Chief of the counties of Charles City and Surry, Judge of His Majesty's High Court of Admiralty, and some time Treasurer of Virginia."—He died in 1700, aged 63 years.

Mr. Campbell says, (p. 233 of his *Virginia History*.) "In the year 1656, six or seven hundred Ricahecrian Indians having come down from the mountains, and seated themselves near the falls of the James river, Col. Edward Hill, the elder, was put in command of a body of men and ordered to dislodge them. He was reinforced by Totopotomoi, chief of Pamunkey, with one hundred of his tribe. A creek enclosing a peninsula, in Hanover county, retains the name of Totopotomoy, and Butler, in Hudibras, alludes to this chief:—

'The mighty Totipotimoy
Sent to our elders an envoy,
Complaining sorely of the breach
Of league held forth by brother Patch.'

There was some dissatisfaction with the result of Col. Hill's expedition; the brave Totopotomoi, with most of his gallant warriors, was slain, and general defeat marked the day. Col. Hill was now, by unanimous vote of the House of Burgesses, condemned to pay the whole expense of effecting a peace with the Indians, and was, moreover, disfranchised.—(Herring l. 402, 422.) However, we find that subsequently, that is, in 1659, he was so far reinstated in favor, as to receive a unanimous election to the place of Speaker of that honorable body but just mentioned.

There are portraits at Shirley of this gentleman and his wife.—

The latter was, previous to marriage, a Miss Williams, of Wales, England.

Their grand-daughter, the only child of Edward Hill, Jr., was married to John Carter, eldest son of Robert, known as "King" Carter—princely Palatine of Lancaster and the country round—"and thus," says Hill Carter, Esq., "the Shirley estate came into the hands of the Carters, and I get my name of Hill." The said John Carter succeeded his father at Carotoman, on the Rappahannock river, and his eldest son by first marriage, Charles Carter, lived and died at Shirley.

This Charles Carter's eldest son, by second marriage, inherited the place, and the present incumbent inherits from him.

"My son, who will succeed me," says this gentleman, "will make the seventh generation in a little over two hundred years, proving the old rule of thirty years to a generation to be correct, in our family, at least."

The Shirley house is a noble brick mansion, showing but few symptoms of decay, in spite of its age.

In the midst of elegant surroundings, it presents four fronts to view, being constructed in the old English style, as we commonly say, the buildings enclosing a large, square court. It is enclosed by graceful porticoes, and fronts the river, from which it is about fifty yards removed, East and West.

The main building is a three-story dwelling, containing ten spacious rooms, and on either side, there are two others, which contain four rooms each.

Beside these, there are two buildings, which in old times were used as store-houses. In these, the goods imported by the planters, for family use, were deposited. They are all of brick, and go towards forming the court previously mentioned.

Out of this square, there is a large brick stable containing stalls for thirty horses, and coach-rooms for eight coaches. These are suggestive of the style of living at the time Shirley was built, and for many years subsequently.

In 1816, upon Mr. Hill Carter's accession to the place, one of the old wings to the main building was found to be in ruins. He caused it to be pulled down, but with this exception all are standing as they stood years and years ago, though the dwelling corresponding to the one razed is now in a state of decay.

Shirley, like all the very old mansions upon the rivers is destitute of forest trees, and this is owing to the fact that they were located on old Indian settlements, where the land had been cleared and cultivated in corn many years before occupation by the whites.

But this place has been, from time to time, embellished by the hand of taste, in the planting of Lombardy poplars, fine, large weeping willows, and English walnuts of enormous size,—they were short-lived, however, being exotics, and the Dutch elms, chosen to supplant them, have shared no better fate. But fine native poplars, which were at last employed to take their places, now spread their umbrageous boughs afar, and promise shade and protection for many a year to come.

"I have no doubt," says Mr. Carter, "that I found at Shirley the second or third set of trees planted out by my ancestors, as Lombardy poplars, willows and English walnuts do not last more than fifty to ninety years in this climate. The first Lombardy poplars, I have understood, were imported into Virginia by Mrs. Byrd, of Westover, in the year 1790, or 1791, and they expired there and at Shirley about thirty years ago, so that they only lasted forty or fifty years."

Beyond the planting of trees—one of the most benevolent of home inspirations, because it looks mainly to the good of successive generations—the heritage of a refined taste has beautified these classic domains with all the embellishments, naturally suggested thereby.

In common with all the James river seats belonging to old and aristocratic families, this has been long and well known as a favorite haunt of the old State-genius, hospitality, the elegant administration of which, alone, will long commemorate the name of Shirley.

In this classic atmosphere, that is, within a compass of about twelve miles either way from Shirley, are many homesteads redolent of the honor and antiquity of our blessed old State.

Turkey Island, now owned by the gallant Pickett of Southern Confederate memory, was the homestead of the original stock beginning in this country with William Randolph, Gentleman, and sending forth its illustrious branches—beside those of the same name, never to be forgotten while Virginia pride lives—in such names of high renown as Richard Henry Lee and his patriot brother, Chief Justice Marshall, Thomas Jefferson, Mann, Cary, Bland, and William Stith, the historian.

There is Berkely, where lived Benjamin Harrison, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, and where was born William Henry Harrison, President of the United States; Sherwood Forest, once the residence of the Hon. John Tyler; historic Westover, and others which cannot here be enumerated.

The noted offspring of the Carter name, previously mentioned here under his well-known cognomen of "King" Carter—*sobriquet* accorded for his vast possessions and princely munificence, (five

hundred square miles of land and eleven hundred slaves comprised a portion of his estate,) has left Christ Church, in Lancaster county a monument of his wealth and liberality.

It occupied the site of a church built by his ancestor, John Carter, and was erected at his exclusive expense. It was built the year of Washington's birth, is handsomely constructed of English brick, and, far as time has forborne to touch it, is well preserved.

It contains many fine monuments, most of them of the Carter family. At the East end, stands the stately tomb of the church's founder, bearing a lengthy latin inscription, one sentence of which accords him honor due in the erection of this temple: "*Opibus amplissimis bene partis instructus, cedem hanc sacram, in Deum pietatis grande monumentum, propriis sumptibus extruit hocupletavit.*"

Among other testimonials of his exalted social position, we find the name of "Robert Carter" taking precedence of that of the minister of the parish on all Vestry records, though it is a fact that similar records in the other counties, even where knights were vestrymen, the minister's name ranks all.

Moreover, we are told, in those Sabbaths long ago, the congregation used to gather by this church which he built, and await the arrival of King Carter's coach, nor enter except following or succeeding himself and family. Of course, this was an arbitrary arrangement among themselves.

At his residence, Carotoman, are still seen piles of English rock, placed along shore to keep the soil from washing. This was the ballast thrown out from English vessels consigned to him. There were so many that some, for the want of cargo, came laden thus.

"He was speaker of the House of Burgesses six years. Treasur-

er of the Colony, and for many years Member of the Council, and as President of the body, he was at the head of the government upwards of a year." (Campbell's Hist. of Va.)

He was twice married; the second time to Betty Landon, one of the ancient family of that name, of Grednal, Hereford county, England. Their portraits hang in the hall at Shirley.

In turning over the pages of the State history, to which reference has often been made in these sketches, we find honorable mention of many members of the family now represented by the subject hereof.

First, there is John, named here as the founder of a church long since extinct. We find him the chairman of an important committee in the House of Burgesses during Matthew's gubernatorial dynasty. He was member for Upper Norfolk, now Nansemond, in 1649 and 1654, and subsequently for the county of Lancaster.

Col. Edward Carter was, in 1658, Burgess for Upper Norfolk, and in 1660, Member of the Council. Charles, of Shirley, was a member of the first Council under the new republican constitution. Associated with him were such men as Dudley Digges, John Page, John Tayloe, John Blair, Thomas Nelson, Bartholomew Dandridge and Benjamin Harrison of Berkeley. This when "a certain Patrick Henry, Jr." unscathed by the fiery wrath of Dunmore, was installed the official occupant of the Governor's palace at Williamsburg.

Col. Landon Carter, we find with keen, satiric pen, enlisted in the controversy indissolubly linking the name of Patrick Henry with the "Parson's Cause." This in the days when the *Virginia Gazette*, published at Williamsburg, was the vehicle of many a now classic altercation.

St. Ledger Landon Carter, now some years deceased, published a volume, "Nugæ, by Nugator," containing some jewels of poesie, which ought to place his name in the front rank of Southern writers.

So to invisible resurrection are those illustrious dead called up by memory; along with the name of Shirley.

FANNY FIELDING.

WORK.

Lost in amazement at the wonderful activity of all the creations of God, the Wise Man exclaimed "all things are full of labor: man cannot utter it." The earth upon which we stand that seems so firm and immovable, is turning upon its axis with a speed of a thousand miles per hour, and making its revolutions around the sun at a rate of twenty miles per second, accomplishing its journey of more than 600,000,000 of miles in a single year! If we look upon the ocean with its untiring ebb and flow, with its swift under and upper currents, with its surface agitated by ten thousand keels, ruffled by the passing breeze, and lashed into fury by the storm,—'tis but a type of the ceaseless unrest above and below, behind and before, to right and to left, pervading all space and continuing for all time! The brook hastens to the creek, the creek hastens to the river, the river hastens to mingle its waters with the heaving, tossing, never idle billows of the sea! Each, too, sings its song of labor as it hurries upon its allotted way, the gentle ripple over the pebbles, the noisy prattle among rocks, the roar down the cataract, and the far resounding swell of the great deep!

The quivering leaf and swinging bough are visible manifestations of activity in the vegetable world.—But concealed from the eye are far more astounding energies at work

—absorption and exhalation—assimilation of appropriate and rejection of unsuitable food—a laboratory in operation with all the appliances of the art of the chemist, with no need to suspend its functions to allow him rest and repose. And when the finger of decay and death is laid upon plant or tree, new forces and new vitalities are brought into play—instead of quiet and idleness, we have renewed energy and more amazing activity.

"Without entering on the difficult question of *spontaneous motion*, or, in other words, on the difference between vegetable and animal life, we would remark, that if nature had endowed us with microscopic powers of vision, and the integuments of plants had been rendered perfectly transparent to our eyes, the vegetable world would present a very different aspect from the apparent immobility and repose in which it is now manifested to our senses. The interior portion of the cellular structure of their organs is incessantly animated by the most varied currents, either rotating, or ascending and descending, ramifying, and ever changing their direction, as manifested in the motion of the granular mucus of marine plants (*Naiades*, *Characæ*, *Hydrocharidæ*), and in the hairs of phanerogamic land plants; in the molecular motion first discovered by the illustrious botanist Robert Brown,

and which may be traced in the ultimate portions of every molecule of matter, even when separated from the organ; in the gyratory currents of the globules of cambium (*cyclosis*) circulating in their peculiar vessels; and, finally, in the singularly articulated self-unrolling filamentous vessels in the antheridia of the chara, and in the reproductive organs of liverworts and algae. If to these manifold currents and gyratory movements we add the phenomena of endosmosis, nutrition, and growth, we shall have some idea of those forces which are ever active amid the apparent repose of vegetable life."—*Cosmos*, I, 341.

If we turn now to the solid minerals and adamantine rocks, what vast powers have been employed in production, moulding and shaping! How they have been heaved by fire and tossed about by water! How they have been aggregated and disintegrated, compacted and perforated with pores, rounded and elongated, made opaque and made transparent—ever growing, ever wasting. How we see change connected with all that we regard as most stable, and motion attending that which seems most fixed. These great masses brought forth in the mighty throes of nature shall always obey the law of their birth—the law of perpetual activity. Their surface, their internal structure, their organic elements will enjoy no single moment of rest till "the heavens shall pass away with a great noise, and the elements shall melt with fervent heat."

Some contend that there is the same molecular motion in the mineral as in the vegetable world.—But without adopting this view, there are enough of disturbing elements, heat and cold, storm and sunshine—all antagonist to repose. So that iron and granite proclaim, there is no idleness in us!

But if we turn away from this

transitory world, with its perishing and perishable animals, we may surely expect to find repose in the great luminary of day—the type in every age and in all countries of the fixed, the immutable, and the eternal. We will not find it there! The sun himself is turning on his axis at a rate of 4500 miles per hour and is revolving around Aleyone, the great centre of the solar system,* with a velocity thirty times as great as that of the swiftest cannon ball, at the moment of leaving the mouth of the cannon! All his attendant hosts are following him in his prodigious revolution, requiring 18 millions of years to perform around that far distant centre.—Aleyone himself may be but the satellite of another sun still more remote, and may be whirling around it with more rapidity than our sun in his orbit. And that far off third sun and centre may be revolving around another still more distant, with a still more rapid flight; and so ascending through the realms of space, until we reach the final centre of complex and complicated systems—the throne of the awful Jehovah. Even here there is no rest except from sin, sorrow, and suffering.—"And they rest not day and night, saying Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God Almighty, which was, and is, and is to come." "Therefore are they before the throne of God and serve him day and night in his temple." The Mohamedan Paradise is a place of stupid indolence and sensual indulgence. The Christian Heaven consists in untiring energy and perpetual activity in glorifying God, and not in pandering to self.

* Herschel supposed that this centre was somewhere in Hercules, but the more recent observations of Madler of Dorpat Observatory place it in Aleyone, one of the Pleiades. Is there not an allusion to this grand centre of attraction in the book of Job? "Who can bind the sweet influences of Pleiades or loose the bands of Orion?"

Many persons have mistaken, not to say dishonoring, views of the glorious Creator himself, imagining him seated in dignified repose, like a monarch on his throne, watching and regulating the stupendous machinery of the universe. Now there is not the slightest warrant in the Scriptures for such debasing thoughts of him; and a brief glance at the works of his hands will expose their absurdity.

"The space which surrounds the utmost limits of our system, extending in every direction to the nearest fixed stars, is at least forty billions of miles in diameter." (Christian Philosopher.)—This vast space is filled with bodies of immense magnitude turning on their axes, and revolving round the sun with inconceivable rapidity. One of them has a mass of matter 338 times as large as that of the earth, and has a rate of motion of 29,000 miles an hour. Another is revolving with a speed of 76,000 miles per hour; and a third 105,000 miles per hour. The sun himself is equal in bulk to 1,350,000 such worlds as that on which we live. The little tiny spots on his surface are larger than our globe. But the sun dwindles into a mere speck, when compared with the mightier bodies in space. The solid contents of Vega, one of the brightest of the fixed stars, are estimated to be 55,000 times greater than the solid contents of our sun. The nebula in Orion is said to "exceed two trillions times the dimensions of the sun, vast and inconceivable as these dimensions are!" "Stand still and consider the wondrous works of God.—Dost thou know when God disposed them?"

The distances of the heavenly bodies are no less amazing than their prodigious magnitudes. We first use the distance of the earth from the sun, as the unit of measure. We say that a body is twice as far distant, three times, ten

times, &c. But when we pass into the stellar universe, this measurement fails. The measuring rod is too short! We now use the flight of light, 192,000 miles per second, as the unit of measure: since the nearest fixed star is twenty billions of miles distant. We say that light would be ten years, fifty years, a hundred years in traveling from such a star to our earth. We measure now by years of light! It is calculated that light is nine years coming to us from 61 *Cygni*, one of the nearest of the stars; and that it is 537 years in coming from Alcyone, the centre of our system. But if the view of Humboldt be right, these amazing distances are but a stone's throw in comparison with those of the nebulae. He says, "the contemplation of these nebulous masses leads us into regions from whence a ray of light, according to an assumption not wholly improbable, requires millions of years to reach our earth—to distances, for whose measurement, the dimensions of our nearest stratum of fixed stars would scarcely suffice." When we reflect that these nebulae are resolvable into stars, and that each star is a central sun with his attendant planets, we form some faint conception of the glory and immensity of the universe, and of the activity of the mind which governs it. All the vast tracts of space filled with worlds, and all these worlds performing complicated movements with amazing velocity, and according to fixed and immutable laws. Even the erratic comet has his appointed path, though moving with a speed of 880,000 miles per hour, and dragging a train of 100,000,000 of miles in length.

But while the telescope displays these wonders of magnitude, vastness and velocity—all requiring activity in the Divine Mind, the microscope reveals equal marvels of infinitesimal minuteness demand-

ing the same activity. Think of a thousand millions of animalcules all combined not making a bulk, as large as a grain of sand; and yet each having life, motion, and a perfect organism! Think "that two cubic feet of the Tripoli slate of Billin contains 140 billions of fossil infusoria—that there are some millions of distinct fibres in the crystalline lens of the codfish—and that a single fungus (*Bovista Giganteum*) is composed of cellules far exceeding that number." Think that the common fly has more than ten thousand lenses in the structure of its eye. Think that there is an infinite number of infinitely small mechanical arrangements to promote the happiness of monadic creatures.—How unceasing then must be the care, attention, vigilance and activity of the august Being, who is the preserver, as well as the maker of all things. Does not the inspired prophet allude to this perpetual and yet exhaustless energy of the mighty governor of the universe? "Hast thou not known? hast thou not heard that the everlasting God, the Lord, the Creator of the ends of the earth fainteth not, *neither is weary?*"

But the Scriptures leave this to no uncertain inference. God has chosen as his own symbol, light, the swiftest of all created things. "The Lord God is a *sun* and a shield." He is "the father of lights with whom is no variable-ness, neither shadow of turning." "God is light, and in him is no darkness at all." He "is clothed with light as with a garment," &c., &c. God manifest in the flesh said of himself, "I am the light of the world." The Hebrew bowed in adoring reverence, when he saw the bright cloud of light rest over the ark of the covenant. He knew that Jehovah was there!—The first-born of man and of beast was sacred to the Lord, and light was the first of all created things. It is by no forced analogy, we in-

fer that this, the first of all His creations, is in a peculiar manner consecrated to Himself. 'Tis His own chosen symbol.

The awful Jehovah beholds this swift messenger hundreds of years in reaching the nearest sun. This sun, as it revolves around another more distant, is sending forth rays which are hundreds of years in reaching this second sun. And so world upon world—system upon system—till we exclaim with Herschel, "fathomless!"—lost in infinity! How astounding must be the activity of the mind, which arranges, directs, controls, harmonizes and sustains the stupendous, boundless, inconceivable universe! "Behold God is mighty, and *despiseth not any*: He is mighty in strength and wisdom"—omnipotence combined with the tenderest care of all things, "*despising not any.*"

This train of thought leads to the practical conclusion, that it becomes the creature to imitate the energy and activity of the glorious Creator. He Himself has proposed his own example to us. *Because*, He worked six days in creating our system, He has left us the command "*six days shalt thou labor and do all thy work.*" He who came to fulfil all righteousness said, "my Father worketh hitherto and I work." And what shall we say of the Spirit of God "*brooding*" over all things—energizing, vitalizing—yea even interceding for the slothful and wicked servant "*with groanings, which cannot be uttered!*" What excuse has the slothful man for his idleness, when the Triune God governs and sustains the boundless, fathomless universe, with an energy commensurate with its immensity! When the holy beings, who do his bidding, are perpetually employed, and when all nature, animate and inanimate, is putting forth the most amazing activity! Shall this poor creature of an hour be idle alone of all the

works of God? Nay, he cannot be idle! Spite of the inertness of his own will, his lungs are heaving, his heart throbbing, his pulse beating, his blood racing, his stomach assimilating and rejecting.—Every thing above him, every thing around him, every thing in him rebukes his apathy and indolence. From all parts of the realms of space, and from the very Throne of God, comes a voice of reproach; yea, his own organism reproves his laziness. The idler seems to be under the special ban of Heaven, and to be set up as a special mark for the denunciations of the Scriptures. “Go to the ant, thou sluggard, consider her ways and be wise.” He must learn a lesson from the despised little pismire. “The way of the slothful man is as a hedge of thorns.” Every small exertion pricks him like a brier, or stings him like a nettle. “The slothful man hides his hand in his bosom; [probably he has been too lazy to wash it] and will not so much as bring it to his mouth again.”—He is too lazy to feed himself, and his body-servant has gone to the “Blessed Bureau.” “The slothful man saith there is a lion without.” Poor fellow! he is afraid that something will bite him. “I went by the field of the slothful, and by the vineyard of the man void of understanding; and, lo, it was all overgrown with thorns, and nettles had covered the face thereof, and the stone-wall thereof was broken down.” Alas! and a-lack-a-day, the negroes are all gone and the helpless creature can get no one to work for him. Solomon was a great King, but we fear that he was not very polite. He calls such an one, “a man void of understanding”—in plain English, a fool! Oh, Solomon, how could you use such language about such nice people? But Paul is still more merciless to this class. “This we commanded you,” says he, “if any man would

not work, neither should he eat.” He seems, too, to class idlers and mischief-makers together. “For we hear that there are some which walk among you disorderly, *working not at all, but are busy-bodies.*” In like manner, our Saviour connected idleness and crime; the unprofitable servant is called “wicked and slothful.”

We have in the Bible but one picture of perfect womanhood—the wife in whom “the heart of her husband doth safely trust.” Listen to the description of her, ye giddy butterflies of fashion, who have no higher ideas of life and its duties than the ball, the party, the theatre, the opera, &c. Listen, ye, whose dainty fingers must not be soiled with any thing coarser than the keys of a piano. “She riseth also, while it is yet night, and giveth meat to her household, and a portion to her maidens. * * * * She layeth her hands to the spindle, and her hands hold the distaff. She stretcheth out her hand to the poor; yea, she reacheth forth her hands to the needy. She is not afraid of the snow for her household: for all her household are clothed with scarlet. * * * * She looketh well to the ways of her household, and eateth not the bread of idleness. Her children arise up, and call her blessed; her husband also, and he praiseth her. Many daughters have done virtuously, but thou excellest them all.” Such a woman has, of course, a well-regulated family and never degenerates into the fretful scold. Accordingly, we have the most beautiful part of the description in this, “she openeth her mouth with wisdom; and in her tongue is the law of kindness.” A different law is in the tongue of the lazy woman.

The righteous man is likened unto the palm-tree, with its abundant fruit and its usefulness for so many purposes. The wicked man is likened unto the barren bay-tree,

fit only for burning. Our Saviour uttered but one malediction upon earth. It was not against his enemies, slanderers and persecutors; not against those who mocked and buffeted him, and thirsted for his blood, and delivered him to be crucified; *but it was against the barren fig-tree*, which put forth leaves of promise and yielded no fruit. His parables are nearly all intended to rebuke slothfulness, unfruitfulness, and neglect of duty. The wicked and slothful servant, (observe the connection) who hid his lord's talent in the earth, was to be cast into outer darkness, where there should be weeping and gnashing of teeth. So the slothful servant, who made no use of his pound, but hid it in a napkin, had it taken from him and was reckoned among enemies. The rich man lifting up his eyes in torment saw the beggar in Abraham's bosom, whom he had *neglected* to feed and to care for. The five foolish and slothful virgins had *neglected* to fill their lamps with oil. The wicked on the left hand of the Judge in the description of the Judgment given in the 25th chapter of Matthew, had *neglected* to feed the hungry, clothe the naked, and visit the sick and imprisoned. The wicked guest at the marriage feast had *neglected* to put on the wedding garment. The unprofitable husbandmen had *neglected* to give their lord his fruits in their season, and then proceeded to murder to avoid the penalty of their remissness. The prodigal son was an idle, thriftless fellow, who soon ran his race of riotous folly. The barren fig-tree was to be cut down as a cumberer of the ground, and though spared, 'twas only to see if 'twould bring forth fruit another year.

Such is the teaching of the parables, in regard to God's abhorrence of indolence and unfruitfulness. True religion, on the other hand, is likened unto leaven—an

active, working principle—which does not stop its labor till it has permeated the whole mass. It is likened unto good seed in good ground, which brings forth an hundred fold. It is likened unto a grain of mustard, which is “less than all the seeds that be in the earth. But when it is sown, it groweth up, and becometh greater than all herbs, and shooteth out great branches: so that the fowls of the air may lodge under the shadow of it.” Our Saviour calls himself the light of the world, thus appropriating the symbol of activity and of Godhead. He went about doing good. He spent whole nights in prayer. He made wearisome journeys on foot. Yea, he labored with his own hands as a carpenter, until he was thirty years of age. What a rebuke is this manual labor of the Son of God to the pride and folly of those, who are seeking all kinds of petty offices, rather than soil their hands with honest, manly work. Ah, but 'twould be a pity to throw away such fine talents upon mechanical drudgery! Have they more splendid abilities than he had, who was the incarnation of the Divine Wisdom? Ah, but they have nobler aims and views than daily toil can afford! Have they higher objects in life than he had, who came to teach, to reform and to save the world? And yet with these grand and momentous duties before him, he postponed them till he was thirty years old that he might work as a carpenter. Not the least of the impressive lessons left us by his example, is this manual labor from youth till middle age. Let no one be so proud and presumptuous, as to be ashamed of that which Jesus did. Let no one be so proud and presumptuous as to imagine that he is hiding a light which ought to dazzle the world, when he is driving the wagon and plough, or wielding the axe, the maul, the plane, and the hammer. The Wis-

dom of God was engaged for long years in these employments. Is there any one so distinguished for learning and talents that the world would be the loser by his devoting himself to manual labor? Should any one be troubled with the fear of inflicting such a loss upon society, it is very certain that society would *not* be a loser by his withdrawal from it.

Now is the auspicious time to begin in our desolated but still beautiful South, to correct false notions about the servile nature of work. Those with us, who have no need to work with their own hands belong generally to that class, who shrank from the hardships of the march, and the dangers of the battle-field. Their purple and fine linen tell of speculation and extortion, the widow's tears, the orphan's wail, and the dead soldier's blood! Away with them! Poverty is now the true badge of nobility. It speaks eloquently of heroism, patriotism, obliviousness of self and selfish interests, generous sacrifice of every thing upon the altar of country. No blazoned coat of arms ever so plainly proclaimed honorable blood, as does that old faded uniform. Take heed, O ye heroes of many a hard-won field, lest you bring a stain upon your bright escutcheon. There is a cowardice which shrinks from duty, as well as a cowardice which shrinks from danger. 'Tis just as unmanly to fear "the world's dread laugh," as it is to fear the shot and shell of an enemy's battery. It is just as ignoble to neglect the obligations at home as to evade the service owing to the country. You have been true to the land of your birth, be true to those who are bone of your bone and flesh of your flesh. Your mothers, wives, and sweethearts have not blushed for your want of manhood in the field; let them not blush for your effeminacy and slothfulness at the fireside.—

But we believe in the enduring manhood of the Southern soldier. We believe that he will meet toil and poverty in the same noble spirit, with which he has met privation and peril. He is no weak softling to be crushed by hardships and to be cast down by trouble. The lion in the path of the timid and irresolute is but a contemptible cur to him. We have seen one born to affluence, and who had acquitted himself well in the field, reduced to the necessity of driving a wagon.—To our eyes, he would not have appeared so noble, had he been seated in a royal equipage. We have seen another of the boys in grey—a real hero in the service—carrying as a porter great bales and boxes. We esteemed him more highly with these burdens on his shoulders, than we would another followed by a retinue of servants carrying bags of gold.

There was a fearful proverb among the Romans, "the mills of the gods grind slowly, but they grind surely." Retribution may be delayed, but it will certainly come. No gift of prophecy is needed to see the form it will take towards those, who neglected their duty to their country, to pamper to selfish indolence, or viler greed of gain. They have acquired habits of luxury and slothfulness, which unfit them for the stern battle of life. Their ill-gotten gains will be squandered in pompous display, in pampering to vicious appetites, or in farther tempting the fickleness of fortune. Nothing will then be left them, but the consciousness of dereliction of duty, imbecility, and criminal selfishness.

On the other hand, he who "learned to endure hardness as a good soldier," has gained an important victory over self, and will not be likely to shrink from any thing, because it may interfere with his ease and his comfort.—He bears about him, too, the

proud conviction of having played his part well: and this gives him the self-respect which enables him to despise the laugh of the world. His manhood has been tested and not found wanting. The jeer of fools cannot make him ashamed of his old coat, nor of honest, manly work. Adverse events will but purify and elevate his character. He will come forth out of the furnace of trial and affliction like thrice-purified gold. Spite of present poverty and humiliation, the true manhood of the country will eventually assert its supremacy. The pure mountain stream may be confined even in vile pipes of clay and carried to the vale below, but it will at length spring up to its original height, and as it exultingly bounds forth, 'twill catch the rays of the sun and reflect the glories of Heaven! The noble soul may be kept for a time in the valley of shame, but 'twill regain its former lofty preëminence, shining with a new and brighter effulgence.

He is but half-educated, who has not taken lessons in the school of suffering and sorrow. The nobler part of his nature has not been cultivated, the higher qualities of his soul have never been developed. Patient endurance, trust in God under trial, resignation, meekness, the forgiving spirit—almost every virtue, which adorns human nature, belongs not to prosperity, but to adversity. The angel explained to John in the apocalyptic vision that the glorified and adorning host were those “who had come out of great tribulation, and had washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb.” 'Tis with nations as with individuals. The events, which make a country's history, are always those of trial and endurance. Their struggles against tyranny, their wars and revolutions, their calamities and their afflictions constitute the subjects of interest to succeeding

generations. If the people bear themselves grandly and heroically in their misfortune, they command the admiration of posterity. If they “faint in the day of adversity,” they provoke the contempt of all mankind. Countrymen of the South! we have lost every thing, save honor. Let us not excite the scorn of the world by unmanly neglect of duty, and by a false pride, on account of a poverty which is more than honorable, more than noble—that is positively glorious! Our lovely country—the fairest the sun ever shone upon—has been made forever sacred by the blood of heroes. See to it that through criminal slothfulness, it become not a wilderness overgrown with briars and thorns; and thus reproach be brought upon the honored dust of our martyr dead. The love for our ravaged but still beautiful South, the memory of past greatness, the reverence for those who sleep in bloody graves—all should stimulate to exertion, and should rebuke “womanish effeminacy.”*

It is a grand thought of Milton that labor is the peculiar *prerogative* of our race, and marks our superiority over the brute creation. Adam says to Eve in Paradise, before sin entered its blissful bowers:

* * “Other creatures all day long,
Rove idle, unemployed, and less need
rest;
Man has his daily work of body or
mind
Appointed, which declares his *dignity*
And the *regard of Heaven* on all his
ways;
While other animals unactive range,
And of their doings, God takes no ac-
count.
To-morrow, ere fresh morning streaks
the east
With first approach of light, we must
be risen,
And at our pleasant labor to reform
Yon flowery borders, yonder alleys
green,” &c.

God has proposed his own example of industry to the creatures.

* An expression we once heard Mr. McDuffie use.

made in his image. No other living thing can voluntarily take Him as a model and exemplar.—“My meat is to do the will of him that sent me and finish his work,” was the reason given by the weary and hungry Saviour, for declining the food set before him. And in his intercessory prayer on the night of his betrayal, he could confidently appeal to his Father, “I have finished the work that thou gavest me to do.” Oh that we could all say the same when the hour of death shall come! The poor simpleton, who is ashamed of work, brings reproach upon God manifest in the flesh, who was the carpenter of Nazareth. Slothful, weak and foolish, he fails to imitate his Maker, Redeemer and Sanctifier; but to resemble the inert, stupid ox in the stall, fattening for the day of slaughter.

’Tis a mistake to regard manual labor, as a part of the curse inflicted upon man for eating the forbidden fruit. ’Tis not a part of the curse, but the attendant upon it. Air and exercise are necessary for the healthy man, but the frosty morning and the hard-trotting horse are required by the dyspeptic. So moderate work was necessary even in Paradise, but when man’s moral nature became diseased by sin, severer labor was needed as an antidote, and the ground became cursed, and would henceforth yield its abundance only to exhausting toil. This harder, sorer work is wanted as a medicine for the sin-sick soul.—How can that be regarded as a curse, which gives clearness to the intellect, vigor to the constitution, and strength to the nerves?

TOO PROUD TO WORK.

Our cause is lost, but shall we hold
That all is lost, and weakly fold
Our hands in apathy, and seem
Like those, who wakened from a dream,
Lie gaping—turn them to the wall,
And into deeper slumber fall!

Our cause is lost, but we remain
Lords of ourselves, and may obtain
Thrice glorious conquests, nobler far
Than blood-stained laurels won in war.
Naught can enslave the man who frees
Himself from sluggish sloth and ease,

And idleness, to shame allied,
And luxury and petty pride—
That pride which counts it stain and soil,
To earn the bread of honest toil,
Yet feels no scruple over nice,
For debts, dependence, want or vice!

Too proud to work ! when even God
Through six long days of labor trod !
And when in later time He came,—
Enshrin'd in flesh, still God the same,—
The Hands, which guided Nature's rein,
Worked with the hammer and the plane !

Shame, shame—oh ! bitter burning shame !
Let Southern valor, Southern fame,
And Southern honor, for the South
Cry out aloud with trumpet mouth,
“Shame on the men, who basely stand
Too proud to labor for the Land !”

Rebuke them you, who led them well
Unto the end, and when it fell
Laid dead-weights on your load of pain,
And went to daily toil again,
Made labor glorious, and threw
A halo round the South and you !

Cry shame unto the uttermost,
You, glorious dead, and living host,
Who held it honor to sustain
Your Country's burdens, and though vain
Your lives and labors, stand sublime
The foremost figures of the time !

Let Southern women's red lips curl,
And barbéd shafts of satire hurl
At men, who should, except for shame
To womanhood, bear woman's name !
We love not cowards, let it be
Danger, or duty, which they flee !

Shame on the sluggards !—let them find
The wise, and good, and pure combined
Against their weakness—let them feel
This taunt more keen than foeman's steel :
“These are the men, who duty shirk—
The Southern men too proud to work !”

FANNY DOWNING.

JOHN MILTON.

AMONG the Protestants of the English races, the figure of Milton fills the highest niche in the temple of literary fame. But to the popular reader, he is known almost exclusively by his poems, and especially, by his *Paradise Lost*. Many who read with awe and delight this majestic and unearthly epic, are little aware that its author was not only a literary recluse and dreamer of poetic visions, but an active controversialist, a keen reformer, and a great statesman, in the most decisive period of modern history. The true estimate of his genius is greatly enhanced by observing with what transcendent ability he acted in these diverse, and usually incompatible characters. We venture with diffidence, another discussion of his career, which has already been treated by so many able hands, from the conviction that it illustrates historical facts and principles, which still remain of prime importance ; and that the author's life and acts reflect so much light upon the sentiments of his poems.

John Milton was born in 1608, in Bread Street, London ; and was the son of a scrivener, or conveyancer of the same name. His father was of a Catholic family in Oxfordshire ; but having been persecuted by his father for religion, he became a decided Protestant and Puritan. He was a man of respectable character and fortunes ; and his wife, the poet's mother, is reported to have been a woman of admirable sense and piety. The son was early entered at St. Paul's school, where he pursued the study of the classics and modern languages, even from early childhood, with peculiar ardor. At the age of seventeen, he entered the University of Cambridge ; where he contin-

ued seven years. He took the degree of Bachelor in 1628, and of Master of Arts, in 1632. He became remarkable in the University for the same zeal in classical studies, for elegant scholarship, and skill in Latin and Italian versification, and for the feminine beauty of his Grecian face. His friends designed him for holy orders ; but the independent and revolutionary spirit of Milton had probably taught him already so unfavorable an estimate of the structure of the church Establishment, and the great Universities, that he firmly resisted these proposals. His morals were strict, and his piety unquestioned : his temper self-reliant, lofty, and exclusive ; his manners reserved, and his friendships jealously restricted to a small circle of intimates, whom he cherished with an ardent affection. It may be easily surmised, that such a character was never destined to be popular ; and it appears that while his character was stainless, he was regarded by his teachers and comrades with little favor, outside his own chosen circle.

At twenty-four then, Milton retired to his father's home, which was now fixed at Horton in Buckinghamshire ; and devoted himself to study and authorship, for about six years. He extended his knowledge of the sciences then cultivated, and of ancient and modern literature, until there was nothing adapted to enrich or adorn the mind, which he had not gathered into his treasury. During this happy retirement, he produced, besides several minor works, of which his *Lycidas* has been most noted, the *Mask of Comus*. This was composed for the noble family of the Earl of Bridgewater, and acted as a private entertainment

at Ludlow Castle in 1634. This exquisite poem, the most beautiful and pleasing of all his works, was suggested by a trivial incident, the temporary separation of the lady Alice Egerton, daughter of the Earl, from her brothers, during a journey through the woods near the Castle. Such was the modesty, or else the indifference of the author to popular favor, this *Mask* was not published until 1637, and then without his name.

Upon the death of Milton's mother, in 1638, he determined to gratify his desire to visit the chief seats of elegant learning in the south of Europe. He therefore spent a year and three months in Paris, Florence, Rome, Naples, Venice, and Geneva, forming many new literary associations, and perfecting himself in poetry and music, of which art he was, like his father, a skilful *amateur*. On this journey, having the advantage of influential introductions, in addition to his own merits, he was received wherever he went, with great favor by men of letters, and formed acquaintance with the first scholars of the Tuscan Academy *Della Crusca*, the celebrated Galileo, G. Diodati of Geneva, and others. No Englishman had ever displayed to the continentals so polished and universal a knowledge of their own, as well as of the classic languages and literature. Consequently none had been received with such honor.

Milton himself states that he was recalled from these delightful haunts of the muses, by the reports of an approaching collision between the party of absolutism and his friends in England. Deeming it dishonorable to be absent from a contest, in which those principles of constitutional government which he held so dear, were all at stake, he returned to his father's house in 1639. But his taste for literary society, together with his eagerness for the defence of liberal principles in church and

state, determined him to reside in London, which was at once, the *emporium* of learned commerce, and the centre of the political agitations. Here, therefore, he became, first a lodger, and a little after, a householder, living as a bachelor in a commodious house in Aldersgate Street. On Nov. 3d, 1640, met the famous Long Parliament. Charles the I., disgusted by the firmness of previous legislatures in asserting the liberties of the kingdom, had governed for twelve years, without parliaments. In this interval, he had raised his revenues by illegal methods, and Laud and Earl Strafford had visited the Puritan party with frightful oppressions, through the High Commission Courts and Star Chamber. It was in this interval that John Hampden had submitted to arrest and imprisonment, in order to test before the courts the illegality of the king's levies of ship-money. But now, the straits to which Charles was reduced by the war with the Scotch, whom he had already driven into revolution by his invasions of their constitution, compelled him to appeal to his people for supplies. The consequence was, that the Parliament assembled with an almost unanimous resolve to redress the grievances of the country, and to build effectual barriers against the tyranny and treachery of the king. It is not necessary to do more than remind the well informed reader how, after ten months of fruitless demands and recriminations, both parties simultaneously resorted to arms; and the king, on the 25th of August, 1641, erected his royal standard at Nottingham, and summoned all his friends to aid him, against those whom he was pleased to call his insurgent subjects.

Milton at first adhered with all his soul, to the party of the Parliament: as did nearly the whole of his native city. He never seems to have imagined himself suited to

the field ; and in this he was undoubtedly wise. His recluse and studious habits, his feeble eyesight, his uncertain health, and his frequent turns of agonizing head-ache, evidently showed that his part in the struggle was not in camps and battles. But the great cause needed the pen as well as the sword ; and he embarked with all his powers in the career of the controversialist. The distribution of his father's moderate fortune, between himself and his brother and sisters, probably gave him but a scanty income. As he was of no profession, he supplemented his means by the income of a private school. This employment began by his receiving into his bachelor home, first, one, and then both of the sons of his elder sister, Mrs. Phillips ; and to these were soon added several others, the sons of his intimate friends. Thus, until he became an officer of the government of Cromwell, he pursued with diligence the modest labors of a private teacher, in his own house. But all his leisure hours were devoted to polemic authorship, and he postponed his offerings to the shrine of the muses, for the harsher sacrifices of controversy. His first work was a treatise of Reformation in England in two books, published in 1641. The same year, he published, first, a piece against "Prelatical Episcopacy," directed against the learned Archbishop Usher, Primate of the Irish Establishment : and soon after he followed this by "The Reason of Church Government, urged against Prelacy." The labours of this year were closed by his "Animadversions" against Bishop Hall. In 1642, he continued the same controversy, by his "Apology for Smeectymnus."

But the event was now at hand, which was to give a new direction to his studies. In the spring vacation of his school, 1643, Milton went into Oxfordshire for recrea-

tion, and at the end of a month returned with a blooming wife, Mary Powell, the daughter of a gentleman of that country, who was an ardent royalist. The bridegroom was now thirty-five years old, and the bride was in her 'teens. He was a Puritan ; the family of the Powells belonged to the Cavalier party. The tastes of the husband were grave, intellectual and quiet ; the wife was accustomed to, and delighted in, the gallantry, gaiety, levity and profusion of the court party. Milton lived, and found his happiness, amidst the highest walks of science, literature, and art : his wife was one of those pretty specimens of vacuity, whose sole charms are in a fresh color, a graceful shape, and a sparkling animal vivacity. When Sir Egerton Brydges saw her as Mrs. Milton in her matronly prime, he describes her as "a dull, unintellectual, insensate woman, though possessed of outward personal beauty." So ill-assorted a union requires some explanation. This is to be found on the part of the bride's parents, in the fact that Powell Senior was indebted to Milton's father for a loan of five hundred pounds ; which the reckless and profuse habits of the Cavalier disabled him from repaying, and by the advantages of a connexion with a man of the rival, and possibly the conquering party in the state, so important as Mr. Milton. For the young lady, the explanation is probably to be found partly in the gratification of her vanity, when she found herself courted by so eminent a scholar and man of genius, endowed withal, with a countenance of classic beauty, and a person accomplished in all gentlemanly arts, and partly in the habits of compliance with the parental will, to which the young women of England were then educated. On Milton's side, the solution is undoubtedly to be found in his poetic temperament, and the power of a profound pas-

sion. None live so completely amidst the ideals of their own imaginations, as men of genius. Our author's soul had doubtless cherished a vision of female loveliness, to which he delighted to impute all the refined graces and excellences, which his classic fancy could conceive; and to this he had long paid a secret and rapturous homage in the chambers of his heart. As the very existence of human society depends upon the relations between the sexes, so our Creator has made the sentiments which unite them, the most profound and tender of all. Hence, in every man of genius, it is around the idea of woman, (as in every ardent female soul, it is around the idea of man) that his deepest imaginings and affections gather. Milton has revealed, in his works, that this was true of him at least. It is not hard to understand therefore, how, as he found himself released from the dun fog of London and the toils of the school room, in the sweet season of May; and wandering some rosy morn through green lanes of blooming hawthorn, with a soul suffused with all the melting harmonies of nature, to which he has given expression so matchless in *L'Allegro*, the vision of the blooming English girl, coy and graceful, burst upon his eyes as the very impersonation of all the hidden graces, towards which his heart had yearned so long. Thenceforward he saw her only through the vision of romance and passion. It was but necessary that he should once accept her image as the realization of his ideal, for his genius to employ itself in garnishing her with the imperial wealth of its imagery. And until the spell was broken, Mary Powell was to him all that his creative fancy and lofty sentiment chose to paint her. It is difficult to doubt that the picture which he has drawn of the emotions of Adam at first beholding his Eve, was copied from his own

raptures: and that it was the delicious reverence of his first love for Mary Powell, which taught him those lines of the 8th book of the *Paradise Lost*:

"Yet when I approach,
Her loveliness, so absolute she seems
And in herself complete, so well to
know
Her own, that what she wills to do or
say
Seems wisest, virtuousest, discreetest,
best.
All higher knowledge in her presence
falls
Degraded; wisdom in discourse with
her,
Loses discountenance, and like folly
shows."

Many other instances, besides that of Milton, have shown that when once the sweet infatuation is established, the tide of passion sweeps over the caution and wisdom of the man of years, as easily as over the inexperience of youth; and so long as man is not too old to love (after which he is certainly to old to marry,) his experience gives him no guarantee against the delusion of which Milton was a victim. His is therefore a striking case in point, sustaining the argument of Bishop Hopkins in his "American Citizen" for early marriages; in which he pleads that the mature bachelor has less safeguard against mistake, than the ingenuous youth. Certain it is, that Milton found, when he took his blooming bride to his home after a month's wooing, that he had committed the proverbial folly of "wedding in haste, to repent at leisure." At the end of the honeymoon, the lady, weary of her new life, sought leave, which it appears, was gracefully granted, to revisit her paternal home for a month. But the month passed by, and she did not return. Autumn arrived, and Milton's letters found no answer. After Michaelmas, he despatched a special messenger, with still another letter, to ensure her reception of it; but she refused all answer, and dismissed his messenger with contempt. This reprehensible conduct was contin-

ued nearly two years ; when, as will be related, the lady found it to her interest to seek a reconciliation, and was restored to her husband's favor.

The causes of her separation were probably complex. Our own times have seen a most skilful instance of those innocent literary impostures, in which Chatterton is said to have indulged his ingenuity, entitled the "Maiden and married life of Mary Powell." It is the work of a British lady, authoress of a similar fiction, the journal of Lady Willoughby. In this portraiture of Milton's wife, the fair author exhausts her skill, to cast a pleasing veil over her erring sister's sins. With a mind richly imbued with the history and literature of the 17th century, and a style steeped in the very spirit of its antique and sober romance, she has painted a loving, timid, wayward, and fluttering heart, tremblingly anxious to please her revered, stranger-husband, awed by his majesty, then wearied by the pious austerity of his pursuits, then chilled by his indiscreet exertions of authority, and at last, angered and despairing at the misapprehensions of her artless efforts to please. Now we beg the reader to remember that all this masterly picture is a fiction, and to rid his mind of the pleasing illusion. Our purpose is to substitute for it the facts of sober history, with such reasonable inferences as are obvious. The testimony of Milton's blameless life and of his friends, shows that he was then a man who might well have satisfied the heart of any woman worthy of him, uniting in his person a refined and spiritual beauty of face, with every attribute of manly vigor and grace, grave and self-reliant in temper, without austerity, pious and diligent in his life, yet knowing how to unbend in innocent gayety, and possessing a flow of brilliant and witty conversation. Of his passionate attachment to his lovely

wife, there can be no doubt. But she was simply unworthy of him, and incapable of true appreciation of him, a weak and foolish woman, without intellectual resource, and worst of all, evidently inspired by the most malignant influences from her former home. Her parents had sacrificed her at first to interest. But now that the campaign of 1643, was bringing a tide of successes to the Cavalier party, that Waller was defeated, Exeter taken, and Plymouth closely besieged in the West, and all North of York was submissive to the king's forces under the Duke of Newcastle, the Powells senior regretted their Roundhead connexion, and if they did not suggest, evidently encouraged and sanctioned the separation. The next year, when the genius of Cromwell had turned the scales unmistakably against the king, a prospective vision of conquest and confiscations made them conclude, that the connexion was worth preserving ; and with a meanness equal to their former injustice, they again urged the unwilling captive back to her matrimonial bondage. When, soon after, the crash of the Cavaliers' fortunes came, they were not too proud to accept the hospitality offered magnanimously by the man they had injured : The whole Powell family removed to his house, and thenceforward lived upon his kindness, parents, sisters, roystering brothers, ten in all, until the death of the father, in 1647. Nothing is known of their fortunes afterwards : except that Mrs. Powell in 1651, sued her late husband's estate for dower ; and her petition contained this statement.

"By the law Mrs. Powell might recover her thirds without doubt ; but she is so extremely poor, she hath not wherewithal to prosecute ; and, besides, Mr. Milton is a harsh and choleric man, and married Mr. Powell's daughter, who would be undone if any such course were

taken against him by Mrs. Powell: he having turned away his wife heretofore for a long space upon some occasion."

So malignant a falsehood, as that contained in the last lines of this charge, reveals sufficiently the character of the mother. She could thus falsify the fact, in order to make her plea against the generous man, to whose kindness, extended to her after the most cruel injury, she had been indebted for rescue from destitution! It is not surprising, that the weak daughter of such a mother should misbehave.

The households of cultivated Puritans, like Milton, were by no means the abodes of that conventional austerity imputed to them by the opposite party. In truth their style of manners, instead of being made up of rigid cant and mortification of the flesh, was just what now distinguishes that christian gentry, which is the glory of modern England; a union of rational cheerfulness with evangelical sobriety and purity of morals. The house of Milton was, indeed, a stranger to that dissipated revel, which the cavaliers loved to maintain, as their protest against the sobriety of their enemies. Its master was comparatively a poor, and a diligent man, maintaining his family by the humble labors of a school, and much occupied by his studies. But his home was brightened by elegant society of lettered men, by music, and by occasional holidays, in which he resigned himself with *abandon* to innocent mirth and frolic. His nephew, Philips, relates that once in three weeks or a month, he was accustomed to devote a day to thorough relaxation, when his house was enlivened by the gayest young men of his literary acquaintance.

It is evident from her voluntary separation, and contemptuous conduct, that Milton's wife then had no true love for him: and after the novelty of the wedding feast,

she found her heart vacant. The hours of solitude, while her husband was toiling in those labors which were winning bread, raiment, and honorable estate for her, were neither lightened by any intellectual resources, nor sweetened by that motive which renders delightful even the humblest cares for a beloved object.—She sighed for the gallantry, the flattery, the amusements of her former home: she disliked her husband's principles, which she had been taught to regard as treasonable: she resolved, at all hazard, to return to her former license.—Unfortunately, the method she used to effect this purpose, compounded of deceit and disobedience, was the most unfortunate that could have been chosen for a man of Milton's temperament.

Every reader of sensibility will appreciate the combined mortification, anger, and anguish which Milton felt, when he ascertained this wilful purpose. Conceive of the soul which was capable of those matchless visions of feminine excellence, which he has embodied in his Eve unfallen; a soul which had been, through fifteen years of manhood, worshiping in secret, with a burning adoration, at the shrine of this ideal. Conceive of the wealth of love which such a soul would pour out, when it imagined its divinity was found, impersonated in a consenting, loving woman. Conceive the gigantic power of emotion in that nature, which was capable of describing the despair of Satan, and the remorse of the fallen pair in the *Paradise Lost*, when his heart was pierced through its master passion. Even the desire to protract her absence from him causelessly, exhibited in his wife's request for the return to Oxfordshire, was a sting to his heart, whose keenness only a passionate love can understand. While both gallantry, and pride, would prompt him to grant it, and to conceal

the pain of granting it; the mere fact that his bride so eagerly sought her preferred gratification in absence from him, would be a rankling wound to his heart: For, was it not a revelation to him of the fact which is most damning to the lover, that the treasure of love he is lavishing is not requited? Did it not teach him that she was incapable of appreciating, or else did not value, his devotion? He would ask himself; "Could I spring so joyously towards that temporary separation, which was to leave her solitary and widowed in our common home, to bear all its working-day cares unaided, and to pine for my return? Could I much enjoy any delights of other joys, or scenes, or friends, when thus dashed by the absence of her, whose participation and communion is the prime element of all my happiness?" And the generous emphasis with which his heart answered: 'No, never,' was but the more deadly revelation to him of the fact, that his love was not prized by her. To this was added the sting of passion deprived of its object, and of desire unfulfilled, continued so long, and so cruelly, that his soul grew morbid under it. And when the whole was crowned by a contemptuous rejection and high act of conjugal disobedience, it was not unnatural that he should yield to a tide of indignation. He was reminded moreover, that during this year, 1643, Oxford was the headquarters of the Royalist army, and the seat of the King's military court; whence it was very obvious, that the country house of a jovial cavalier like Mr. Powell, adorned with sundry blooming daughters, could not fail to be the resort of the young officers of that party.—So that the anguish of disappointed love in Milton was enhanced by this picture: That his wife had deserted him and her own duties for the flatteries and coquetries of a relaxed military society; and

that, the society of his mortal enemies. His self-respect combined to convince him that he owed it to himself to teach the culprit that she could not thus stab his heart and his credit, at once, with impunity. He resolved to repudiate her finally.

Mary Powell is far from being either the first or the last bride, who has thoughtlessly made shipwreck of her own and her husband's happiness, by measures such as those with which her separation began. Many other men who, at marriage, had dedicated themselves with ardent faith to the happiness of their wives, have been cruelly awakened from their dreams of mutual and blissful devotion by similar acts of heedlessness, excused under the plea of a girlish home-sickness. Some have sought refuge, at such times, from the sting of neglect and unfulfilled desire, in the pursuits of ambition or mammon: some in other friendships; and not a few in sensuality. Either way, the annihilation of true conjugal union is equally complete; for the wayward bride finds, by the time the cares and burdens of married life begin to close upon her shoulders in good earnest, that her causeless absences have taught her husband that most unfortunate lesson, so bitter to him in the learning, but so surely retained by him when once learned; to seek and find his interests and sufficient enjoyments, apart from her. Thenceforward, amidst the wearying round of toils and sorrows which entangle the mistress and another, she will often sigh in vain for that priceless, but sensitive union of soul, which was once hers, and was so lightly lost.

But Milton's soul was too virtuous to seek solace for its anguish in drunkenness or debauchery, and too lofty to find it in the pursuits of wealth. His reverence for the law of God was too profound to allow him to think of the so-

lace of domestic love, save in conformity with the divine legislation. Hence, the resort to which he turned was characteristic at once of his principles and his determined temper. Instead of turning aside to indemnify himself for his disappointment of connubial bliss, in sensuality, or covetousness; he set himself to study anew the conditions under which God has placed the marriage tie. The result was his four essays upon Divorce, the first of which, entitled "Doctrine and Discipline of Divorce," was dedicated to the Parliament and the Westminster Assembly, and published in 1644. This being universally reprobated, he followed it with three other treatises, his "Judgment of Martin Bucer," touching Divorce, "Tetrachordon," and "Colasterion," the latter two published in 1645. In these works, he stoutly, and doubtless, honestly, maintained that the scriptural rules authorize divorce not only for criminal infidelity, but also for such incurable incompatibility, as permanently and wholly prevented the ends of marriage. Such, and no other, was the departure of Milton from the belief of other christians, in these famous treatises. His views were rejected by the parliament, and solemnly condemned by the Westminster Assembly of Divines; in both of which bodies Presbyterian opinions were then omnipotent.

But while we concur with them in reprobating Milton's proposed amendment, as unscriptural, and of most dangerous tendency; it would be gross injustice to him to represent it as a taint upon his own personal character. Both God's law, and social experience concur in teaching us to guard the permanence and sacredness of the marriage tie, with most jealous care; as being at the very foundation of all public and private virtue. And the wisdom of inspiration plainly appears, in omitting

the deceitful plea of "incompatibility;" under which every license of guilty caprice would claim to rank. But it must be said, in excuse of Milton, that his provocation was as violent as his guilty wife could have made it, short of the actual crime of unchastity; that he was evidently impelled to his erroneous doctrine by no impulse towards vagrant license, but by honest indignation; that throughout the misery and denunciations of the period, he continued to live irreproachably; and that he everywhere condemns illicit and loose connexions, as sternly as other moralists; while the theoretical sincerity of his views is evinced by his continuing the defence of his opinion, as keenly as ever, after his own grievance was removed by his voluntary reception of his wife to his bosom.

But this distressing topic did not so exclude public interests from his mind, as to prevent his publishing in 1644 his "Letter of Education," in which he detailed his own method; and his unrivalled plea for liberty of thought, entitled by him "Areopagitica," or "A Speech for Unlicensed Printing." In 1645, he published a collection of his minor poems, containing, with others, his *L'Allegro* and *Il Penseroso*, these peerless gems of descriptive verse.

Meantime the ruin of the king's affairs, with the rumor that Milton was contemplating a second marriage, brought the delinquent spouse, and her parents, to see the difficulty with him in another light. They sought a reconciliation, by the aid of Milton's friends; who appeared to have been anxious to heal his domestic breach. Mrs. Milton came to London, and resorting to the house of one of his relatives, where he frequently visited, awaited her opportunity, and cast herself unexpectedly at his feet. Astonishment and resentment soon gave place to reviving affection. The result was

a hearty and permanent re-union, which lasted till Mrs. Milton's death in 1652. She bore Milton three daughters, his only surviving children. He had now been overtaken by total blindness ; but this rather prompted, than prevented a second marriage. After a proper interval, he took Catharine Woodcock, daughter of a Puritan family, and every way suited, by talents and character, to her noble husband. She died within a year, in giving birth to a daughter ; and her husband paid a touching tribute to her memory in a stately sonnet. It was only during her short married life that the poet realized his ideal of domestic bliss. After many years of widowhood, he was induced by his helpless condition to marry his third wife, Elizabeth Minshul. This was rather a marriage of convenience, than of affection ; and the most that can be said of the lady, is that she was an attentive nurse, to the old man, and a severe mistress to his motherless children.

We now return to his literary history. Many things occurred during the civil war to alienate Milton from the Presbyterians. The Westminster Assembly of Divines had strongly condemned his "Doctrine of Divorce," and had procured his reprimand therefor, at the bar of the House of Lords. Their preachers had denounced his opinions from the pulpit, and Rev. Joseph Caryl, one of their divines, had replied to them in a learned book. They also disclosed as thorough an opposition as the Episcopalians themselves, to republicanism and independency, when they gained the chief power ; and showed that they were not likely to grant to the sectaries or the democrats, that absolute liberty of printing and worship, which Milton claimed alike for all. He therefore transferred his allegiance to the rising fortunes of the independent party, headed by Crom-

well. This faction having gained the Army, having expelled the Presbyterian members of the Commons, and having abolished the House of Lords, proceeded to try and execute the King. This act Milton defended in a publication, which he entitled the "Tenure of Kings and Magistrates," in which he argued against the Presbyterians, from the extreme premises of the English Republicans. When the government of the Protector was established, he was rewarded for his revolutionary zeal, by the post of Latin Secretary, with a handsome salary. Cromwell, disdaining to use the languages of his neighbors, in diplomatic intercourse, resolved to employ the Latin tongue ; and selected Milton, the most accomplished Latinist in Europe, to conduct his foreign correspondence. In this capacity, he was the author of numerous State-papers. But it was not only in foreign despatches that the Government employed his pen. Upon the appearance of the *Eikon Basilike*, ascribed to the late King, he was employed to write a reply, which he entitled *Eikonoklastes*. His most famous productions were his *Defensio pro Populo Anglicano*, and the replications which grew out of it. Charles the Second, then a fugitive in Holland, had hired Salmasius to attack the Government of Cromwell for the death of the King, in a learned book, which was thought of sufficient moment to require a formal and able answer. The reply of Milton, with the pieces in which he continued the controversy, were marked by his elegant Latinity, lofty eloquence, and caustic satire. The Government repaid this labor, with the gift of a thousand pounds, but it cost the author his eye-sight. Physicians warned him that his vision, already much impaired, would not endure the task ; but he replied, that blindness itself should not deter him from the performance of his duty. In 1655, he pub-

lished in Latin "Reasons for the war with Spain." The death of Oliver Cromwell foreshadowed the early fall of the Commonwealth. This prospect rekindled Milton's controversial zeal; and he wrote a number of pieces in favor of the faction whose fall was now inevitable. Just before the Restoration, he was dismissed from his office, and went into retirement. Upon the King's return, his friends judged it necessary for him to secrete himself from his revenge: but among the few virtues which Charles the Second could claim, was placability; and the prosecutions for treason were limited to the regicides. Milton's reply to Salmasius, was, by order of Parliament, burned by the common hangman, but the author was allowed quietly to evade pursuit.

Milton was now fifty-two years old; he was entirely blind; his health was infirm; his estate nearly all gone; and his party hopelessly ruined. The principles, to whose advocacy he had devoted his prime, were subjects of universal reprobation. His soul was too lofty to change its professions to suit the times, and there was no party, in church or state, which he approved. He seems therefore to have withdrawn within himself, with a species of haughty disgust, and henceforth he had no relations with mankind, except in the common domain of literature. We are told that after the Restoration, he never entered a church for worship, never participated in any of the public ceremonies of christianity, observed no family worship in his own house, and, so far as others could perceive, had no stated season of secret prayer. His christianity was maintained only by secret exercises. He now returned to the Muses, his first loves; and in circumstances which would have consigned a less heroic soul to apathy or despair; he addressed himself afresh to what he had before proposed as his life's work,

the composition of his great poems. The general reader is doubtless more familiar with the figure of the author, during this period of his life; as he appeared in his humble house in Bunhill Row, blind, pale, gouty, listening to the reading of the great masters at such time as he could procure a reader from among his visitors or his daughters, playing some sacred melody upon his organ, conversing placidly with his literary friends: and dictating a few lines of some immortal poem to his wife or friend, when he arose from his bed at morning. Thus were produced the *Paradise Lost*, *Paradise Regained*, and *Samson Agonistes*. His other literary enterprizes were the editing of two unpublished works of Sir Walter Raleigh, and of some of his own minor pieces, with a Latin Grammar and Dictionary, or *Thesaurus*. The last, a work of vast labor and learning, was left at his death too imperfect for publication; and the MS is lost to view. One more occupied his leisure, a *Body of Divinity*, in Latin; which he committed to his friend, Cyriac Skinner. This work was probably swept unnoticed into the State Paper Office, along with the confiscated papers of Mr. Skinner: and after lying there unknown almost two centuries, was unearthed and printed in our own age, as a literary curiosity. The life of Milton thus passed quietly away, in a decent and dignified poverty, until 1674; when he died of gout, and was buried, without monument, in St. Giles' Church.

In his intellectual character, Milton was essentially an *antique*. Although more learned than any man in England, in all the polite languages and literature of modern Europe, it was by the models of classic antiquity that he chiefly formed his taste and style, and from their light his genius chiefly delighted to refresh its beams. His industry had mastered the whole stores of ancient learning

and imagery. The numbers of his verse were attuned, as nearly as one might, who sang in a Teutonic tongue, to the melody of the Greek; and his grand imagination was so imbued with the graceful and imposing images of the ancient mythology and tradition, that he has clothed his thoughts in profuse draperies of classic figure and allusion. As none could have written his greater works, except a profound classic; so none can truly appreciate or enjoy them, but a well trained student of antiquity. At every instant, the author either introduces an antique simile, or metaphor, or illustration; or else sprinkles his style with elegant and refined allusions, which betray the wealth of his literary treasures.

This strong classic bent, with the peculiarities of Milton's native temper, also explains many of his ecclesiastical and political opinions. His mind was as manifestly self-reliant, impatient of dictation, and passionately devoted to liberty of thought, as his powers were great. When he selected the word "Iconoclast," as the title of his reply to the *Eikon Basilike*, he unconsciously characterized with perfect accuracy, his intellectual nature. He was by constitution of soul, an *Idol-breaker*, delighting with a grand scorn in demolishing every principle which had improperly usurped a place in the reverence of the unthinking. He felt a native scorn of the bondage of prescription and authority, with an overweening confidence in the ability of the enlightened human reason as a guide to truth. And then, the phase of his opinions was that of an ancient Greek or Roman Republican. His theory of human right was formed rather upon the philosophic speculations of the academy and the scholastics, than upon the practical lessons of British history. His politics were rather those of a Christianized Plato or Plutarch, than of a Som-

ers or Halifax: instead of striving for the inherited franchises of the Briton, which had been proved by the actual history of the people to be practicable and valuable, he was ever dreaming of an Utopian republic, in which absolute human right should be fully realized. His reverence for the inspiration and authority of the holy Scriptures ever remained a broad mark of distinction between himself and the French Revolutionists of the next, and of our centuries; and he was, to that extent, a safer and wiser statesman; but the pursuit of classic models had produced in him the same unpractical and dangerous principles, which afterwards were fully expanded by them. The influence of the classic spirit was also seen in Milton's religious history. We believe that where this spirit becomes exclusive and dominant, it exerts a subtle influence against christianity. Its atmosphere is, like the classic writers themselves, either latitudinarian or infidel. Glorifying in the refinements of a culture merely human, it fosters an overweening confidence in human capacity and perfectibility. The mere fact that, while enriched with all the beauty and wealth of human genius, it is totally devoid of the "one thing needful," the light and spirit of Revelation, renders it as dangerous as it is seductive to the soul of its exclusive devotee. Belief in the christian Scriptures was indeed too deeply rooted in Milton's understanding, to be unsettled; and his taste was too true and noble ever to cease to avow and feel the transcendent grandeur of the poetic elements of the Hebrew literature, above the classic. Hence, he did not become infidel. And his latest tasks, and the most loved, were to employ the vast stores of his classic lore, to adorn the more majestic images of the oriental traditions. But the malign influence of a godless and pagan atmosphere were seen in the

overclouding of his faith and grace, in the hour of trial. His christianity did not endure the stern test of adversity like that of his great contemporary, Richard Baxter. Instead of being ennobled and sublimated by persecution and disappointment, it became morose; he separated himself from all outward communion with the people of God; and refused to them, and to his country, that imperative tribute, most obligatory upon the greatest, of a hearty support to the visible institutions of christianity.

One of the purposes announced by us at the beginning of this article, was to show in some instances how much light and interest the personal history of an author may be made to throw upon his literary productions.—It is only when we have been permitted to lift the veil of his own private life, and to know what were the passions, and the joys, and the sorrows, which constituted the realities of his own existence, that we are prepared to comprehend the creations of his art. For, we may be assured that the poet is only enabled to clothe his creations in the flaming drapery of true genius, by having lived his own drama or epic, in his own soul. Thus it is said that Luther explained the power of his commentary on Galatians, by declaring that he wrote it out of his own heart. The *Pilgrim's Progress* presents, in its ghostly allegory, the spiritual warfare and triumphs of Bunyan's own soul.—And the gloomy passion which is the true element of greatness in Childe Harold, is but the bitter record of Lord Byron's own remorse and misanthropy.

Space only permits one instance from Milton, in illustration of these remarks; and we take it from his estimates and descriptions of woman. It has been already remarked that, as the relation of the sexes is rudimental to

man's social existence, the sentiments which govern in that relation, are the most profound in man's soul. Now, he is most truly the man of genius, in whom the generic life of his species is most thoroughly developed, in all its parts. In other words, the man of genius is the specimen-man: he presents each of the native forces which characterize humanity, in its fullest exercise. We should therefore be prepared to see this rudimental sentiment, the profound appreciation of the true woman, most powerfully developed in the most gifted men. And if one is found, like Milton, of sensitive, reserved, recluse temperament, this trait will be found, for that reason, only the more deeply inwrought in him. If he is more chary of his sacrifices at the shrine of any actual mistress, it is only because his heart is paying a higher and more constant homage to its own ideal. Our poet's unmatched creations of feminine character show that this is a correct estimate of his own secret sentiments. If it has been his task to paint the folly and fall of our first mother, it has also been his honor to embody in inimitable numbers, the purest, sweetest and noblest conceptions of woman, which adorn any literature outside of the Scriptures. His earliest great work, the "*Mask of Comus*," written while the visions of his fancy were as yet uncontradicted by experience, is peculiar for its pictures of the mild majesty of feminine virtue. The Lady of the Mask first appears, amidst the trepidation of her wandering from the brothers, reassuring herself thus:

"These thoughts may startle well, but
not astound,
The virtuous mind: that ever walks
attended
By a strong siding champion, Conscience.
O welcome pure-eyed Faith, white-
handed Hope,

Thou hovering angel, girt with golden wings,
And thou, unblemished form of chastity."

When the younger brother is tortured with fears for her safety, the elder composes them, by reminding him of the power of chastity:

"She who has that, is clad in complete steel;

And like a quivered Nymph with arrows keen,

May trace huge forests and unharbored heaths,

Infamous hills, and sandy, perilous wilds;

Where through the sacred rays of chastity,

No savage fierce, bandit, or mountain-
eer,

Will dare to soil her virgin purity."

* * * * *

"Hence had the huntress, Dian, her dread bow,

Fair, silver shafted queen, forever chaste,

Wherewith she tamed the brindled lioness,

And spotted mountain pard, but set at nought

The frivolous bolt of Cupid."

And when the Lady is entrapped by Comus, unsupported by every friend, bewildered by the seductive and terrifying *chimeras* which the foul wizard conjured around her, enticed by his Circean cup, threatened by his lust and malice, assailed by his sophistical persuasions, she sits, although a captive, impregnable in her purity of soul; until the potent enchanter is discomfited and overwhelmed, in the midst of his hosts, by the simple power of meek, maidenly virtue. The poet, with a philosophy as true as beautiful, makes the wisdom of her pure heart an overmatch for all the subtleties of his fiendish wit.—And the guardian Spirit concludes the story of her deliverance, with this moral:

"Mortals, that would follow me,
Love virtue: She alone is free.

She can teach you how to climb
Higher than the spheric chime;
Or, if virtue feeble were,
Heaven itself would stoop to her."

Let us pass next to that matchless creation of the perfect ideal woman, the Eve of the Paradise Lost. The passages in which she is painted are too well known to need recital. After the narrative given of Milton's life, it requires no violence of inference to believe that when, an old, disappointed, and blind man, he composed those familiar lines of the 8th Book, in which Adam describes to Raphael his first vision of his future spouse,

"—adorned

With what all earth or heaven could bestow

To make her amiable: on she came,

Led by her heavenly Maker though unseen,

And guided by his voice; nor uninformed

Of nuptial sanctity and marriage rites;

Grace was in all her steps, heaven in her eye,

In every gesture dignity and love."

he was but recalling from his own memory, the ineffaceable image of Mary Powell, as she looked upon him on that May morning in Oxfordshire, radiant with the glories which his own regal imagination projected upon her figure. The picture which he then draws of conjugal bliss, the most glowing at once, and the purest which has ever been delineated, is doubtless but the reproduction of his own joys during his short possession of his only true partner, his Catharine, enhanced by the power of his own fancy. We need not suppose her person endowed with that material beauty, which so deceitfully decked the body of his first mistaken choice. Blindness had ere this, hidden all this from his eye; but only to cause it to glow more serenely before the vision of his soul. As he so tenderly and gracefully suggests this fact, in the sonnet by which she is commemorated:

"*Her face was veiled; yet to my fancied sight,
Love, sweetness, goodness, in her person shined.*"

It is well known that blind men, by a beautiful law of association, establish for themselves an undoubting conception of the features and countenances of those they love, from the gentleness and melody of their voices, and the softness of their steps, and from that indefinable but most real *aura* of sweetness and grace, palpable to no one bodily sense, but felt by the heart, which floats around the true loving woman.—What though this conception is, in the judgment of the mere material sense, erroneous? To the blind lover it is most real and truthful. Immaterial though it be, and visionary in the judgment of gross fools, this beauty will be found actual and imperishable, in that heavenly reünion, where the vain charms of the sinful flesh are dust and ashes.

Once more, the reader can scarcely fail to see, in the picture of Eve prostrate at Adam's feet after her fall, Mary Powell, suddenly appearing in her husband's presence in London, and embracing his knees, while she besought to be taken back to his heart.

"Soon his heart relented
Towards her, his life so late, and sole
delight,

Now at his feet submissive in distress;
Creature so fair his reconciliation
seeking,

His counsel, whom she had displeased,
his aid;

As one disarmed, his anger all he lost,
And thus, with peaceful words, up-
raised her soon."

It has been very preposterously inferred that the language of contemptuous suspicion and detestation, in which Milton makes his Adam spurn Eve in the first moment of his phrensy, and in which Sampson Agonistes repels Dalila, when assured of her bottomless treachery, gives us the author's

true estimate of woman. It is forgotten that he here, as a true artist, makes his heroes feel and speak in character. It would be just as reasonable to conclude that because he puts into Adam's mouth, at another place, expressions of engrossing and almost idolatrous admiration for his spouse, which provoke the mild reproof of Raphael, therefore these give us Milton's settled and deliberate estimate of female excellence. This would be preposterous; for it would represent him as claiming perfection for imperfect creatures; and the answer again is, that the author here makes his hero speak in character. If we may venture any surmise as to the place in which Milton intends to express his own deliberate sentiment, it is obviously the close, where Adam, recovering himself from his despair and rage, and penitently recognizing his own equal share in the guilt, leads forth his weeping wife, with a tenderness, no longer blind and idolatrous, but more deep and self-denying than the rapture of the days of Eden.

Some again have supposed that Milton betrays his depreciation of woman, in those allusions to the inferiority of her powers and position, beside man's, which find place even in Adam's most passionate praises. But it is forgotten, that the author's undertaking was to write a Scriptural Epic. All was to be conformed to biblical ideas. In these expressions he is but adopting the uniform representations of prophets and apostles. And it must be remembered that in his day, the perverse and monstrous fantasies of "women's rights," had not been heard of.—All speakers and writers, females as much as men, recognized the woman, without question, as "the weaker vessel." Had Milton written otherwise, he would have been, in his age, unintelligible and absurd.

OUR DEAD.

Do we weep for the heroes who died for us ?
Who, living, were true and tried for us,
And, in death, sleep side by side for us ?

The Martyr-band

That hallowed our Land,

With the blood they poured in a tide for us ?

Ah ! fearless on many a day for us,
They stood in the front of the fray for us,
And held the foeman at bay for us :

Fresh tears should fall

Forever—o'er all

Who fell while wearing the Grey for us.

How many a glorious Name for us !

How many a story of Fame for us

They left !—would it not be a shame for us ?

—If their memory part

From our Land and Heart,—

And a wrong to them and a blame for us ?

No,—no,—no,—they were brave for us,

And bright were the lives they gave for us ;

The Land they struggled to save for us

Cannot forget

Its warriors yet,

Who sleep in so many a grave for us.

No,—no,—no,—they were slain for us,

And their blood flowed out in a rain for us,

Red, rich and pure on the plain for us ;

And years may go

But our tears shall flow

O'er the Dead who have died in vain for us.

And their deeds—proud deeds—shall remain for us—

And their Names—dear names—without stain for us,

And the glories they won shall not wane for us :

In Legend and Lay

Our heroes in Grey,

Though dead—shall live over again for us.

A SKETCH OF MAJ. GEN. P. R. CLEBURNE.

PATRICK R. CLEBURNE, deserves a prominent place among the great heroes, who have illustrated Southern heroism and Southern history. His name brings a thrill of the heart to every true son of the South, just as his presence brought success wherever he moved on the field of battle.

"*Cleburne is here!*" meant that "all was well." Where he was, no masses of the enemy could break his lines, no matter how impetuous their attack or fearful the odds. When he led a column, its onslaught was irresistible and never failed to carry the opposing lines—save at one point only, and there is the grave of the Stonewall of the Western Army, and his devoted division.

It is not the intention of the writer of this article to give a history of P. R. Cleburne's life previous to the beginning of the past war; for of that he is ignorant in the main; nor of the achievements of Maj. Gen. P. R. Cleburne during the war, for that is a part of the history of the short lived Southern Confederacy, written in the stricken hearts of all her mourning sons and daughters. But we propose to give to the world some few incidents in the life of this remarkable man, that might be otherwise consigned to undeserved oblivion, yet which give indications of character, that may be considered of interest sufficient to merit a place among the chronicles of the "LAND WE LOVE."

Gen. Cleburne was rather above than under the medium height, perhaps five feet ten or eleven inches—sparely made, growing thinner as the war progressed, with the constant wear of a mind and body unceasingly restless. He had a grey eye of very changeable ex-

pression, sometimes as cold and dead as that of a fish, yet when excited, it flashed like a broadsword. His hair that was originally black became very gray before the close of the war, and being closely cropped, it stood above his forehead in bristly individuality. High cheek bones with thin lower visage, a rather sallow complexion, with but little beard, and remarkably large ears; with long limbs and heavy emphatic steps in walking, he was not one who in appearance or manners would have graced the boudoir or the ball-room. He could have been but little over forty years old, at the time of his death. His accent would at any time have betrayed his nativity, but when giving emphatic orders on the field, the harsh rolling of his *R*s was sometimes startling. Not one of his soldiers but can recall the peculiar intonation given to his command "*For-ward MAR-R-R-C-H!*" the first word, being syllabled with remarkable distinctness, while the latter was given with the broadest brogue imaginable. Nor can we forget his truly Irish rendering (*bar-r-r-l*) of the word "barrel" when lecturing his class of officers on the rifle, its parts, uses, &c. The loss of two front teeth (carried away by a minnie ball at the battle of Richmond, Ky.) gave his voice a hissing sound, when speaking hurriedly or angrily, that was peculiarly unpleasant. Habitually thoughtful and grave, he was considered cold and repellant in manner by those, who only met him in his official capacity; but to his intimate friends, he was genial and pleasant in conversation; with, at times, a real sparkling of Irish wit and humor that would bring the hearty laugh from auditors responsive to his rather grim smile.

The writer recalls a broad laugh of Gen. C's. at a witticism of his always warm friend and admirer, Lieut. Gen. W. J. Hardee. Owing to Gen. C's methodical habits and military precision of movements, his division was always last of "Hardee's Corps" to arrive on the drill-field, for which reason, Gen Hardee gave him the *sobriquet* of "the late Gen. Cleburne."

While Gen. Jos. E. Johnston's army lay at Dalton, Ga., and "Cleburnes's Division" occupied the advance at Tunnel Hill, the writer was on one occasion at "Division Headquarters," in familiar conversation with Gen. C. and one of his staff, when he (Gen. C.) chanced to make some very apropos quotation from a well known poet. On an expression of surprise that he should be so familiar with what, we supposed he considered a very useless branch of literature, he rather thoughtfully remarked: "All my knowledge of this character of reading was acquired during a six or eight months confinement to the large hospital near Gravesend, England."

In reply to the interrogation rather expressed in our faces than spoken, he went on to say:

"Like a good many others of my unfortunate countrymen, after crossing the channel to better my fortune, I found that more difficult than I had imagined, so I was compelled to accept the usual *dernier resorte* and join the British army, when I was about twenty-two years old." He here added a good deal of information relative to the English army, its drills, discipline, &c., that cannot be recalled to mind, but of himself he said: "I was at one time promoted, for good conduct, to the rank of corporal. *I was prouder of that corporal's commission than of that of Maj. General.* But disgraceful to tell, I was cashiered and reduced to the ranks."

Of course, we expressed the ut-

most anxiety to know the cause of his disgrace. With pretended reluctance, and with the remark that his "experience might prove of benefit to us," he related the circumstance as follows:

"My regiment had been ordered out for drill *with knapsacks* (he then enumerated the various articles that the army regulations required to be kept in the knapsack from overcoat to blacking-brush.) As I had been unwell for several days, I disliked very much to carry through a fatiguing drill, a knapsack weighing from twenty to twenty-five pounds, so I thought I would substitute my pillow for the usual contents, and went thus upon drill. What was my consternation while drilling to hear the command, '*Inspection knapsacks!*' There was no help for it; the pillow was found and I was a corporal no longer."

He afterwards went on to state of his earlier army life, that, "from exposure during inclement weather, I was afflicted with severe rheumatism, which amounted to paralysis of one side; and it was while in this condition, having access to the large library attached to the hospital that I indulged a taste for the British poets, that I had hitherto no time to gratify. After remaining about three years in the army, through the exertions of influential friends, I procured my discharge, which was written on parchment, and on the lower margin, in the space left for statement of character, was written, '*A GOOD SOLDIER.*' This discharge I have carefully kept from that day to this, and feeling proud of the endorsement of my officers *then*, have tried to maintain the same character throughout the *present war.*"

We give the above conversation entire, and as nearly in the words used as our memory will allow, since it presents an interesting episode in the earlier part of a

life that has since become immortal.

There was no man in the Southern army, who labored so indefatigably for the benefit and improvement of the troops under his command. His regiment, (the 1st, Arkansas afterwards the 15th) while under his command was perhaps the best drilled in the "Army of Tennessee;" so with his brigade, and afterwards his division. Whenever his command was positively not in motion, he required of his subordinate officers to keep up a constant course of drill, discipline, and study. He, himself, while the army lay at Wartrace, Chickamauga, Dalton, and elsewhere, had his daily recitations, at which each Brigadier General and field officer in his division was compelled to attend. The writer has in his mind, some vivid pictures of the school-boy-like group of scarred veterans collecting around the school-house near Dalton (built by Gen. C's order for this express purpose) eagerly scanning "Hardee," or the "III vol. Scott's Light Inf. Tactics" for the lesson announced the day previous. What an "eloquent silence" when "General Pat" would request, "gentlemen, take your seats." His brig. generals nearest him—a quartette of lieutenants every way worthy their noble captain—Govan, mild-spoken and courteous, every inch a gentleman and soldier—the stately Granbury, as large of heart as of frame, the most noble type of the Texas soldier—Polk, (the nephew of the Bishop) handsome, dashing and brave, regardless alike of the lesson or the mild reproof of his chief—lastly, the parson-soldier, Lowry, he who could pray with his men all night, and next day lead them where the fight was thickest.

We have heard it intimated that "Cleburne's division would have made the reputation of any man that commanded it;" which re-

mark perhaps had some truth in it, but it was also true that Gen. Cleburne *made* his division what it was. It was his constant education of it, in every department of duty that mainly contributed to its uniform success.

He instituted, or originated the secret order (approximating the order of the "Cincinnati" of the old revolution) known as the order of the "Comrades of the Southern Cross," which, though partially philanthropic in its object, was intended mainly to bind together as one man the soldiers of the Southern army, obligating themselves to stand by each other, and never to desert their comrades in distress, or the cause of their country in any adversity, while she maintained an organized opposition to threatened tyranny.—Gen. Cleburne attributed the valor of his troops mainly to the effect of his organization. He, at one time, remarked to the writer: "Had this order been disseminated throughout the Southern army, they could march to the Ohio river without a check." Such would be the effect of unity of purpose and "exalted oneness of action" among the oath-bound members of this order.

In connection with the name of this order, it may be in place to state the fact, perhaps not generally known, that "Cleburne's division" never fought under the flag of the "Southern Cross;" but retained the original blue battle flag with white moon in the centre, adopted originally by Gen. Hardee, previous to the battle of Shiloh. The union of the Confederate flag, the "St. Andrew's Cross," when adopted as the battle-flag of the Confederate armies, was on more than one occasion, brought on parade to be presented to the different regiments of this division, but at the urgent solicitation of the Major General and his entire command, they were allowed to retain their old bullet-

riddled blue flags, *each* of which had earned the significant device of the "crossed cannon inverted," and the name of *every* battle in which they had been engaged. It was indeed a compliment to their Chief and the gallantry of his command, that this division should have been the only one in Confederate service allowed to carry into battle other than the national

colors. This azure flag became well known to friends and foes, always clearly defining Cleburne's position in the line.

Though a foreigner by birth, yet no son of our Southern land laid upon her altar a truer, braver heart. No purer fount of patriotism poured its red tide in unavailing flood to save a fallen cause.

THE HAVERSACK.

WE wish that the truth of history would allow us to say that the Southern soldiers were always respectful to the chaplains. But it *wont*. One of the Chaplains of Cobb's Legion has given us his melancholy experience with our fun-loving boys. We have known him long and well, and judge that he has softened rather than exaggerated the rough treatment, he received.

On the retreat out of "Maryland, my Maryland," he had lost his horse and all his baggage. But the Colonel of his regiment kindly loaned him a little sore-backed mule, and a part of a saddle. A kind of a bridle was improvised; and to keep the old saddle from hurting the tender back of the animal, the Colonel's bedding or what was left of it, was placed next to the bruised hide of the poor animal. The Chaplain had lost his hat, but an enormous straw sombrero supplied its place, with a rim broad enough and a crown tall enough to have satisfied, even a Mexican peasant. His black coat had been torn in divers and sundry places and all the thorns in the valley of Virginia could not conceal the numerous rents. The Chaplain was a tall, dignified looking man, and when he mount-

ed his diminutive mule, his feet almost touched the ground. He knew very well that the big hat, the torn coat, the ragged saddle, the little mule—all would furnish a fine target for the rebel sharpshooters; but he bravely determined to ride through the ranks, and push his way to the front now become the rear. The mule, however, was of a different way of thinking. He had been taken out of a wagon and was utterly opposed to leaving his companions. A vigorous application of spur and heel started him at last. But the Chaplain found that "ceaseless vigilance was the price" of getting forward, no less than of "liberty." For, if he ceased but a moment to keep his reins equally tight and spur well-applied, muley would wheel suddenly round and dart back to join his lost comrades. The Chaplain had therefore to sit erect and keep his eyes constantly fixed upon his precious charge. He thus became an unresisting victim to all the cutting remarks made upon him. "Mister, how much did you give for your saddle-blanket?" came from one side of the road. "Is that the newest pattern of the M'Clellan saddle?" came from the other. "Does you carry yer mule when he gits tired?"

came from the rear. And now a kindly warning reaches his ear, "thar's a rock in the road, Mister, take keer, you dont *stump* your toe." Again, an inquisitive fellow asks, "Mister, did you leave any straw at the stack whar you got your hat?" The brigade was passed, at length, spite of certain retrograde movements of the little mule, and our Chaplain was congratulating himself on his success, when lo! the rear guard of another command was seen seated by the road side. Just as he had fairly passed this new object of dread, some one cried out, "Mister, please tell me, if you expect to git thar to-night." The affectionate little mule, probably mistaking the voice for the bray of some dear comrade behind, suddenly wheeled round and dashed up to the rear-guard. The Chaplain demanded sternly, "did any of you speak to me?" No reply was made. All looked demure and innocent. The angry Minister made an effort to turn his obstinate animal around once more, and was partly successful, when a reb peeping round the corner of a deserted shanty on the other side of the road, said, "Mister, he axed you, if you 'spected to git thar to-night," "Well, sir," replied the dignified clergyman, "let him ask the question for himself. Once more, I demand did any of you speak to me?" No one seemed to hear, or to evince the least consciousness of his presence. He turned his mule and started off once more, when a pitiful, pleading voice reached his ear, "Mister, *do* please tell me, if you expect to git thar to-night?" The reins were held tightly, the spur applied vigorously and the mule faced about no more.

The great English poet has truly and beautifully said,

The bravest are the tenderest,
The loving are the daring.

In a private conversation, one of the most enthusiastically gallant sol-

diers of the Confederacy said to us, "my wife and children are stereotyped upon my brain, they seem ever before me." In a few days, this brave, modest, conscientious, christian fell, in the full prime of vigorous manhood. The South had no nobler martyr than Gen'l. G. B. Anderson of North Carolina; no, not one. We met no one with whom we formed a warmer friendship, and few for whom we had a more sincere esteem. May his name be one of honor with our children's children!

The next anecdote comes from Fulton, Mo.

Until the spring of 1862, the Missourians fought in their State organizations and were called "State Guards." Each division was commanded by a brigadier and the whole was under that glorious old chieftain Sterling Price. Gen. J. H. Rains, a gallant soldier, commanded one of the largest of these divisions. In camp, his men were known as "Blackberry Rangers." They were brave and good fighters, but they generally roamed about where they pleased, and took what they needed. On the march South in the winter of 1861, the division of Gen'l. J. B. Clarke Sen'r encamped on a fine farm in Jasper county, Mo. One of the officers waited on the lady of the mansion to make some request. He was kindly received by her and told that the troops should have any thing they needed; but she hoped that the fences would not be burned and that no wanton depredations would be committed. "Dont feel the least uneasy," replied the officer, "these are Clarke's boys. They never jayhawk any. But should old Rains' rabble come by, I would advise you to hide everything of value. They will steal anything from a gable-end to a grind-stone." A flush of indignation overspread the handsome features of the lady, but it was succeeded in a moment

by a merry smile. The officer went off a good deal perplexed about the manner of the unknown lady. Meeting a friend, he asked him who she was. "The lady at the house?" "Yes," "Oh, that is Mrs. Gen'l. Rains!"

N. P. M.

The day before the troops began to leave our right at Richmond in order to cross the Chickahominy and attack McClellan, a strong demonstration was made on the Williamsburg road in order to deceive him. This attack was known with us as the battle of King's School House: in it, the 4th Georgia Regt. under the lamented Doles, was, if our memory is correct, the chief sufferer. Our attack, of course, failed in one sense; but it was successful in another. Gen. McClellan regarded it as a real attack, and as he gained a hundred yards or more of ground, he thought that he had achieved an important success. A former chaplain, Rev. T. W. Hooper, of Christiansburg, Va., has sent us what is believed to be the original of General M's telegram to Washington. It was found among some half-burned papers at the telegraph office at Savage Station, and is in these words:

Redoubt 3d, 4 P. M.—Hon. E. M. Staunton Sec'y. War: The affair is over and we have gained our point fully, and with but little loss, notwithstanding strong opposition.

From this ex-chaplain, we get an incident on the cars.

I was Chaplain at L. in Va., and every other Saturday came up sixty miles on the cars to preach at L. One morning when the train arrived at our Depot, quite a goodly number of Confederates, grey, greasy, and gleesome stepped out on the platform, and one of the party began to look around for some fun. "Well boys," said he, "there are lots of *biled shirts* about here. I wonder if

they know that there is a war going on." The cars started, and I having got aboard was walking down the aisle quietly distributing tracts, when this same jolly fellow looked up and said, "here comes a *biled shirt* now." Holding up my right hand, which has no fingers upon it. I assumed a solemn look and said, "Well, my friend, when your right hand shall have become as mutilated as mine, I think that you will have a right to wear a *biled shirt* too." I never saw a greater change in my life. He looked mortified and ashamed, and then said with deep feeling, "Pardon my folly, sir, I would not for the world, annoy a wounded soldier. Forget my nonsense. I thought that I was joking a citizen. In what battle were you wounded, *comrade*?" I replied, "I never was in a battle. I lost my finger by an accident in my boyhood." The peals of laughter, which followed this disclosure, so discomfited the merry, but sensitive fellow, that I heard nothing more of *biled shirts* during the balance of my journey.

T. W. H.

Gen. Early alludes in his "History of the Valley Campaign" to the systematic exaggeration of the Confederate forces by "our late enemies." Before leaving the subject of the operations around Richmond, it may be well to speak of the forces which attacked Gen. McClellan, estimated by him at 200,000. A few days before the attack began, Gen. Lee had an interview with four Division Commanders, at his Head-Quarters on the "Nine mile road." The Council was to open at 10 o'clock. Gen. Jackson arrived at half-past nine. He had ridden forty-six miles that morning, by using relays of horses. Gen. Lee wished him to lie down and rest till the other officers came. He said that he was not weary. Refreshments were then offered him, but were

declined. The officers, who met Gen. Lee, were Longstreet, Jackson, A. P. Hill and D. H. Hill. The aggregate strength of their four divisions was 92,000 men, on the rolls. Sickness, wounds, and straggling had reduced this number from a third to a half. Jackson, by his rapid march, had left several thousands behind. The effective strength was less than 60,000. This was the force, which attacked Gen. McClellan on his right, and fought the battle of Gaines' Mill or Cold Harbor. Porter, the Federal Commander, had probably a smaller force. It has always been our opinion that he displayed more ability there than any other Federal General ever did, on any other field. His position was admirably chosen, his troops were skillfully handled, and his retreat was well conducted.

It has been erroneously reported, that there were other officers present with Gen. Lee, at this celebrated Council. So far from that being the case, he enjoined the strictest secrecy upon these four officers. The people of Richmond and the Army did not know of General Jackson's arrival. He started back as soon as the Council broke up, and regained his troops that night. A wonderful instance of endurance in a man of feeble constitution.

Columbia, Mo., gives an anecdote of a bare-footed rebel, who was desirous to supply himself with an article regarded as indispensable to foot-soldiers.

At the battle of Wilson Creek, the Missouri State troops under General Price were a ragged, bare-footed, set of fellows. As they had to march over rough, rocky roads, their great desire was to get something to protect their swollen, and blistered feet. When the battle was at its highest, a tall read-headed fellow, from the central part of the State, ad-

vanced beyond the line to get free from the smoke and see to make a better shot. He aimed with great deliberation at a particular man, similarly advanced, and when he saw his man fall, he cried out in great glee, "them's my shoes"! Ever after that, "them's my shoes" was the battle-cry of the Missouri soldiers.

W. S. PRATT.

During the war, we were sometimes afflicted with a class of couriers, who had *horses*, which became uncontrollable when the firing began. We accordingly applied at Petersburg to a gallant Colonel of South Carolina cavalry, for couriers with manageable horses. He accordingly sent us a squad of troopers saying that "neither the men nor the horses would be restive under fire." This proved to be a true statement of facts, and there was not the slightest ground for complaint against horses or riders. The corporal, in charge of the squad, was somewhat under seven feet in height, and would, probably, have been considered a medium-sized man in Brobdignag. He did not deserve much credit for never being *stampeded*; for no ordinary battle would last long enough, for him to get scared all over. The exigencies of the service called off, in a short time, the regiment to which the couriers belonged, and we parted with them with much regret. We neither saw nor heard anything more of them during the war. Our long friend has, however, survived the war, and sent us a *lengthy* communication from Gowdeysville, S. C., from which we will give some extracts.

If you have not forgotten, General, a long-legged, awkward Corporal, whom you put in charge of your couriers in May 1864, you have not forgotten the writer of this. As is the case with the majority of the cavalry, *I still survive*, after having made many

hair-breadth escapes, and after having had many horses to *fall* under me in action. Though in justice to truth, I must say that the kind of actions, they fell in, were sometimes *stampedes*, and that the falls were oftener caused by want of corn and hay, and loss of *breath*, than loss of *blood*. The time that I was with you, General, was short, but long enough for me to find out one thing, and that was that you had a mighty poor opinion of the cavalry. Now, 'tis said that you are the author of the saying that you "had never seen a dead man with spurs on." But, really, I think that you should give us more credit than is generally given. For if we didn't kill many Yankees, they didn't kill many of us, and I reckon that puts us about even. Besides, if we haven't suffered as much in the flesh as the infantry, we have suffered more in mind, having been *picketed* and *stampeded* and *scared* and *run* to death. But knowing your opinion of the cavalry, however, I will not say any more. But I hope that during my short stay with you, if I did not give you a tolerable opinion of one of the cavalry, that I, at least, did not fall below the value you set upon them in general. I endeavored to do my duty to your satisfaction, and though my spur did incline on two occasions closer to the flanks of my horse than was comfortable to him, I did not quit the field of honor. Upon the whole, I think that I did pretty well, and you must have thought so too, for you expressed the wish to keep me with you, though I was a cavalryman.

I see that you call in your Magazine for incidents, and anecdotes of the war and that you invite the rank and file to give in their experience, I am not a subscriber, for the best of reasons, I have no money, that best of all earthly friends. But I have the privilege

of reading a friend's magazine, which is a very poor way of doing things; and I hope to make a raise one of these days and then I will have one for myself. But whilst waiting for that good day, I will send you some jokes of the war. I am a poor hand at writing, but what I send you will be all true and that may make up for it.

If you remember me at all, you will recollect that I was a monstrous long gangling "Reb." and I don't believe that I am any littler now, though we have been whipped. But I think that I am fixed up a little and look some cleaner, for I didn't have any soap when I was with you. There were two of us in our company distinguished for tallness. Me, they called "Little Johnnie," and the other fellow, they called "Long Hungry," because his rations were always too *short* for his long stomach. There was not much difference between us, but the boys pretended that I was a monstrous sight the tallest. One day, when we were in camp, we had tents *then*, I got very thirsty and I went round inquiring for water, you may be sure that there was nothing else to drink. Not finding any, I went back to my tent to put on my coat and go for it myself. I had hardly got in, when I heard the boys hallooing "Long Jemie here's your water." I went out and there the confounded fellows had put "Long Hungry" up a sapling with a canteen in his hand and he was reaching up, as high as he could. The boys shouted out "Long Hungry has some water for you, go there and see if he can reach up to you." There was one disgusted 'Reb.' that day. But I had to bear all sorts of jokes on my height, as though I could help it. Sometimes, they would come to me, look up like they were looking up at the sky and would ask me "is it rain or sun-shine up

there?" "any snow in the sky"? Please, Mister, hand me down a chew tobacco." All these cuts and many more of the same kind, I had to bear the best way I could.

The soldiers had a practice which they called "shelling," and which was nothing more nor less than teasing everybody they saw, and cracking jokes at them, especially, if citizens. One day on the cars in Virginia, the boys were "shelling" pretty brisk, when a young man with store-clothes on, and a very dirty soldier got on board. The "dandified" citizen was suspected of being an "exempt," and the soldier looked like he had not even seen soap for many a long month. So the boys determined to "shell" both of them. They pretended that they knew the dirty soldier and called him familiarly Jim. Gathering around him, they cried out, "Jim, you've had no soap for two months, there's the very fellow who stole it (pointing to the dandy), don't you see what a nice biled shirt he has got? Now's your time, grab him." It would be hard to tell which looked most sheepish, the soldier or the dandy.

I did try while in the service to be as honest as possible, although I was a cavalryman. I did not do much "pressing" and then only when I was pressed myself by short rations or something of the kind. On one occasion, after the fall of Columbia, our regiment got detached or rather it got lost on the retreat into North Carolina, and we rather went it on our own hook. We had to keep a front and rear guard to prevent a surprise by the enemy. It was my fortune to have command of the rear guard on one occasion, and as I was a full corporal of *long* standing, I determined to establish my Headquarters at some house according to the custom of some Generals I know of, so I found the house of a stingy old bachelor, who was living with his sister, who was as

stingy as he was. They had plenty of good things, however, and I fared finely. I got into their good graces during the few days we staid there, and I was the best fed corporal in the army. I flattered myself that I was quite a favorite and I was looking for the nicest sort of a parting dinner with the old people. But I didn't get it, and I will tell you why. One of my comrades brought me a nice fat hen, saying, Long Jimmie, please get the old lady to have this chicken cooked for me to carry in my haversack,—I told him that I knew she would have it done with pleasure, and I went to her with the request. But to my surprise, when I showed her the chicken, she got into a great rage and said, "I thought you were a gentleman, but you are nothing but a long-legged rascal. That's my game hen, how dare you kill her and then have the impudence to come to me to get her cooked?" My comrade had played a nice trick upon me, and that was the first and last time I played General, and the ending was not pleasant.

J. W. B.

The next incident comes to us from St. Charles Mo., but as it is not accompanied with a responsible name, we will not give it.—The soldier must send in his name, company and regiment, and be willing to have at least, his initials published. In no other way can we guard against imposition.

We are indebted to the gallant Colonel of the 7th N. C. regiment for an anecdote of an Irish friend, as noble a fellow as ever came from that land of heroes.

Wit and gallantry are proverbially characteristic of the Irish and are only excelled by their generosity and magnanimity. As a general rule all of that race in Dixie discharged their duty faithfully, from the immortal P. R. Cleburne, the real hero of the Western army, to the most ob-

scure private in the ranks. Your efforts, Mr. Editor, to preserve Irish wit and Irish heroism, are known and appreciated by the country.

An instance intensely Irish was related to me last winter, on undoubted authority, and as it is too good to be lost, please *embalm* it in the Haversack.

Captain Charley McCann, an Irishman by birth and a Virginian by adoption, better known to you and the Army of Northern Virginia as "Pat" McCann, established an enviable reputation for dash and gallantry on many a bloody field. He served first as a scout, and next as a Staff-officer; but he was always more proud of his laurels won in the humbler capacity.

In the advance upon Plymouth, N. C., he commanded a detachment of scouts, until relieved by two Federal balls. He was carried to the elegant and hospitable mansion of Mrs. J——, who was the mother of two lovely daughters. Pat was considered mortally wounded and every attention was lavished upon him by the ladies. About 11 o'clock at night, his pulse began to sink and it was accompanied by apparent unconsciousness and other symptoms of a speedy dissolution. One of the young ladies seated by the bed whispered to her mother, "the Captain is dying." Imagine her surprise, when the supposed dying officer gazing in her lovely face said, "please, Miss, retire and get a good night's rest. Don't trouble yourself about me, I am in far greater danger of falling in love than of dying!"

The gallant Captain though wounded some half dozen times has survived them all, even his *heart disease* at Plymouth. He is now living in Baltimore. He deserved the *yellow sash*. W. L. D.

Our next incident comes from Boston, Massachusetts! Who can

doubt our loyalty any longer, when we are in correspondence with that loyal and rebel-hating city, which has never nurtured and fostered more than three or four rebellions of its own. The testimony of our correspondent accords with the experience of Southern soldiers in Northern prisons. He states that when he was in the hands of soldiers, he was well-treated, but that it was otherwise when guarded by local militia. We have heard a gallant Major say that when he was guarded by the command of a wounded officer, he was humanely treated; but every barbarity was practiced by "prison-guards" and such like trash. Our only hope of the restoration of good feeling is through the influence of the earnest, honest, fighting men of the two opposing sections. The malignants are those, who kept out of harm's way, when bullets were flying. To this sentiment, echo answers "spoons"! We will give extracts from the Boston letter, in the words of our correspondent.

A few days after the battle of Chancellorsville, Col. Stevens of the Federal Army, and myself were in an hospital, as prisoners of war. The Colonel was mortally wounded and was kindly cared for by our brothers in grey. I can never forget the kindness that was extended to us, especially by the chaplain of the gallant 3d N. C., the Rev. Geo. Patterson (Paddison, we presume). This gentleman prayed for us and read to us out of the book of life, and did all that he could to comfort us. Col. Stevens soon died, and as much respect was shown to his remains as could be expected under the circumstances. Some days after the burial, Mr. Stevens, the father of the Colonel, came for his body. In answer to a question, Mr. Stevens said that he was from Massachusetts. Mr. Patterson

shook him by the hand and said, "I was born in Boston, Massachusetts, my father is a native of Greece. I have an aged and widowed mother in Raynham, Massachusetts. Go and see her. Tell her about me; she does not know that I am alive." Dr. Butler, of the Army in grey, was also very kind to us. He was a true gentleman and an excellent Surgeon. Whatever I can do in word or deed shall be done for the Chaplain and the Surgeon, and for the boys in grey, who treated me kindly.

In relation to my stay in Dixie, as a prisoner, I can honestly say that I received as much kindness as any reasonable man could expect, considering the means my captors had: when I was turned over to the "stay at home infantry," the home-guards, the treatment was rather a *little* severe for the stomach's sake. I did not expect any better from Dick Turner and his bummers, but I was treated far better by the brave greys of Lee's household, those who could *act* and not *play* the soldier, than I had at all expected.

We will here interrupt the narrative to inform our correspondent that those, who treated him so cruelly, are now "persecuted Southern loyalists". If he will attend some of these "loyal league" meetings, he will find some of his old tormentors, but he will find none of the boys in grey, who treated him kindly, not one. But to proceed with the narrative.

A few days after the affair at Winchester, Va., (19th September 1864) having been ordered to bring in the wounded from the battlefield, I came across a poor fellow lying close by a tree, severely wounded in the breast. As all the ambulances had left the field, I told a woman and her daughter to take him to their house and treat him kindly, and I would call again. They did so, and I took as good

care of him as though he had been my own brother. I bought jellies and delicacies for him and got our Chaplain and Surgeon to attend him. Finally, when he died, I got some of my men to make him a respectable coffin and with my own hands, made his grave in the Cemetery at Winchester, Virginia, and with the aid of a few of my men, I buried him decently. I then put up a head-board on which I cut his name, company, regiment and date of his death and so on. I then opened my Bible, read a chapter and made a prayer in the presence of a dozen of the citizens of Winchester. The inscription is still, I suppose, over the grave. George Hannah of Talladega, Alabama, Color Corporal, Company B. 5th Alabama Regiment, Rodes' Division, Early's Troops, Ewell's Corps.

I had noticed him in the battle, and knew him when I found him to be the man, who remained after his regiment reluctantly left the field. He stood alone waving his flag defiantly at us, there were some fifty men with me not more than a hundred yards off. I said as near as I now recollect "Great God, boys, don't shoot, don't shoot that Color Bearer, it takes centuries to produce such a man"! He was shot, I think, by some one of the 122d New York, a few moments after I spoke. There was a young man by the name of Joseph Wilson belonging to the same village in Alabama, who was kindly cared for by me and who knows of my kindness to Hannah. Mr. Wilson got well and I suppose is still living.

First Lieutenant James Burns of the 52d Virginia Regiment was wounded in the stomach, in the same engagement. I had him carried under a large oak tree out of the sun. I did all that I could to relieve his suffering. Before he died, he requested me to take his diary and letters to his father near

Mount Jackson (or Roseland.) I told him that I would try to carry out his wishes. I filled his canteen with water and sorrowfully left him. A few days after when near Mount Jackson, I tried several times to deliver the package, but was prevented. Once I crawled up to within a few hundred yards of Mr. Burns' house, but I was fired upon and had to retire. I finally left the diary and package with a young lady named Haymaker, living just on the edge of Winchester, who knew the family of Mr. Burns, and who promised to deliver them.

JAMES J. WRIGHT.

The incidents related by our correspondent are worth all the reconstruction bills, which even a wise and magnanimous Congress could pass in scores of sessions.

If Mr. W. should ever come South, he will find his magnanimous foes pursuing quietly their several avocations. His persecutors may be found too in some noisy meeting, "poor, persecuted loyalists of the Union cause." To employ a figure, the latter are watching the waters of agitation, hoping that some Federal loaves will float by. They are very small minnows, but they have very large and greedy mouths.

From Chillicothe, Ohio, we get an anecdote which has been variously related, but as our correspondent heard it with his own ears, his version of it is, doubtless, the correct one, and we therefore give it:

As I was traveling on the cars between Richmond and Petersburg, a Chaplain came into the cars distributing tracts among the soldiers. After he left, one of the "rebs." cried out, "is there any Quartermaster aboard?" "Yes", replied some one, "there is one in the next car". "Does he look sorry?" asked the same soldier. "Well, yes, he is rather a sober-looking man", said the other.

"He's the very fellow", replied the soldier, "the parson gave me the wrong tract. This was intended for that Quartermaster". Saying this, he held up a tract to the view of all the passengers. Its title was THE PENITENT THIEF.

From Ijamsville, Maryland, we get the following:

When Gen. Lee entered Pennsylvania, Ewell's Corps was in the advance. On account of the loss of his leg and his feeble health, General Ewell traveled in an ambulance and was escorted by the 1st Maryland Battalion of cavalry. He halted at Hagerstown, one day, to rest, and went into the Hotel. His escort were sauntering idly about in front of the building, when a Lieutenant dashed up, very gaily dressed, and said very haughtily, "where is General Ewell? I want to see him. I have important despatches for him. I must see him immediately". Sol. K. of "Company A", determined to administer a quiet rebuke to the imperious youngster in the presence of the young ladies, so he said quietly. "I expect the old gentleman has gone a fishing. I saw him an hour ago, digging worms for bait!" The idea of the disabled hero digging worms at such a time was too much for the crowd, there was quite a breeze, and all the Lieutenant's feathers were carried off by it.

C. E. N.

A friend at Edenton, North Carolina, gives us a sketch of a noble young man, a part of whose history has been given by Mrs. Spencer in her "Last Ninety Days":

A young man, noted for purity of character and strong religious feeling—delicate as a lady, and endowed with all the qualities of heart and mind calculated to endear one to his fellows, fell a noble martyr to our lost cause.

A graduate of the University of North Carolina with its highest

honors, the Valedictorian of the graduating class of 1859, soon afterwards, a tutor in the same institution, and therefore exempt from service, yet when the late war was forced upon us, he volunteered as a private in the old Bethel Regiment, and cheerfully endured all the hardships of the Peninsular army in 1861.

On the organization of the 28th North Carolina regiment, he was made a captain and whilst serving in that capacity was captured near Hanover Court House, in the spring of 1862.

The lamented Branch, with his brigade, was near that place, watching the movements of the column under McDowell that was to advance from Fredericksburg, and coöperate with Gen. McClellan. A column under General Franklin was advancing. Captain George B. Johnston, of the 28th North Carolina Regiment, with his company, was sent across the Pamunkey river, with orders to observe the movements of the enemy, and when hardpressed to retire before him and re-cross the river.

The enemy in overwhelming numbers pressed on him, and got possession of the ford. On reaching the river bank, he explained to his men the danger, and told them their only chance to escape was to swim the river—seeing that they hesitated, he jumped in and swam to the other side, to show them that it could be done, and then re-crossed to them.

He exhorted them to save themselves, and calling on them to follow, he again swam the stream; but when he had reached the other side, he, to his surprise, saw

that only two had followed him, private Crabtree and another, name unknown. The remainder of his company, on his calling to them to come over, told him that he ought not to leave them, when he advised the two men that had escaped with him, to regain the brigade, and he went back to his company, which was then engaged with the advancing enemy—amid a shower of bullets. Crabtree and his comrade refused to escape and went back with Capt. Johnston, all of whom reached the north side, in time to be captured.

Entirely exhausted, Johnston was marched seventeen miles, that evening—and from the Yankee Headquarters removed to Sandusky—and kept in prison during the severe winter of 1862-'63. He was exchanged after a long time, and reached home, broken down in health. He remained with his family only a short time and then returned to the army of Northern Virginia, and was assigned to duty as Assistant Adjutant General on General Lane's Staff. Feeble, emaciated, diseased, he endured all the hardships of that army until when perfectly prostrated, he was sent home to die. Nobly did he bear himself, uncomplaining—unselfish—until it pleased God to take him away. The separation from his lovely wife and little child was but for a short time, for soon the grave opened again, and they rested by his side. One cause, one God, one grave. Peace to them. Green be the grass that waves over—and light the sod that is heaped above them.

A. M. M.

EDITORIAL.

WE have received from Mrs. Frederick Pattison, of London, several copies of the *Standard* containing her appeals for books, pamphlets and newspapers, for the new Southern Colony on the Orinoco. The Venezuelan Government has granted 240,000 square miles to Southern exiles. Dr. Henry M. Price, of Scottsville, Albemarle county, Virginia, is the grantee. The capital of the new colony is to be at Coroni, on the Orinoco. Here is offered to our unfortunate people, a magnificent territory larger than Texas, four times as large as Virginia, and ten times as large as South Carolina. It is well-adapted to the culture of corn, cotton, rice and sugar. The colony possesses a peculiar interest to all Southerners, in this time of trial and humiliation.

The call of Mrs. Pattison has been promptly responded to. She has already quite a handsome collection at her residence, 54 Belsover-Street, Piccadilly West.

A late number of Harper's *Magazine* contains a caricature of the Pope, representing him as an old woman in petticoats with many ridiculous surroundings. Now we are by birth, education and conviction, as strongly Protestant as any one on this Continent. But for the honor of human nature, we must hope that there are few of our faith, who have the bad *taste* not to say the bad *heart* to enjoy a burlesque of an old man in his hour of sorrow. We of the South cannot but think that he is thus held up to ridicule, because he was the only Sovereign in Europe, who sympathized with our people. We cannot but ask too why these scurrillous prints were not issued during the war. Was it for fear of disaffecting those gallant Irish soldiers, who

led the attack and covered the retreat? When the Convent in Columbia, S. C., was to be burned, the Irish troops were left outside the city. When their services are no longer needed, the Head of their Church is mocked.

There are some other facts which we remember, not as Southerners, but as Americans.—The first expression of sympathy with our struggling fore-fathers came from Catholic Ireland. The Signer of the Declaration of Independence, who had most at stake, was the wealthy Charles Carroll, a Catholic. But for the assistance rendered by Catholic France and Catholic Spain, we would never have succeeded in our Revolutionary Struggle.—LaFayette, the friend of Washington was a Catholic. To the same Church belonged DeKalb (who fell at Camden, South Carolina.) Kosciusko, Pulaski, (who fell at Savannah, Geo.) Chastellux, and scores of others. A large number of the confidential friends of Washington were Catholics, and we have no desire to set up a claim to a higher or purer Protestantism than that of the Father of his Country. There have been no purer Jurists than Taney of Maryland, and our own Gaston of North Carolina, both of whom were Catholics.

We remember gratefully, as Americans, that those, who were most active in mitigating the horrors of the late civil war, were the Sisters of Charity. For all their kindnesses to sick, wounded and dying soldiers, whether wearing the grey or blue, we, with sincere Protestant fervor, invoke upon them the choicest blessings of a God of mercy.

A subscriber in New-York says that our Magazine is not fit for a

loyal man to read. This "reminds us of a little anecdote." Some of our C. S. Quartermasters were thought not to be over-delicate, or over-scrupulous in their financial operations. Some hard things were being said of them as a class, when one of them present, appealed to a rebel General to establish his honesty. "Why, yes," replied the party appealed to, "I think that Captain — is *reasonably honest for a Quartermaster!*" So we have flattered ourselves that we were reasonably loyal for rebels. If we are not altogether up to the standard, it is because we do not know what the real, genuine article of loyalty consists in. We have looked in vain, for instruction from the highest quarters. The loyal Governors ought to be our teachers. But their teachings are very different. The Governor of Delaware uses language about military usurpations, which would be disloyal in the Governor of North Carolina. Language, which the Governor of South Carolina could not use, without being rebuked by his arm-in-arm brother from Massachusetts. Language, which, if used by Gov. Fletcher of Missouri, would indicate that he had become frightened, and was turning State's-evidence.— Language, which if used by the loyal Governor of Tennessee, would be regarded as proof of his insanity, since it contains neither blasphemy nor obscenity.

In the absence of all guide as to the nature and composition of true loyalty, we had supposed that an earnest support of the currency was the best proof of fealty to the Government. Now, no man living can say we ever raise any carping objections to the reception of loyal greenbacks: no, not one. And since that little interview between Wm. Tecumseh Sherman and Joseph E. Johnston at Greensboro, North Carolina, we never feel belligerent, except when some loyal Post-office offi-

cial puts his loyal fingers in our letters, extracts the legal tender and leaves us nothing but a long list of subscribers staring us in the face. No man could witness our indignation at such periods, and doubt our profound loyalty.

Hetherington tells us in his annals that there was "an extravagance of loyalty" in the reign of Charles II.—it amounted to a phrensy. We have before given the philosophy of this loyalty. It is so pleasant to think that there is but one crowning virtue, and but one damning sin; and that we have the virtue and our enemies have the sin. Macauley gives us an amusing account of how these extravagant loyalists, had, in the next reign, to gainsay their own doctrines, and eat their own words. History is ever repeating itself. The test of loyalty, for four years, was an unquestioning approval of all done by the President of the United States. A hearty disapproval of his acts seem to be the test now. So we poor uninitiated rebels don't know how to be loyal. The standard of loyalty changes too often. We, however, pay our taxes, which are, fortunately, not very high, for the best of reasons. We render a ready obedience to our superiors. We pray for the Government that it may be wisely and humanely administered, upon Constitutional principles. We see that a loyal Chaplain in Congress only prayed for one of the three coördinate parts of the Government. We pray for the whole, so we are three times as loyal as he is. Moreover, if he be correctly reported, he imprecated the Divine wrath upon one of the three departments. We never do anything of the sort; so that for a stronger reason, we are more loyal than he is. But he is a loyal Chaplain! Would that all were as desirous as ourselves of the peace, happiness, and prosperity, of the whole country.

The preamble to the Sherman Bill, setting forth the insecurity of life and property in the ten rebel States, imparts information to us, which we did not have before. It will doubtless surprise our military commanders, as much as ourselves. We learn from that able and sterling paper, the *Philadelphia Age*, that five Department Commanders gave their testimony before Congress. They stated that there had not been a single outrage committed, for twelve months, in North Carolina, Georgia, Alabama, and Florida: only one in Virginia, (the shooting of a negro by Dr. Watson;) only one in Mississippi; but one in Tennessee; but one in Louisiana. No reports are given from Texas and Arkansas. There seems to be a strange mistake somewhere.

Our New York Correspondent stated in our last issue that the Address of Mr. Beecher, at the Cooper Institute, was offensive to the eminent men and noble ladies, who heard him. We copy a part of his speech from that excellent paper, the *Yorkville (S. C.) Enquirer*. It furnishes an instructive

PARALLEL.

"The bread they (the Southern widows and orphans) would not give our poor boys in prison, their own lips crave for. Give them the loaf—give them the loaf. The raiment they took from our boys, leaving them in the chilly winter to shake and die of cold, as long as your looms are fruitful, spin off the yards and send the clothes for their shivering limbs."—*Henry Ward Beecher*.

The Pharisee stood and prayed thus with himself, God, I thank thee, that I am not as other men *are*, extortioners, unjust, adulterers, or even as *this publican*.—St. Luke, Chap. xviii.: 11.

BOOK NOTICES.

THE DEMOCRATIC ALMANAC.—Van Evrie & Horton. New York, 1867.

There is a vast amount of valuable matter in this little volume. We have been specially interested in the chapter devoted to political arrests, during the war. It is really amazing to learn how many men, eminent for their talents, social standing, and moral worth, were thrust into Northern prisons. And yet during all that time, the Northern press, in the confidence of the Government, was talking of the "Davis despotism"! If Mr. Davis had ventured upon any such high-handed measures, as we find here recorded, he would not now be in Fort Monroe. He would have been deposed or torn to pieces by his own people. Very few arrests were made by the C. S. Government, and only in cases, where the parties were outrageous,

and sought that kind of notoriety. But many, of this class even, tried in vain to become martyrs. Botts, talking treason to his government under the very shadow of its Capitol, was sorely disappointed, in not being made a victim. He was thought to be harmless and allowed to stay at home.

THE SOUTHERN CULTIVATOR, Athens, Ga., comes to us with its usual variety of useful and readable matter. There is no better agricultural periodical in the South. It has the honor, too, of being the first periodical in the country to publish the beautiful and sprightly poems of Dr. Ticknor.

We have received from Carter M. Braxton, Esq., of Fredericksburg, Va., a beautiful and accurate map of the Battle Field of Fredericksburg, drawn by B. L. Blackford, Civil Engineer.

GRAMMAR OF THE LATIN LANGUAGE. By Wm. Bingham. Philadelphia: E. H. Butler & Co., 1867:

Two schools have long been celebrated in North Carolina; that of Rev. Alexander Wilson, D.D., at Melville; and the Bingham School, which has been under the charge of the same family for seventy years. Having had near relatives at the former school, we know that it has no superior any where in the country. Both of these schools have a glorious reputation for the use of that noble and time-honored institution, the rod. The instrument, so affectionately recommended by Solomon for its wonderful fitness to drive folly out of the heart of a child, was recognized as of divine appointment in these schools, in the good old days that are gone by. The recollection of it is, however, impressed upon the memory, the backs, and the legs of a goodly number, who are now useful and honorable men all over the South. Whenever, we read a fierce Jacobin speech, we cant help wishing, "oh that the orator were a school-boy at Melville, or the Oaks!"

The Latin Grammar, of Colonel Wm. Bingham, is the product of the ripened experience of the Bingham family, during seventy years. It is written to meet the wants of students, as demonstrated during this long period. We have seen testimonials, from many teachers in a large number of States, testifying to the high scholarship of the book, and its singular suitableness for training the young beginner. To show how wide is the appreciation of this masterly production, we would state that a very complimentary review of it has been sent us by Rev. Hall Harrison, of Concord, New Hampshire. We regret that it came too late for the present issue.

MY CAVE LIFE IN VICKSBURG. D. Appleton & Co., New-York: 1867:

This is a sprightly and well-written book, of 196 pages. It is full of graphic and interesting pictures of scenes within the doomed City. It contains, too, many important facts, which will be of great service to the future historian. A careful collection and comparison, of materials gathered from every source, is the only mode, by which a truthful history can be written. The "so-called" histories now before the public are simply cheats and shams.

The fair authoress of this book, is the lady who furnishes the tale in our present number, "Elise Beausoleil." The story, we learn from her, is substantially true, and the main incidents are entirely so.

DEBOW'S REVIEW for March is a very interesting number. The amount of solid, practical, valuable information in it, is really wonderful. No man in the United States approaches Mr. DeBow in statistical information. His life is a living refutation of the want of energy in Southern men. No one in the United States possessed more zeal, industry, and perseverance.

The Review is published at Nashville, Tennessee. Price, \$6 per annum.

THE RICHMOND ECLECTIC for March is, as usual, very charming. We are never satisfied till we have read every article in this admirable Monthly, which is made up of the best selections from the British periodical literature. The religious and the scientific pieces are peculiarly attractive. Published at Richmond, Va. Price, \$4 per annum.

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Hon J H Stan, Nacogdoches, Texas

April, 1867. 4

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(Twenty miles from Charlotte, N. C.,)

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BETHEL, CONCORD, AND FAYETTEVILLE.

The 60th Session of this College opened September 28, 1866. This Institution is probably the best endowed of all our Southern Colleges, and contains the largest building for the accommodation of Students. The locality is remarkably healthy. Founded in the prayers of the Presbyterian Church, the College has been blessed in sending forth many pious young men and in furnishing our Theological Seminaries with many Students.

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Professor of Moral Philosophy, Evidences of Christianity,
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- J. R. BLAKE, M. A.,
Professor of Natural Philosophy, Chemistry, and Geology.
- A. McIVER, M. A.,
Professor of Mathematics and Astronomy.
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Tuition, \$15 for each term of three months. Room-
rent, servants' hire, &c., \$10, for the same period.—
Board at the Steward's Hall \$10; in private families \$13.
The above charges are in specie or its equivalent.

November, 1866.

MECKLENBURG FEMALE COLLEGE,

CHARLOTTE, N. C.

Rev. A. G. STACY, A. M. Principal.

The buildings and grounds known as the N. C. MILITARY INSTITUTE, in the City of Charlotte, having been secured for a term of years for the purposes of a **Female College**, the Institution will be opened, January 29th, 1867.

The first school year will be of irregular duration. It will comprise one long Session—January 29th to July 29th. There will be two terms.

Board, with lights, and Tuition in Regular Course, per term of thirteen weeks, payable in U. S. Currency in advance, \$76 50
Extras, at fair rates.

The grounds, an area of more than twenty acres, are delightfully shaded with native oaks, and the magnificent college edifice will be refitted and furnished with especial reference to the convenience and comfort of young ladies.

The aim is to make the College a **First Class Institution** in all the Departments—Music, Painting, Drawing, Ancient and Modern Languages, etc., together with the Regular Course.

For circular, address

A. G. STACY,

January, 1867.

Charlotte, N. C.

Concord Female College,

In the N. C. Presbyterian of September 26th, an article was published over the signature of "Amicus." I invite attention to an extract from that article. "If wholesome discipline, devotion to the cause of education, skill and experience in teaching will secure success, then the Faculty of this Female College have all the elements of success. There is no institution where the mental culture, the health, the morals, and the manners of the pupils are more looked after and cared for."

The next Session will commence on the second Monday of January, 1867. Each boarder will find her own lights and towels, and also a pair of sheets and pillow cases. The entire expense of Tuition and Board, including washing, for a Session of Twenty Weeks, will be from \$115 to \$125, currency. Ten dollars will be deducted when full settlements are made in advance. Extra charges will be made for Music, French, Latin and Drawing. Advance payments will be expected, yet the greatest possible indulgence will be given our patrons. A large patronage is needed, desired and expected.

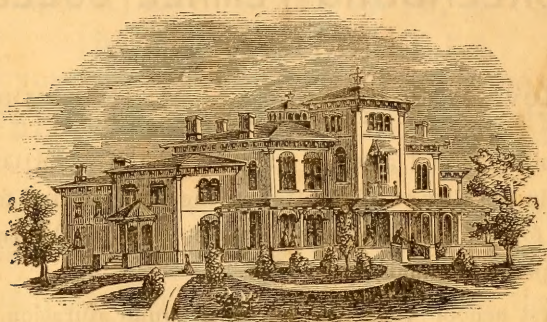
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J. M. M. CALDWELL,

January, 1867. 6

Statesville, N. C.

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The Session consists of two terms of twenty weeks each, the one commencing the 1st of October, and the other the 15th of February. For further particulars, address

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By the 5 bbls 2c ..

2000 lbs 13½c ..

Single barrel, *fine*, 3½c ..

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2000 lbs and over 2c ..

Single barrel, 5c per lb

By the 5 bbls 4c ..

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FINE BONE BLACK—

Single barrel, 4c per lb

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Single barrel \$3 50

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